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THE IRISH GIRL.

ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM:

VOLUMES IX. X.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY D. MEAD, 141 NASSAU STREET,
AND SOLD BY
BRADBURY, SODEN, & CO., 12 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

1845.

ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. IX. JANUARY, 1845. No. 1.

Come, boys and girls! — Old January is here again, blowing his fingers as usual. Shut the door, or he'll be coming in, filling the room with snow and tempest. Shut the door, I say! There! Now lay aside your books, put up your toys, and listen to Robert Merry.

It is the evening of New Year's day, and I have a story to tell you. But, first, let me say a few words by way of preface. We have closed our volume for the year 1844, and we are about to begin a new one. Now, I like to consult the wishes of my readers; and therefore I beg you to tell me how you like the Museum of 1844, and how you would like to have me manage the work for 1845. Come, Richard, you are the oldest, and you shall speak first. Then the rest may give their opinions.

Richard. Well, Mr. Merry, I like the Museum for the last year very well; but still, I think you ought to give us more puzzles. What do you think, James?

James. I don't like puzzles at all. I'm puzzled enough at school, with arithmetic, and grammar, and geography. I think

Mr. Merry ought to tell us some more funny stories. I want to hear more about Bill Keeler, and aunt Sally St. John, who got caught in the woodchuck trap. What do you say, Anne?

Anne. I don't like Bill Keeler at all. He was too fond of gunpowder for me. I like poetry, and fables, and pleasant anecdotes. Don't you, Jane?

Jane. Yes, well enough; but I prefer stories of adventures in distant countries. Dick Boldhero, and Dirk Heldriver, and Philip Brusque, and the Siberian Sable-Hunter, are the kind of tales that I like best. What do you think, John?

John. Why, I like puzzles, and stories, and poetry, well enough; but I prefer music. I should like to have the whole book full of music.

Robert Merry. Well done, my young friends! Now you have given me your own particular wishes, will you tell me how I shall conduct the Museum for 1845? Shall I fill it with puzzles, to gratify Richard? Or devote its pages wholly to Bill Keeler, in order to please James? Or shall I think only of the wishes of Anne, and give nothing but poetry, and fables, and anecdotes? Or shall I only write long tales of adventures, to gratify Jane? Or shall I fill my number with songs, agreeably to the will of John? Come! Don't be silent. Tell me what course I shall adopt. ——— All silent? Won't you give your old friend advice, in the present extremity? ——— Not a word? Well, then, suppose I do as I have done — give a variety — something to please all. Will that do?

Richard, James, and the rest. Yes, yes! A variety! Something to please all! That's right! Hurra for Robert Merry!

Merry. Bravo, my young friends! I will take your advice. And now for the story, which we will call

Handsome is that Handsome does.

In ancient times, two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, the other dwarfish, dark-colored, and deformed. One was named Rose, and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose, because she was handsome, and every body praised her. She scowled, and her face absolutely grew black, when any body asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it into the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it; but she did not scold, nor strike her sister; for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighborhood disliked Marion, and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day. The Scots used to be a very superstitious people; and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses resided, was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty, where the queen of the fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty

of an angel.* Marion often asked questions about this story; but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird, or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim, "O, how much that looks like fairy-land!" But when asked what she knew about fairy-land, she blushed, and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may I not bathe in the Immortal Fountain?"

One summer's noon, when all was still, save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with a sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke, it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rainbow-roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around, between the opal pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them, twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted up by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her; her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point. And thus she sang: —

"The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair
Quick thy purposes declare!"

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated, by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined the chorus: the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon, between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the queen of the fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said, "Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?" The queen smiled. "I will grant your request," she said, "if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I impose." Marion eagerly promised that she would. "The Immortal Fountain," replied the queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands; none can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home now: for one week speak no ungentle word to

* There was a superstition that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the fairies.

your sister: at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed was, that her sister's sunny hair had grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry, and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression; but she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence. The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honeycomb, and deposited it on the small rose-colored shells which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the cucullo and the lantern-fly stood at her side to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool; and when she had supped, a dew-drop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of any thing not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the queen's attendants vanished away, singing as they went, —

"The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor
Inlaid with shining gold."

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the queen. "I have," replied the maiden. "Then follow me." Marion did as she was directed; and away they went, over beds of violets and mignionette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed, to bar the ascent. The queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep; and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant; and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of the waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed. "Here," said the queen, "our journey must end. You can go no farther until you shall have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now: for one month do by your sister, in all respects, as you would wish to have her do by you, were you Rose, and she Marion." Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could help speaking; bu when Rose asked for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along; when Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Ma-

rion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose; "she is good and amiable." "So do I," and "So do I," said a dozen voices. Marion blushed, and her eye sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved!" thought she.

At the end of the month she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands, and flew away. They travelled on — the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form, they were far more beautiful than any thing Marion had yet seen. "Here we must pause," said the queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass." "Why not?" asked the impatient Marion. "Because those must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the queen. "Am I not very pure?" said Marion; "all the folks at the castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home: for three months never indulge an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of the three months she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The queen did not smile when she saw her; but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away, as they approached; but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim; and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill; and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been several years indulging wrong feelings; and you must not wonder that it takes many years to drive them away."

Marion was sad as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her that she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good, I read my Bible and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart, she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled, and touched her playfully with her wand; then led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as she approached them, and they lowered their wands, and sang, as they flew away, —

"Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won;
For such, I ween,
Is the will of our queen.
Pass on! Pass on!"

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear, and liquid, came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks; a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the fairy queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain! Its amber-colored waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"O, let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the queen. "Behold the purple fairies, with golden wands, that guard its brink." Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the queen. "Go home: for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in the fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all; for she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she had wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing, —

"Thou hast scaled the mountain;
Go bathe in the fountain;
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light —
Go bathe in the fountain!"

Marion was about to plunge in; but the queen touched her, saying, "Look into the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eye sparkled with new lustre, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the queen. "True," replied the queen; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and clean conscience are the only Immortal Fountain of beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she, "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairy-land, disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto, I begged the queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that, the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown! The ugly scowl has departed from her face; and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that, to my taste, I declare she is as handsome as Rose." — *Mrs. Child.*

Richard. Well, that's a very beautiful story; and I think it is delightful to know that every one may look well if he chooses to do so. Pray, Mr. Merry, did you make it up?

Merry. No: it is one of the pretty tales written by Mrs. Child, a good friend of young people, and one who has done a great deal for their pleasure and profit. Now, I have told you this tale on New Year's day, partly because it is a very pleasant one, but more particularly because it conveys a most important lesson. Whoever will follow the course adopted by Marion, will not only be good, but agreeable, and these two are the most desirable things in life. Now, my young friends, what say you? Will you, every day of the year 1845, think of this, and try to make yourselves handsome by doing and feeling right?

All. We will try — we will try!

New Year's Eve.

FAREWELL, Old Year! thy destined race
  Will quickly have a close;
And thou, among thy forefathers,
  Wilt sink into repose.
But, ere to dark oblivion's shore
  Thy spirit takes its flight,
I fain would take thee by the hand,
  And kindly say, Good night!

For, though thy lapse hath given birth
  To many a stormy hour;
Though sighs and tears have marked the reign
  Of pain's subduing power;
Yet hath its scene full oft been decked
  In sunshine and delight;
A thousand joys my heart hath known:
  But all are past. — Good night!

And though with thee thou bear'st away,
  From life's still cherished store,
Days, weeks, and months — a numerous train
  That can return no more, —
Yet will the loss prove gain to those
  Who walk in truth's fair light;
It bears them nearer to their home
  And promised rest. — Good night!

We part to meet no more, old friend:
  Then let us part in peace:
Thou speedest to eternity,
  Where strife and discord cease;
And I, if future years be mine,
  How swift soe'er their flight,
Will strive their purpose to fulfil,
  Then wish them all good night!

ORTHOGRAPHY. — A gentleman, receiving an account, one day, from a woman who did sundry offices in the washing line, was very much puzzled at one of the items, marked 1*s.* 6*d.* for "*skewering the stars.*" After amusing himself some time in endeavoring to understand the process, he was obliged to send for the good woman, who told him that it was "*scouring the stairs.*"

"NANCY, you must have my things ready to-morrow morning early — the boat starts at 7 o'clock."

"O dear, husband! with you it is always must, must, must. You are the most *musty* man I ever knew."

ADVERTISEMENT. — *A desirable and grave investment!* "To be sold on Thursday next, two commodious family sepulchral vaults under the church in Marlborough Street."

A Mother's Counsel.

If I were to ask my little friends what they liked best, some would say sugar-plums, some cake, some ice-creams, some fine clothes; but I am afraid none of them would say they liked mother's counsel best. And yet, my dear young friends, this is far more important to you than plums, or cake, or ice-creams, or fine clothes. Were it not for the advice of mothers, I am afraid many young persons, who think pretty well of themselves, would turn out very ill in life.

Why is it, then, that many children are so unwilling to receive advice? Here, in the picture, is our friend Thomas, who has a very bad habit of *teasing;* and now that his mother is counselling him against it, he is in tears. Alas, poor Tom! how much trouble would it have saved you, if you had been guided by the kind advice of your mother!

I must tell you something about Thomas—for it may be useful to all my young readers. As I have said, he was fond of teasing his brothers and sisters, and especially little James, who was of rather a timid nature. He seemed to take great delight in frightening him, and thought it a pleasant joke if he could make him cry out with fear at some bugbear. But this habit finally resulted in a serious accident.

One day, Thomas and James were walking among some bushes that grew upon the bank of a river. At last they both sat down; and here they remained, quietly looking upon the water that was dashing by. After a time, Thomas crept into some bushes near to James, and then sprang suddenly out towards him, on all fours, at the same time uttering a cry like some wild animal. James was terribly frightened, and, springing up, he ran towards the river. Unconscious of what he was doing, he leaped over the

sank, and in an instant he sank beneath the waters. Thomas ran to the place, but his brother had disappeared. The agony of that moment outweighed, a thousand times, all the pleasure he had taken in teasing poor James. He waited a few moments, when he saw his brother rise to the surface of the river, spreading out his little hands, and asking for help. Thomas could not swim, and all he could do was to scream with all his might.

This outcry soon brought some persons to the river, and, after a time, James was taken out. But he was quite cold, pale, and apparently without life. He was taken home, and laid upon a bed. Thomas came to his side, and as he looked upon his little brother, it seemed as though his heart would break. He kissed the cold cheeks of the boy, and placed his lifeless hands between his own, and begged, in the most piteous tones, that his brother would open his eyes, and speak, and forgive him.

After more than an hour, James showed some signs of life; and at length, having passed through great suffering in throwing off the water he had swallowed, he seemed out of danger. But he was very ill for some weeks, and it was many months before he fully recovered from the shock he had received.

Such was one of the results of Thomas's obstinate perseverance in the habit of teasing. He really intended no harm; but he would not take the advice of his mother, and desist from a practice which she told him, one day or other, would produce misery and mischief. It was not till he had actually brought about these results, that he felt the importance of a mother's advice, and set about governing himself by it. O, how many evils — even greater than that we have described — would be avoided, if children would adopt a mother's counsel as their rule of life!

William Tell.

More than four hundred years ago, the country which goes by the name of Switzerland was under the Austrian government, and the people were little better than slaves. They were made to pay very heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial offices, while the Austrians lived upon the fruits of their labor, and governed them as with a rod of iron.

One of the Austrian governors, by the name of Gesler, was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people; but it was of little use. They were fond of liberty, and liberty is a spark which, the more you tread it down, the more it flies in your face.

Gesler went so far, in his tyranny, as to command his hat or cap to be placed on a pole in the market-place, and ordered that every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people did not like this at all; but they were afraid to disobey the order, as imprisonment or death would be the consequence of their disobedience.

There was, however, one noble-minded man, who was afraid neither of imprisonment nor death, who refused to bow to Gesler's cap. His name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but incited his fellow-countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

He was soon seized, and brought into the presence of the tyrant. William Tell was a famous bowman, and had his bow and arrows about his person when he was seized. Gesler, telling him that he had forfeited his life, proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising him that, if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should be free.

Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved; for the cruel man called Tell's only son, a boy seven years old, forward, and placed the apple on his head, bidding his father fire at it.

When Tell saw this, he nearly fainted, and his hand trembled so much that he could scarcely place the arrow in the string. There was, however, no alternative; he must attempt the feat or die; but that which unnerved his arm, was the fear that his skill might fail him, and that he might kill his only son.

His child, seeing his father's distress, sought to console him. "I am sure you will not hit *me*, father," said he. "I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at a great distance, and I will stand quite still. O father, do you not remember the weathercock?"

Tell had, on one occasion, on a wager, struck off, at four successive shots, the letters N. S. E. and W. from the vane of the church-steeple. He did remember it, and the tears came into his eyes.

The ground was now measured, and the boy was placed against the tree. It is impossible for you to understand what the unfortunate Tell felt as he prepared to shoot. Twice he levelled his arrow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so blinded by his emotion, that he could not see the apple.

The assembled spectators, of whom there were great numbers, seemed to hold their breath. At length Tell summoned up all his courage. He dashed the tears from his eyes, and bent his bow. Away went the arrow, and, piercing the apple, cut it in two, and embedded itself in the tree!

The spectators shouted and applauded. Tell was taken to Gesler, who was about to set him free, when he observed another arrow sticking under his girdle.

"Ha!" said he, "an arrow! Why that concealed weapon?"

"It was destined for *you*," replied Tell, "if I had killed my child."

Upon this daring threat, Tell was again seized by the tyrant's soldiers, and was hurried away, to be put to death. But, being a strong and resolute man, he made his escape, and, fleeing away into the mountains, incited the people to throw off the tyrant's yoke. They accordingly took up arms, and made Tell their leader.

But he was again taken prisoner; and being put into a boat, with Gesler and his men, for the purpose of rowing over one of the lakes, a storm arose, and the boat was driven ashore. Tell leaped out, before any one else could land, and, snatching a concealed arrow from his person, took aim at the tyrant, and shot him dead as he sat in the boat.

After this, Tell roused the people, and they soon gained their freedom; and Switzerland is a free country to this day. Tell has never been forgotten, but the people always think of him with gratitude, and consider him as the deliverer of his country.

The Beggar.

I see an old man sitting there;
His withered limbs are almost bare,
And very hoary is his hair.

"Old man, why are you sitting so?
For very cold the wind doth blow.
Why don't you to your cottage go?"

"Ah, master, in the world so wide
I have no home wherein to hide—
No comfortable fireside.

"When I, like you, was young and gay,
I'll tell you what I used to say,—
That I would nothing do but play.

"And so, instead of being taught
Some useful business, as I ought,
To play about was all I sought.

"And now that I am old and gray,
I wander on my lonely way,
And beg my bread from day to day.

"But oft I shake my hoary head,
And many a bitter tear I shed,
To think the useless life I've led!"

Immovable Fidelity.—A dog, between the breed of a mastiff and a bull-dog, belonging to a chimney-sweeper, was lying, according to his master's orders, on a soot-bag, which he had placed inadvertently almost in the middle of a narrow back street, in the town of Southampton. A loaded coal cart passing by, the driver desired the dog to move out of the way. On refusing, he was scolded, then beaten—first gently, and afterwards with the smart application of the cart-whip; but all to no purpose. The fellow, with an oath, threatened to drive over the dog; he did so, and the faithful animal, in endeavoring to arrest the progress of the wheel by biting it, was crushed to pieces.

Marriage in High Life.—Married at New Orleans, Mr. Alexander, Philip, Socrates, Emilius, Cæsar, Hannibal, Marcellus, George Washington Treadwell, to Miss Carolina, Sophia, Maria, Julianne, Wortley Montague, Joan of Arc Pope; all of that city.

Where are the Birds?

It is winter here in New England. The earth is covered with snow; the rivers are bound in chains of ice; the forests are stripped of their leaves; the flowers are dead. The birds have departed for other climes. But where are they? Where are the robins, the sparrows, the bluebirds, the swallows, the humming-birds? Where have they all gone?

I can tell you, gentle reader. They have gone to the south, and there they find a climate suited to their several tastes. Some go to Florida, some to the West Indies, and some to Texas; though they do not go there, like certain people we could mention, because they have lost their character here. In those far southern climes, there is no snow, no ice, no stern, biting winter. On the contrary, it is always mild; and at every season, the earth is covered with fruit and flowers.

It is now January — and though this is one of our coldest winter months, it is a summer month in Brazil. If you were there at the present time, instead of seeing the earth covered with snow, you would find the trees in full leaf, the flowers in bloom, and the humming-birds, like the little fellow in the engraving, sipping honey from the choicest blossoms.

Catching Bats.

HERE are two boys with nets, attempting to catch bats. These are very curious little animals, which have hair like mice, and wings like birds. They live in the crevices of rocks, in caves, and other dark places, during the day. At night they go forth in search of food; and no doubt all our readers have seen them bobbing up and down, to catch such insects as happen to be out rather late at night.

The bat is the only creature, which can fly, that has no feathers. His wings have no quills, but are only thin pieces of skin, stretched upon a frame-work of bones. The bat is a very curious creature; for, while he is like a quadruped or four-footed beast, he can rise into the air, and fly from place to place like a bird.

There is a pretty fable about the bat, founded upon this double character of beast and bird, which I will tell you. The story is as follows: —

An owl was once prowling about, when he came across a bat. So he caught him in his claws, and was about to devour him. Upon this the bat began to squeal terribly, and he said to the owl, "Pray, what do you take me for, that you use me thus?" "Why, you are a bird, to be sure," said the owl, "and I am very fond of birds. I love to pick their little bones, dearly."

"Well," said the bat, "I thought there was some mistake. I am no bird. Don't you see, Mr. Owl, that I have no feathers, and that I am covered with hair, like a mouse?"

"Sure enough," said the owl, with great surprise, "I see it now. Really, I took you for a bird, and see that you are only a kind of mouse. I ate a mouse last night, and it gave me the nightmare. —I can't bear mice! Bah! It makes me sick to think of it!"

Saying this, the owl pushed the bat away, and he was glad thus to make his escape.

But, the very next night, the fellow encountered another danger. On this occasion, he was snapped up by puss, who took him for a mouse, and immediately prepared to make a feast of him.

"I beg you to stop one moment," said the bat, seeing the necessity of immediate action. "Pray, Miss Puss, what do you suppose I am?" "A mouse, to be sure," said the cat. "Not at all," said the bat, spreading out his long wings.

"Sure enough," said the puss, you seem to be a bird, though your feathers are very fine. I eat birds sometimes, but I am tired of them just now, having lately devoured four young robins — so you may go; but, bird or mouse, it will be your best policy to keep out of my way hereafter."

So puss departed, and the bat again escaped.

The meaning of the fable is this — that a person playing a double part may sometimes escape danger; but such an individual is always like the bat, a creature that is disgusting to every body, and shunned by all. — *Parley's Little Leaves.*

Pigeons in the Western States. — A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad. Flocks of them, many miles long, came across the country, one flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and, in their swift motion, creating a wind and producing a rushing and startling sound, that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewed with young birds dead and alive, that the Indians, in great numbers, were picking up to carry away with their horses; many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrified remains. A forest thus loaded and half destroyed with these birds, presents an extraordinary spectacle which cannot be rivalled; but when myriads of such timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling, and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us. — *Featherstonhaugh.*

Bonaparte on Noses. — "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his heart and lungs, cold and clear. In my observation of men, I have invariably found a long nose and a long head to go together."

Did you ever know a man that did not think he could poke the fire better than you?

The Great Wall of China.

This immense wall, which was built about the year 214 B. C., may be regarded as one of the greatest artificial curiosities of the world. It was with a view of securing his empire against future attacks from the formidable tribes of Tartars at the north, that Che-hwang-te undertook the completion of this stupendous work, surpassing the most wonderful efforts of human labor in other countries, and upon which twenty centuries have exerted but little effect.

The largest of the pyramids of Egypt contains but a small portion of the quantity of matter in this wall, the solid contents of which — not including the projecting mass of stone and brick, which alone contains as much masonry as all London — are supposed to exceed in bulk the materials of all the dwelling-houses in England and Scotland. The vastness of the mass may be better appreciated by considering that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth, on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick.

Walls had been already erected, by some of the petty princes in the north, to exclude the barbarians from their states. About a century before, the provinces of Cih-le, Shen-se, and Shan-se, formed the three kingdoms of Tsin, Chaou, and Yen, which adjoined modern Mongolia. To protect his territories from the Toorks, and other tribes on the borders, the king of Tsin built a wall from the north of Lin-taou-foo, at the western extremity of Shan-se, to the Hwang-ho, north of Yen-gan-foo. The prince of Chaou also constructed a wall, from the Hwang-ho to the present frontiers of Chih-le. The king of Yen continued the wall from the north of Seuen-hwa-foo to Leaou-tung.

The emperor Che-hwang-te directed his general, Mung-teen, who had completed the campaign against the Peung-

noos, to survey the walls built by these princes, to complete the union, and to continue this great barrier from Kea-yuh-kwan to the place where, at a subsequent period, Wang-hae-low was built, on the shore of the Eastern Sea, — a space of about fifteen hundred miles, over deep valleys and mountains of great elevation. The foundations of this prodigious work were laid in the early part of the year 214 B. C. Enormous numbers of men, — some say millions, — being a third of the inhabitants, of a certain age, were collected from all parts of the empire, and set to work on the structure. Its superintendence was intrusted to Mung-teen, who had under him an army of three hundred thousand men. Vessels laden with iron were sunk at the sea-shore, where the wall began, to make a buttress for it. Large arches were built for the passage of rivers; along the wall, at certain distances, were forts for garrisons; gates were made at convenient places for traffic, passage of troops, &c.; and its width was so great, that, in some parts, seven horsemen could walk abreast at the top of the wall. The work was completed in the short space of ten years, in the second year of the usurpation of Pa-wang, (B. C. 205;) so that neither Che-hwang-te, nor any of his race, had the satisfaction of seeing this great undertaking acccomplished.

Hoot away despair;
Never yield to sorrow;
The blackest sky may wear
A sunny face to-morrow.

The Favorite Flowers.

A German Fable.

Gustavus, Herman, and Malvina, the blooming children of a farmer, were rambling on a beautiful spring day over the fields. The nightingales and larks sang, and the flowers unfolded in the dew, and in the mild rays of the sun.

And the children looked around for joy, and jumped from one flower to another, and wreathed garlands.

And they praised, in songs, the glory of spring, and the love of that Omnipotent Father who clothes the earth with grass and flowers; and they sang of the flowers, from the rose that grows on the bush, to the violet that blooms in retirement, and the heather-flower from which the bees gather their sweets.

Then the children addressed each other: "Let every one of us select his favorite flower." And they were pleased with the proposal, and they bounded over the field, each one to cull the flower that delighted him most. We will come together again in the bower, cried they.

Thus the three children rambled in harmony their different ways, to collect the beautiful. A lovely flower-gathering!

In a short time, all three appeared on their way to the bower. Each one bore in his hand a full nosegay, selected from his favorite flower. When they saw one another, they held up their flowers, and cried aloud for joy. Then they assembled in the bower, and closed it with one consent, and said, "Now every one shall give his reasons for his nosegay!"

Gustavus, the oldest, had selected the violet. "Behold," said he, "it blooms in

silent modesty among stubble and grass, and its work is as well concealed as the gentle productions and blessings of spring. But it is honored and loved by man, and sung in beautiful songs, and every one takes a small nosegay when he comes from the field, and calls the lovely violet the first-born child of spring and the flower of modesty. These are the reasons why I have selected it as my favorite flower."

Thus spake Gustavus, and gave Herman and Malvina, each, one of his flowers; and they received them with inward joy, for it was the favorite flower of a brother.

Then Herman came forward with his nosegay. It was composed of the tender field lily, which grows in the cool shade of the grove, and lifts up its bells like pearls strung together, and white as the light of the sun. "See," said he, "I have chosen this flower; for it is an emblem of innocence and of a pure heart, and it proclaims to me the love of Him who adorns heaven with stars and the earth with flowers. Was not the lily of the field estimated more highly than other flowers, to give testimony to the paternal love of Him in whom every thing lives and moves? Behold, for these reasons I have selected the small lily as my favorite flower!"

Thus spoke Herman, and presented his flowers. And the other two received them with sincere joy and reverence. And thus the flower was consecrated.

Then came Malvina, also, the pious, lovely girl, with the nosegay which she had gathered. It was composed of the tender, blue forget-me-not. "See, dear brothers," said the affectionate sister, "this flower I found near the brook! Truly it shines like a bright star in heaven, and views itself in the clear water on whose margin it grows, and the rivulet flows more sweetly along, and appears as if it were crowned with wreaths. Therefore it is the flower of love and tenderness, and I have chosen it as my favorite, and present it to you both." She gave it to her brothers with a kiss, and with a kiss the brothers thanked her. And the guardian angel of the children smiled at this lovely league of innocence.

Thus the favorite flowers were selected. Then Malvina said, "We will twist them into two garlands, and dedicate them to our beloved parents!" And they made two garlands of the beautiful flowers.

A Brown Coat, or a Blue?

Or, the Importance of a single Word.

A HORSE was once stolen from a stable in England, and two boys, having seen a young man enter the place about the time the theft took place, mentioned the fact. The description they gave seemed to answer to James N——. He was accordingly arrested, and sent to prison. The sister of James sent for the boys, in great distress, to see if they were sure it was her brother whom they had seen.

She first examined one of them, and then the other. One of the boys said the young man's coat was *blue;* the other thought it was *brown.* This became a question of life and death; for Ellen, the sister of the youth, knew that her brother's coat was brown, and that, if the thief's coat

was blue, it could not be that he was the guilty person. She fell on her knees, and, in the most earnest manner, begged the boys to reflect and be sure of the truth. They never had thought of the importance of it before: they had never reflected that a single word may take life or save it.

When thus made to think of the importance of what they said, the boys both spoke carefully: the one who thought the coat was *brown*, hesitated; and, after a little reflection, he agreed with his companion that it was *blue*. This led to further inquiry; and, in the end, it was discovered that James N—— was innocent, and that another was the guilty person.

This little incident may show the great importance of accuracy and precision in all we say and do. A very slight error — only the use of the word *brown* for *blue* — might have cost James N—— his life, and sacrificed the innocent instead of the guilty.

Folly of attempting to deceive.

The spider, when pursued, and his retreat hopelessly intercepted, will roll himself up into the form of a ball, and lie motionless. This stratagem will deceive a boy who is in pursuit of the spider. The boy will suppose that the spider has already killed himself, and will leave him; or he will mistake the ball for a little piece of earth, and suppose that the spider has escaped. But, though a spider can thus deceive a boy, it cannot thus deceive another spider A pursuing spider would detect the stratagem instantly. He would recognize in it a trick that belongs to every spider, and to which he had probably often resorted himself.

A hare, also, when pursued by hounds, knows well that his tracks are the means by which his pursuers detect him. He will, accordingly, double on his tracks; that is, he will run back some distance in the same footsteps, and then suddenly leap to a great distance, and run off in a new direction. His pursuers may not understand this stratagem, and, when they arrive at the end of the first track, may be unable to trace further the artful fugitive. But do you think that a hare, were he the pursuer, could be thus baffled? He would perceive immediately that the fugitive had doubled, and would know well where to find the new track. The trick is as much a part of the nature of each hare as the similarity of their appetites, tastes, and habits.

But a man cannot thus deceive men. You are masquerading before others who have masqueraded themselves. They know every turn of the game as skilfully as you. We are, to every essential extent, repetitions of each other. If what you utter proceeds from envy, no disguise can prevent your envy from being detected. If your actions result from penuriousness, no ostentation of liberality can hide it; no protestations of munificence conceal it.

If you wish to avoid being suspected of any evil thing, avoid evil itself. Think not by affectation to cheat others into a belief that you are innocent, when you are really guilty. Your very devices to escape detection will often betray you.

If you boast of courage, the world will suspect you of cowardice. Mankind know the tricks of one another. They discover the drunkard by remarking his ludicrous attempts to prove himself sober; and they detect the liar, when they see him attempt to enforce his falsehood by needless asseverations of veracity.

Carrier's Dog. — A carrier, on his way to Dumfries, in Scotland, had occasion to stop at some houses by the roadside, in the way of his business, leaving his cart and horse upon the public road, under the protection of a passenger and a trusty dog. Upon his return, he missed a led horse, belonging to a gentleman in the neighborhood, which he had tied to the end of the cart, and likewise one of the female passengers.

On inquiry, he was informed that, during his absence, the female, who had been anxious to try the mettle of the pony, had mounted it, and that the animal had set off at full speed. The carrier expressed much anxiety for the safety of the young woman, casting, at the same time, an expressive look at his dog. Oscar observed his master's eye, and, aware of its meaning, instantly set off in pursuit of the pony, which he came up with soon after he had passed the toll-bar, on the Dalbeattie road, when he made a sudden spring, seized the bridle, and held the animal fast. Several people, having observed the circumstance, and the perilous situation of the girl, came to relieve her. Oscar, however, notwithstanding their repeated endeavors, would not quit his hold, and the pony was actually led into a stable with the dog, till such time as the carrier should arrive. Upon the carrier entering the stable, Oscar wagged his tail, in token of satisfaction, and immediately relinquished the bridle to his master.

Disinterested Informer. — A lady walking over Lansdown, near Bath, England, was overtaken by a large dog, which had left two men, who were travelling the same road with a horse and cart. She was followed by the animal for some distance, the creature endeavoring to make her sensible of something, by looking in her face, and then pointing with his nose behind. Failing in his object, he next placed himself so completely in front of the lady as to prevent her proceeding any farther, still looking steadfastly in her face. The lady became rather alarmed; but, judging from the manner of the dog, who did not appear vicious, that there was something about her which engaged his attention, she examined her dress, and found that her lace shawl was gone. The dog, perceiving that he was at length understood, immediately turned back; the lady followed him, and he conducted her to the spot where her shawl lay, some distance back in the road. On her taking it up, and replacing it on her shoulders, the interesting quadruped appeared satisfied, and instantly set off at full speed after his master, apparently much delighted.

Did you ever know a cabman who had any change about him?

The Crucifixion.

THIS great event, which was signalized, at the time, by convulsions of nature, as if the very elements were shaken with terror at the deed, has marked itself more deeply on the memory and feelings of mankind than almost any other within the whole scope of history. An execution upon the cross was a Roman punishment, inflicted for robbery, assassination, and rebellion, and was esteemed not only one of the most cruel, but one of the most ignominious, that could be adopted. It was because he declared himself the Messiah, or King, that Jesus was accused and executed as a rebel; and it was in ridicule of his pretensions that the scoffing multitude cried out, "Hail, King of the Jews!"—and that the inscription, "This is Jesus, King of the Jews," was put over his cross.

It is not possible to conceive a spectacle more humiliating, more agonizing. How few of those who took part in the revolting scene, comprehended the real character of that fearful drama! and how little did they foresee the results that were to follow in its train! Who can go back, in imagination, and picture the throng around, rejoicing to see the agonies of the sufferer, and taunting his distress with jeers and gibes, and saying, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself, and come down from the cross!" and can listen to his sublime reply—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" and not feel that men, women, and children, who could act thus, were indeed lost, and stood in fearful need of a Savior—one who could redeem them from hardness of heart and blindness of mind?

There are two reflections which this subject may well impress upon our

minds. The first is, the incalculable value of that atonement which Christ thus made for the sins of mankind. It is to his example, his sufferings, his death, that the human race not only owe their hopes of salvation in an after life, but even the every-day pleasures and virtues of refined society. If Christ had not lived and died; had he not sealed his lessons with his blood; mankind had doubtless, to this day, been, like the Jews at Calvary, hard-hearted, cruel, unjust — blind to the beauty of holiness, goodness, and truth. We must therefore remember that to Him — to the costly sacrifice of the cross — we are daily indebted for the peace and happiness which we enjoy in a Christian community.

The second reflection which the crucifixion may well establish in our minds is this — that goodness is greatness; that virtue is mighty, and can triumph over power, and cruelty, and scorn; can convert the crown of thorns into a crown of glory; can render an ignominious death a scene of triumph; and convert the despised instrument of death into an emblem of the highest hopes and fondest wishes of humanity.

The India Rubber Tree.

India rubber, called *caoutchouc*, is produced from several different trees, all of the genus *ficus*, or fig. The celebrated banyan tree, of India, is a species of *ficus*.

The *ficus elastica* is the tree from which the India rubber is chiefly obtained. This is a native of both India and South America. When the bark is broken, it gives forth a milky liquid,

which, being exposed to the air, produces the gum elastic which is so much in use among us. It is now about a hundred years since it was first introduced into Europe; for a long time it was only used to erase the marks of lead pencils. The natives of South America had, however, long employed it, as we do now, for boots and shoes. They also smear the inside of baskets with it, thus providing a tough and tight lining. In the vicinity of Quito, they make it into a kind of cloth.

The Flat-Heads.

On the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and along the banks of the Columbia River, there is a tribe of Indians, called Chinooks, who have the custom of flattening the foreheads of their children in the manner represented in the engraving. The face of the mother shows how the head looks when it has undergone this process in infancy.

It might seem that this were a painful process, but it is done when the child is very young, and he is early accustomed to the pressure. The little creature, in his cradle, looks as if in a coffin; and here he is often kept, strapped to a board, for several weeks, only the lower part being taken off during that time. When the mother is on a journey, she carries the child and cradle on her back, they being supported by a strap passing over her forehead.

What can have been the origin of this strange custom, it is impossible to conceive; but probably it is founded on fashion only. The fancy of the Chinese for small feet is equally absurd, and leads to even more pernicious results. Perhaps, too, we could point out some fashions, among ourselves, not more rational.

But, however the custom may have originated, flattening the head has been very extensively practised among the American savages. There is a tribe called Flat-Heads, which inhabit the upper western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and derive their name from this custom, though it is now little used among them. The Choctaws and Chickasaws, which were formerly large tribes, and occupied a considerable portion of the present states of Mississippi and Alabama, were anciently accustomed to flatten the head in the manner described; and several South American tribes have long had the same practice among them.

General Lafayette.

THIS great and good man was born in Auvergne, in France, in 1757. His family was rich and noble, and he was brought up in the fashionable style of the French court. But his heart was not rendered corrupt by his course of life. When he was about 21 years of age, he heard that the American people were striving to throw off the yoke of British power, and his noble heart sympathized with them.

He therefore determined to come to America, and assist the people in their contest for liberty. He was so carefully watched, that it was difficult for him to get away; but, after some difficulties, he set sail with some friends, and landed in South Carolina. From thence he went to Philadelphia, and offered his services to Congress, who immediately gave him a commission as general. From this time he served in our army, and was aid to Washington. He was at the famous siege of Yorktown, in October, 1780, when Lord Cornwallis, and his army of 7000 men, were captured.

Lafayette returned to France, and he took an active part in the early stages of the French revolution. But a plot was formed against his life, and he fled. In Germany he was taken, and confined for several years in the gloomy dungeons of Olmutz. He was liberated at last, and in 1824 he came to this country, where he was joyously received. He returned to France, and took a lead in the great

revolution of July, 1830. Having placed Louis Philippe upon the throne, and secured a constitution to the nation, he retired to private life — serving, however, as deputy in the French House of Commons. In 1834 he died, leaving behind him the name of one of the purest and noblest characters that has ever lived.

The Two Miss Smiths;

or, The Tale of a Turban.

In a small town in the west of England, there once dwelt two maiden ladies of the name of Smith, each possessing an independence; each residing, with a single maid-servant, in a house, the drawing-room floor of which was to be let, provided a suitable lodger could be found. But the most remarkable circumstance concerning them was, that they bore each other a most inveterate dislike, — I will not say hatred. The origin of this was the similarity of their names; each was Miss Smith — the one being called Cecilia, the other Charlotte. This fact gave rise to innumerable mistakes and misunderstandings, which kept the two ladies in a constant state of irritability and warfare. Letters, messages, invitations, parcels, and bills, were daily mis-sent, and opened by the wrong person. Now, had there been any desire of remedying these difficulties, in the parties concerned, every thing might have gone on quietly; but this was not the case, and things grew worse and worse, each trying to vex the other. But, to be quite just, we must observe that Miss Cecilia was much the worst of the two, and seemed really to enjoy the troubles of her neighbor.

To pass over other events, we must notice one somewhat in detail. A wealthy gentleman, who had lately removed to the town, gave out invitations to an evening party. Unfortunately, there was but one milliner in the town, and her aid was now very much in request. She found it impossible to answer all the demands upon her skill and time for head-dresses. She therefore sent to the neighboring town of Exeter for two cases of these essential articles, which Miss Gibbs assured her impatient customers would be opened on Thursday.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, troops of ladies, young and old, were seen hurrying to Miss Gibbs's establishment — the young in pursuit of artificial flowers, gold bands, and such like adornments; the elder in search of turbans and caps. Among the candidates for finery, none were more eager than our two Miss Smiths. Both of them wore turbans, and great was the fear that the one might carry off the identical article that would suit the other best. But, just as Miss Cecilia was setting out, she was accosted at her door by a very gentlemanly person, who, taking off his hat, begged to know "if he had the honor of addressing Miss Smith." This question being answered, the gentleman continued: —

"I was not quite sure whether I was right, for I had forgotten the number, but I think it was sixty;" and he looked at the figures on the door.

"This *is* sixty," added Miss Cecilia; saying to herself, "I wonder if it can be

sixteen he was sent to;" for there dwelt Miss Charlotte.

"I was informed, madam," pursued the gentleman, "by a friend of yours, at Bath, Miss Joanna Smith, that you had a first floor to let."

"Quite true, sir," said Miss Cecilia, delighted to let her rooms, although she knew very well that it was a mistake, as the lady in question was first cousin to Miss Charlotte. "Pray walk up stairs, sir: very nice rooms, you see; every thing comfortable and clean; a pretty view of the canal in front, just between the baker's and the shoemaker's. Then it's very lively! the Exeter and Plymouth coaches go up and down, rattling along all day; indeed, I might say all night. A beautiful little bedroom, back, sir, although, as you say, it does look over the brick-kiln; but you will have no dust, sir, not a bit, for I never allow the window open a minute."

The stranger, it must be confessed, did not value all these advantages as highly as he might; but not wishing to wait, and thinking that he might not be able to suit himself better, he engaged the lodgings.

Miss Cecilia had been so anxious to engage the lodger, that, for a time, she actually forgot Miss Gibbs and the turban; but, now that her point was gained, her former care revived with all its force, and she hurried along in a fever of apprehension lest she should be too late. As she arrived, breathless, at the door, she saw groups of self-satisfied faces issuing from it, and, among the rest, the obnoxious Miss Charlotte's physiognomy appeared, looking more pleased than any body's.

"I wonder," thought Miss Cecilia, "if she thinks that any turban would make her look well!" Miss Charlotte did, however, suppose it; and, moreover, she had just secured the very head-dress of all others that she thought would answer that end.

Poor Miss Cecilia! Up stairs she rushed, and, pouncing upon Miss Gibbs, exclaimed, "Well, I hope and trust you have something that will suit me."

"Dear me, mem," responded Miss Gibbs, "what a pity you did not come a little sooner! The only two turbans we had are just gone. Miss Gosling took one, and Miss Charlotte Smith the other; here they are; you shall see them;" and she opened the box and exhibited two crimson and gold turbans to the grieved eyes of Miss Cecilia.

She stood aghast. They were just what she wanted. But nothing could be done. Miss Gibbs had no article proper to make a turban of, and Miss Cecilia flounced out of the house, angry and disappointed, not so much that she had *not* the turban, as that Miss Charlotte *had*. Arriving at home, she threw herself into her chair, and tried to compose her mind, and decide as to what was best to be done in this dilemma. Should she send an excuse to Mr. Hauseway, the gentleman who was to give the party, or should she appear in one of her old turbans? Impossible — they were so shabby and unfashionable!

While she was thus meditating, her maid walked into the room with — what do you think? — in her hand — the identical crimson and gold turban which had been purchased by Miss Charlotte.

"What a beauty!" said Susan, turning it round and round.

"Was there any message, Sue?" gasped Miss Cecilia.

"No, ma'am; Miss Gibbs's girl left it, and said she should have come earlier, but that she had so many places to go to."

"And she's gone, is she, Susan?"

"Yes, ma'am; she went directly."

"Very well, Susan, remember I'm not at home, if any body calls; and if any message comes from Miss Gibbs, you'll say I am gone out, and you don't expect me home till very late."

"Very well, ma'am."

"And I say, Susan, if they send here to make any inquiries about the turban, you'll say you know nothing about it, and send them away."

"Very well, ma'am," said Susan.

Well did Miss Cecilia understand how the turban got there — it was by a mistake of the girl; but the chance was great that it would be sent for. At five o'clock the milk-boy rang, and Miss Cecilia thought she should have fainted; but that was the only alarm. At six she began to dress, and at seven she stood before the glass in all the brilliancy of crimson and gold. This was strikingly becoming, she thought, to her complexion, and suited her hair exactly. This, we must observe, was quite gray; but she wore a frizette of dark curls fastened on to a black silk skull-cap fitting close to the head.

She had not far to go; so she thought she would wait a quarter of an hour, not wishing to be the first in the room. After the expiration of this time, she called Susan to bring her cloak and calash. This last-mentioned article being very large, Miss Cecilia requested Susan to place a pin in it, to keep it off her eyes. She then started, and, arriving at Mr. Hauseway's door, she knocked, and was admitted by the footman, who, in the haste he thought was requisite, from the number of the guests, disengaged the lady from her outward gear, and then, without giving her time to breathe, rushed up stairs, calling out, "Miss Cecilia Smith!" In she went, in all the triumph of gratified vanity and malice — little dreaming, poor woman, that the turban had been taken off her head with the calash to which the ill-starred Susan had pinned it. Altogether unconscious of her calamity, Miss Cecilia advanced smiling toward the host and hostess, who received her with bland courtesy, — at the same time thinking that their guest had the most extraordinary taste in head-dressing! The rest of the company could not understand it at all. Some supposed she must have forgotten to put on her head-dress; others, knowing that she was somewhat eccentric, supposed her appearance was the result of whim. At any rate, the joke was a good one, and Miss Cecilia seemed so triumphant and happy, that no one cared to tell her the disagreeable truth.

As to Miss Charlotte, we will not attempt to paint her dismay when, after sending two messages to Miss Gibbs, the truth came to light. Angry and mortified, she put on the best turban she had, and hastened to Mrs. Hauseway's, determined to expose the arts of her successful rival. The woman was endeavoring, when she entered the house, to arrange the heaps of shawls, hoods, and wrappers, that lay scattered about in admirable confusion.

"I suppose I'm very late," said Miss Charlotte; "but the most shameful trick

has been played upon me about my—why, I declare—I really believe"—and, stooping forward, she disengaged the turban, which was still fastened to the calash by Susan's unlucky pin.

Was there ever such a triumph! Understanding, immediately, the whole state of the case, she took out the pin, tore off her old turban, and placed the new one on her head, the maid assisting her in the operation. Up stairs she then walked, with a light step and a proud heart, and was ushered into the drawing-room.

As the door opened, the eyes of the rivals met. Miss Cecilia's feelings were those of disappointment and surprise: "Then she has got a turban too! How could she have got it!" Miss Charlotte was in ecstasies at Miss Cecilia's appearance. It may be supposed she was not slow to tell the story; it soon flew round the room, and the whole party were thrown into convulsions of laughter. The unconscious object of their mirth added to it by saying that she was glad every body was so merry, and assured Mrs. Hauseway that it was the gayest party she had been to for many a day.

"I am really ashamed," said the hostess, "at allowing the poor woman to be the sport of my company, but I was afraid to tell her the cause of our laughter, for fear of what might follow; and it must be admitted, also, that she well deserves the mortification she will feel on discovering the truth."

Poor Cecilia *did* discover the truth of it, and never was happy again. She parted with her house, and went to live with a relation at Bristol; but her spirit was broken, and she lived and died unpitied and unloved.

Pun.—A gentleman was once showing a friend a balloon made of an ox-bladder, inflated with oxygen gas. "But," observed the friend, "if the oxygen should escape, how can you get it into the bladder again?" "That is not the difficulty," said a bystander; "it is not how to get the *oxygen* into the bladder, but how to get the bladder into the *ox-again!*"

Charity begins at Home.—It is well to do a good turn to a stranger, but not when we should be made the dupe of selfishness. To illustrate this sentiment, we will give the following story from Æsop. A wolf, that lay licking his wounds, and was extremely faint and sore from the bite of a dog, called out to a sheep which was passing by, "Hark ye, friend! if you would but help me to a sup of cool water from yonder brook, I would manage, myself, to get something to eat." "Yes," said the sheep, "I make no doubt of it; but *when* I bring you drink, my carcass shall serve you for food."

"Silence does not always mark wisdom," says Coleridge. "I was at a dinner some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me, and said nothing for some time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with, 'Them's the jockies for me!'"

The Flamingoes.

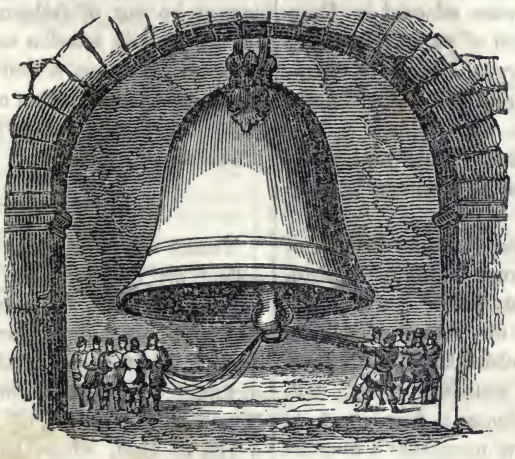
We have not much knowledge of the habits and manners of this bird, although it is so remarkable in size and appearance: for they are very shy and watchful, giving the traveller but small opportunities for observing them. We have, however, some descriptions. These speak of it as having a smaller body than the stork, while its neck and legs are much longer. The head is small and round, being furnished with a broad and curved bill, seven inches long. The tongue fills up the whole cavity of the bill. When in full plumage, the bird is of a deep scarlet color.

Flamingoes live in the warm countries of both hemispheres, on the seacoast, where they feed upon molluscæ, spawn, and insects. They may be found in large flocks, drawn up, when feeding, in straight lines, looking not unlike a company of soldiers. The sentinel gives the alarm to the rest, by a sort of trumpet-like note, on the approach of danger. In their flight, they arrange themselves in a triangular shape.

Dampier says that flamingoes make their nests, in the marshes, of slime, which they heap up with their claws into a hillock. As the length of their legs would prevent their sitting on their eggs, to hatch them, nature has pointed out a mode, by which they support themselves upright on the earth, covering the upraised nest with their body. Their flesh is differently esteemed by travellers, some considering it like that of a partridge, while others pronounce it very indifferent food.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge gives the following curious story: — During the French revolutionary war

when the English were expected to make a descent upon St. Domingo, a negro, having perceived, at the distance of some miles, in the direction of the sea, a long file of flamingoes, drawn up in ranks, forthwith magnified them into an army of English soldiers; their long necks were mistaken for shouldered muskets, and their scarlet plumage had suggested the idea of a military costume. The poor fellow accordingly started off, running through the streets, and vociferating that the English were come. Upon this alarm, the commandant of the garrison instantly sounded the tocsin, doubled the guards, and sent out a body of men to reconnoitre the invaders; but he soon found, by means of his glass, that it was only a troop of flamingoes, and the corps of observation marched back to the garrison, laughing at their bloodless expedition.



Great Bell of Moscow.

A Chapter on Bells.

The origin of bells is probably to be dated from the time when the sonorous property of metals was first noticed. A tinkling instrument of some sort was in use as early as the days of Moses, when the priest was commanded to hang bells to his robe, in order to give notice of his approach to the sanctuary. They were also used in the decoration of horses.

Small bells were used by the Greeks and Romans for civil and military purposes, and they were sometimes rung in temples, to call the people to their religious duties. St. Paulinus, Bishop of Campania, in the 4th century, was

the first who used them, in Christian churches, to call the people to prayer. They were then gradually introduced into the western churches, and into some of the Greek churches, though the wooden mallet is more generally in use there. The Turks particularly enforce the latter custom, as they abhor bells. The silencing of the "detestable bells" is esteemed, by a Turkish writer, as the principal advantage which was derived from the capture of Constantinople.

Large bells came into use in the sixth century. They were adopted in England on the erection of parish churches. In the tenth century, the abbot of Wayland presented a great bell to his church, to which six others were added, to harmonize with the first. This peal is the origin of the chimes so common in English villages.

One of the most celebrated bells of England is the Great Tom, of Oxford, which was cast in 1680; it was afterwards called by the name of Queen Mary. At its baptism, Dr. Tresham, on hearing the bell sounded, called out, "O sweet and pleasant harmony! O beautiful Mary, how musically it sounds! how melodiously it rings! how wonderfully it pleases the ear!" This bell weighs 17,000 pounds, and is the heaviest in England.

But Russia bears the palm over all other countries in bells. There they may be constantly heard, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," for they are too large to be swung; but tolling, and booming, and deafening all other ears but those of the Russians, who almost worship them. The largest is called, in Russian, the "Tsar Kolokol," or King of Bells: it weighs 400,000 pounds, and is twenty feet high. It is placed in a cavity of the tower of the cathedral at Moscow; the tongue is fourteen feet long, and is as heavy as some of the largest English bells. The metal of which it is made was brought from all parts of Russia, and thrown into the furnaces; the nobles were casting in gold and silver plates, rings, trinkets, and all kinds of ornaments, during the operation.

The only rivals to the bells of Russia are those of China, though they appear now to be out of fashion. These bells are struck with wooden tongues, making, according to some, a dull sound; though many describe the effect as very fine and melodious, though less powerful than that produced by metal.

There are two books from which I collect my divinity: the one written of God, the other of his servant Nature, — that universal manuscript which she has expanded to the eyes of all. But I never so forget God as to adore the name of Nature. The effects of Nature are the works of God, whose hand and instrument only she is; and therefore, to ascribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument. If we may do this with reason, then let our hammers rise up and boast that they built our houses; and let our pens receive the honor of our writers. — *Browne.*

Did you ever know an amateur singer who had not a "horrid bad cold"?

Correspondence.

We are much obliged to our friends, from all quarters, for their kind wishes and good-natured salutations; for their "merry Christmases," and "happy New Years." It is really very kind of them, in the midst of Thanksgiving pies, Christmas presents, and New Year's gifts, to think of their old friend Robert Merry. See here, what a specimen we have from one of our subscribers at Nantucket. We hope the little fellow may never want for the oil of peace, to make the lamp of life shine brightly along his path.

Nantucket, November 26, 1844.

Mr. Merry:

It is now getting to be cold weather, and I can't play much out of doors. The evenings are also very long. For these reasons I think a great deal of your Museum. I expect to spend a great deal of time in reading your stories this winter. You know we send out vessels from Nantucket, and the men in them catch a great many whales; so we have plenty of oil to read by in the long winter nights. Some of the stories of our whalemen are very amusing. If you will come down here, we will tell you some which will do to put in the Museum. I have now filled up my sheet; so I must close by wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Yours, truly,
JAMES F——.

L. O——y has proved herself a good guesser. She thinks that the answer to the puzzle in the April number is "Robert Merry's Museum," and the answer to that for the October number is the "Old Man in the Corner." These answers are correct. N. D., of Holliston, Mass., is also a true Yankee, and we give him our thanks for his complimentary letter.

Philadelphia, November 14, 1844.

Dear Mr. Merry:

I have been reading some of your magazines, which my aunt lent me, and which I found very interesting. I have been to Boston, and I think it is a very fine city. I have also been to Europe, and have seen a great many things there.

I think Switzerland is a most beautiful country. It is noted for its cottages and its beautiful scenery. The cottages are very comfortable inside, and are very convenient for travellers.

Italy, also, is a very fine country. It has a great deal of fruit, and especially very fine oranges. The famous volcano of Vesuvius is in Italy, near Naples, and I ascended it. It took me a long time to go up and down Mt. Vesuvius. When I went up it, I started about ten o'clock in the morning, and I was not back again till four or five o'clock in the afternoon. I did not go alone, but with my mother and father, with other persons, and guides. All the way, going up, the road was covered with ashes.

My mother and father saw the ruins of Pompeii, which was destroyed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. I have been in almost every country of Europe, and I think the whole is a very fine country. I think London is not a very fine city, it is so dirty in some places; and the fog and rain often prevent any one from going out for a long time; while here, in Philadelphia, it is very fine weather most of the time.

Philadelphia is a very fine city, and has a great many public buildings. Mr. Peale's Museum is among the principal ones. It is a very fine house, and has a great many curiosities in it. A number of people visit it

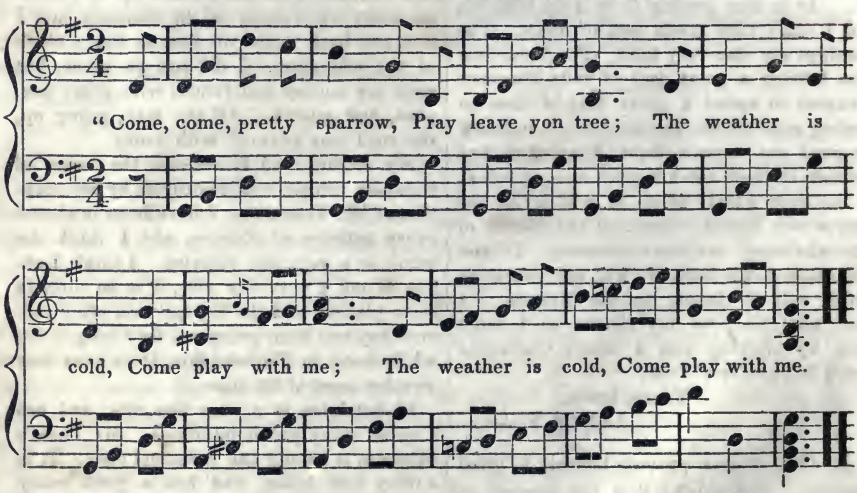
Now I will bid you adieu, Mr. Merry, begging you to make me one of the subscribers to your magazine for children.

HENRY B——

☞ We are obliged to defer sundry letters and puzzles till our next number.

Kate and the Sparrow.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



"Come in at the window;
'Tis here warm and neat,
And you shall have cake
And plums to eat.

"Come in at the window,
And don't be so shy;
No creature shall hurt you;
No danger is nigh."

Thus Kate to the sparrow
Spoke gentle and soft;
But the bird spread his wing,
And went soaring aloft.

She saw him no more,
And a tear filled her eye,
To think of that sparrow
So trustless and shy.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. IX. FEBRUARY, 1845. No. 2.

A Winter Story.

During a severe winter, several years ago, two boys were driving a sleigh through the woods in the northern part of Vermont. The season was uncommonly cold, and the snow lay at the average depth of five feet. But the boys in question were hardy fellows, accustomed to the climate, and, moreover, they were well wrapped up in cloth and furs.

They had occasion to pass from one town to another where a portion of the road led through a dense forest, for four miles, without a single house. Soon after they had entered upon this solitary portion of their journey, they were startled at hearing the gruff, husky bark of a wolf in the adjacent thickets. In a few moments, the animal sprang out from his cover, and came rushing to the side of the sleigh, making a desperate plunge at the eldest boy, who was driving.

The youth gave the furious brute a rough salute with his whip, and for a mo-

ment the animal slunk back abashed — the boy taking advantage of this to put his horse to the utmost speed. The creature, however, was jaded, and nothing better than a smart trot could be extorted from him.

The wolf soon rallied, and now renewed his attack, accompanied by one of his companions. He again assailed the driver, while the other came up to the stern, and threatened to leap into the sleigh. At last, the horse seemed to notice the savage growling of the wolves; and now, being seriously frightened, he broke into a round gallop, and flew forward with all his might. The wolves pursued, keeping by the side of the sleigh, and occasionally making a fierce leap for the purpose of springing into the vehicle.

The two boys had no weapon of defence but the whip; yet they carried a brave front. In one or two instances, the pursuers had partially succeeded in mounting the sleigh, but they were knocked off by the butt-end of the whip. It was, however, a serious race, and the little fellows saw that their danger was extreme. By the time they had passed one half of the forest, and while they were yet two miles from any house where they could hope for assistance, the wearied horse began to relax his speed, and the wolves, as if rendered desperate by strife, became even more daring and furious than before.

The sleigh in which the two boys were driving consisted of a box about five feet in length by three and a half in width. It was placed upon a floor, and this was fastened to the runners. The depth of the box was about two feet. Snugging down, and sheltering themselves as well as they could, or starting from side to side, as occasion required, in order to escape the fangs of the foe, the boys continued their course. It seemed, however, that they must at last be overcome, and fall victims to their fierce assailants. Nothing, indeed, could have saved them but a most unexpected accident, and one which might have seemed to expose them to certain death.

While the horse was advancing with considerable speed, he came to a short turn in the road. Cramped by the ridges of snow on either side, the sleigh was thrown out of the track, and, rising with a sudden bound, was completely overturned, and thrown to a considerable distance — the two boys being caught beneath as in a trap. The edges of the board sank deep in the snow, and the impulse of the horse snapped the traces in an instant. He was liberated, and pursued his career rapidly toward the village.

The wolves were at first disconcerted by the adventure, and hesitated whether to pursue the horse, or to investigate the wonderful disappearance of their intended victims. After smelling about for some time, they comprehended the real state of the case: and now began a regular siege upon the intrenchment which had been so luckily provided for the two boys. The latter were a little stunned at first, but they soon appreciated their condition, and saw the advantage which their present stronghold afforded for defence.

Turning round, and bedding themselves in the snow, so as to obtain a comfortable position, they determined to continue where they were until relief should come, which they hoped might speedily take place. They had not long space for de-

liberation; the growling of the wolves was soon audible, and a few minutes after they heard them pawing furiously in the snow, at the sides of the capsized sleigh. The elder boy had a jack-knife, which he now got ready, and, placing himself on his knees, prepared to give the enemy a sharp reception.

In a few moments, the paws of one of the wolves were seen below the edge of the sleigh. Clinching one of them, the resolute youth pulled it in with all his might; but as he was about to ply his knife, the limb was wrenched from him.

The two animals wrought at their task with incredible energy. Although a thick sharp crust lay upon the top of the snow, this was immediately torn away by their feet, and in a short space they were already below the edge of the sleigh, and on the point of grappling their prey, when their attention was called to their own safety. The horse had reached the village, and an alarm had been excited. The people hurried along the road, and soon came to the scene of action.

So intent were the wolves upon their object — so reluctant to surrender the prey which seemed within their grasp — that they faced two men for a considerable time, and did not finally retreat till they had received several severe blows. With a reluctant growl they took to the woods, and the two boys were safely delivered from their imprisonment.

It is good to begin well, but better to end well.

A rotten apple injures its companions.

Paper-Makers. — You see that this book is printed on paper; this was made by men and machinery; but long before men found out a method of manufacturing paper, the art was practised by wasps, for the purpose of forming a covering for their nests or hives.

This may seem strange, but I will explain to you how this curious paper is made. The wasps do not use any substances employed in paper manufactories, but collect together fibres of wood, which they gnaw off posts, rails, window frames, &c.; these they moisten with their mouths, and knead into a sort of paper, and fly off with it to their nests.

They spread it into leaves of a proper thinness, and attach it to the building on which they are at work. They put one piece of this substance over another, in a "good, workman-like manner," as the bricklayers say, till a proper number of layers to compose the roof is finished.

The wasps' paper is so very thin, that they are obliged to use fifteen or sixteen sheets of it to make their nests of sufficient thickness.

Hornets make their paper in the same way, but it is much coarser and thicker than that of the wasps.

A Long Pause. — An old gentleman, riding over a bridge, turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you like eggs, John?" "Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge a twelvemonth afterwards, again turned round, and said, "How, John?" "Poached, sir," was the answer.

Going Alone.

SEE — the child is about taking its first step in life! What an important event in its history is this. It is no longer to be a "creeping thing:" it is now to run upon its feet; to claim its privilege of walking erect, and going forth in the image of its Maker.

It is a glorious thing — is it not, child? — to go alone. There are few triumphs in life which fill the bosom with a warmer glow of exultation, than that which the infant experiences, when, amid cheers and applauses, he takes the first successful step; and when it is announced to the household, that the baby "*goes alone!*" And yet, what a responsibility lies in going alone. While the child could not walk, it was an object of incessant care; its mother, or its nurse, was ever watchful to prevent accident or mischief. The little creature had not learnt good and evil; no responsibility was attached to its actions; it was not yet free; it could not "go alone."

It is now otherwise. It has entered the threshold of active, responsible life; it has taken its first step; hereafter it must abide the consequences of its actions. How many times will the child break its head, in payment for this dear-bought privilege of going alone!

And it must not be forgotten, that the child can never throw off either its liberty or its responsibility. When we are once set free; when we cease to be infants, and have taken the first step, — from that time forward, life and immortality are before us: we may now choose our path, but, if it end in evil, we must abide the result.

BE slow to promise, and quick to perform.

Effects of a Thoughtless Action.

About forty years ago, there lived, near the eastern border of France, a family by the name of Marbœuf. The father was dead, having left a widow and two children. The eldest was a daughter, and named Narcisse. The other, a son, was named Pierre. The family was of some consideration, and enjoyed a handsome independence. The children were brought up according to the custom of the country, being educated at home; yet instructed as well in various accomplishments as in the ordinary branches of mental study.

Narcisse was of a gay and thoughtless temper, and, on one occasion, committed an act which laid the foundation for a long train of evils. Her brother, Pierre, was nervous and sensitive to such a degree as to provoke the ridicule of his somewhat hoyden sister. She accordingly teased him about it, and occasionally played off a practical joke in mockery of his peculiar sensibility.

One day, she tried a more serious experiment. While he was sitting alone upon the bank of a river, she stole upon him, and suddenly fired a pistol behind his ear. The youth was thrown into convulsions, and it was some time before he recovered. Even after the paroxysm had passed away, his nerves seemed shattered, and a sudden sound would make him tremble with emotion.

The boy was ten years old when this event occurred; and, for two or three years, it seemed questionable whether he ever would triumph over the shock he had received. Poor Narcisse was greatly distressed at what she had done, and at the melancholy consequences. She did every thing in her power to mitigate the evil. She sought, by every means which her fancy suggested, to soothe her brother's nerves, to give firmness to his mind, and to cultivate in him manly habits and feelings. Nor were her efforts entirely without effect. As Pierre advanced towards manhood, his constitution seemed to acquire vigor, and his timidity of character to be supplanted by a manly bearing.

Narcisse watched over this change with intense interest; but there was still one source of the deepest anxiety. Though her brother had acquired self-command, still he could not endure the sound of a gun or pistol. The whole idea of war was frightful to him. In short, he was destitute of that quality so much prized, in France, at that period — a species of courage which qualifies a man to be a soldier. Pierre grew up with this weakness; and, though he was conscious of it, he sought, by every means in his power, to conceal it. His sister, however, was too watchful to be deceived; and though she blushed to acknowledge, even to herself, that one who bore the name of Marbœuf should be a coward, she knew that, owing to her own thoughtless folly, her brother was entitled to this epithet.

But new causes of anxiety now pressed upon both the brother and sister. Napoleon had just returned from Russia, where his mighty army had perished by the avenging sword and the remorseless climate. The armies of the north were gathering, to pour themselves upon France and crush its haughty emperor. He must have instant succor and support.

New levies must be raised. The people must rally for the defence of France. Orders were sent to every quarter of the kingdom, and conscriptions were made, by lot, among the young men, throughout the country.

Narcisse and Pierre heard the rumors of Napoleon's disasters, and the levies that were to be made for the new army. Pierre's heart sank within him, for he foresaw that he should probably be among the conscripts. His sister did every thing in her power to raise his courage — to stir within him some ardor for his country's honor, and an emulation of that renown which belonged to the name he bore. She painted the attitude of France, threatened by the enemy: she appealed to that glory which surrounded the name of Napoleon. She spoke of the gallant achievements of her father, and a long list of proud family names that had gone before. But it was all in vain. Conscious of the ignominy which attached to cowardice, the poor youth wept in agony. "I can die, I can perish, Narcisse," said he, "but I can never become a soldier."

The evil day was not long in coming. The order for the conscription reached the village, and Pierre was drawn as one of the conscripts. When he heard the news, he fainted and fell to the earth. His sister, who now seemed to live only for her brother, shrinking with horror at the idea of having the mortifying truth made known, imputed his illness to some other cause.

Determined, at all hazards, to save him from disgrace, she resolved herself to take his place in the army. Making the necessary preparations in secret, and accompanied by a trusty maid, she set out for the place of rendezvous, which was some twenty miles distant. Reporting herself at the appointed station, she was received and enrolled under the name of Pierre Marbœuf. Nor was the opportunity for trying her resolution long deferred. The troops of Russia, Prussia, and Germany, soon crossed the Rhine, and were now actually upon the soil of France. With a celerity that seemed miraculous, Napoleon was again in the field, and at the head of a powerful army. Several skirmishes had already taken place between the hostile forces, and at last they were drawn out in long array, preparatory to a pitched battle. Narcisse, with a fluttering heart, yet with a resolute step, was in the ranks, and saw the morning rise upon the stirring spectacle.

We must now leave her in her place for a few moments, and return to her native village, and her brother Pierre. A faithful old servant, by the name of Jacques, had penetrated the secret of his master's weakness; and though Narcisse had attempted to conceal her plan and purpose, he understood both. Indignant at what he conceived the pusillanimity of young Marbœuf, two days after his sister's departure he taunted him to his face. In his wrath, he forgot his habits of respect for his master, and actually called him a coward.

The blood flew to the young man's cheek, and tingled in his fingers. He lifted his arm and frowned, as if he were about to strike his servant. The old man curled his lip disdainfully, and said, "You dare not strike — Pierre Marbœuf is a coward." Stung to the quick, and feeling an impulse in his breast that had never stirred him before, Pierre sprang upon

Jacques, and hurled him to the ground, as if he had been a boy. The old man arose, and clapped his hands with delight. "Thank Heaven," said he, "my master, you are still a Marbœuf. Fly, fly to the field! your sister is there as your representative. Fly, if you would save her life and your own fame. The two armies are drawn up at B——. To-morrow the engagement takes place. There is time — you may be there!"

In a brief space, every preparation was made. Pierre was mounted, and, with his father's sword at his side, he set off for B——. In the midst of the battle, he reached the village. The whole scene around was a spectacle of strife, and wreck, and carnage; but the youth now felt that he was a Marbœuf, and he plunged at once into the fight. It was a general charge upon the enemy, and, after a short contest, they were driven back.

Yet they still bravely contested the field, and strove to possess themselves of a small group of houses, which were fiercely defended by a detachment of French troops. The corps which Pierre had joined, in his random ardor, now came up; a desperate assault was at this moment made, and the enemy were effectually repulsed. Emerging from one of the buildings, Pierre now saw an effeminate-looking soldier begrimed with powder, and sprinkled with blood. He could not be mistaken: it was Narcisse. She tottered, reeled forward, and fell. Her brother was instantly at her side, and she was borne from the field. She was not wounded, but had swooned only at the moment that she had caught a glimpse of her brother fighting bravely in the thickest of the ranks.

Management. — Without method, time is nearly valueless; it is wasted in unprofitable occupations, or frittered away in unconscious idleness. The old adage of "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," may be well applied to the employment of time: "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." Many an idle minute might be so filled up, in a family, as to save hours of future labor. Where it is of consequence to economize time, there order should more peculiarly reign.

Sagacity of Birds. — In the swampy regions of La Plata, in South America, when the inundations of the River Paraguay commence, the birds, of which there are vast numbers, have the sagacity to build their nests in the tops of trees, far out of the reach of the water; and these nests are made of a kind of adhesive clay, so hard, that no cement can be more endurable, or impervious to the weather.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and requires nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Did you ever know a Frenchman who admired Waterloo bridge?

The Bamboo.

It is doubtful whether Nature has conferred upon the inhabitants of hot countries any boon more valuable than the bamboo — to such a multitude of useful purposes are its light, strong, and graceful stems applied. They are pushed forth by a strong, jointed, subterraneous root-stock, which is the trunk of the tree, the shoots being the branches. The latter are very hard, and hollow inside, being divided by numerous partitions.

When full grown, a bamboo is a straight rod, bearing a number of stiff branches, which shoot at nearly right angles from the main stem. It seems, at first, difficult to imagine how such a stem elevates itself through the dense mass of rigid branches, which cross each other in every direction. This is, however, arranged in a very simple manner. The young shoot, when it is first produced, is a perfectly simple sucker, like a shoot of asparagus; but having a sharp point, it easily pierces the dense and overhanging branches. It is only when it has arrived at its full length, and has penetrated through all obstacles, that it forms its lateral shoots, which readily interpose themselves amid the stems.

There are many species of the bamboo, all of which are useful. The young shoots of some are eaten like asparagus; the full-grown stems, when ripe and hard, are converted into bows, arrows, quivers, fishing-rods, masts of vessels, bed-posts, walking-sticks, floors, supporters of rustic bridges, chairs, and a variety of other purposes. By notching their sides, the Malays form wonderfully light ladders. Bruised and crushed in water, the leaves and stems form Chinese paper; some species are used for lining tea-chests,

cut into lengths, and the partitions knocked out, they form durable water-pipes. Slit into strips, they form excellent material for weaving mats, baskets, window-blinds, and even the sails of boats.

It is, however, for the purposes of building that the bamboo is most important. The frame-work of the houses in Sumatra is chiefly composed of this material. The floors are made of the whole canes, laid close to each other. The sides are made of the stems, split and flattened, and the roof is formed of a thatch split into various strips.

Great hopes are entertained of introducing this most useful tree into other countries; and, as it grows in dry and stony places, where nothing else flourishes, its introduction would be of great importance.

Do as you would be done by.

Francis Howe was a promising lad, about twelve years old. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, who felt exceedingly anxious that he should become a worthy and useful man. For this reason, she was very particular that her son should keep good company. I do not mean, by this, that she cared whether the boys he associated with wore a handsome coat, or lived in fine houses; by good company Mrs. Howe meant those who were good in their feelings, their principles, and their manners. Francis did not always judge of these things exactly as his mother did, as we shall see from the following conversation. One day he came running home from school, his face beaming with joy. "O mother," exclaimed he, "I have run all the way,—I was in such a hurry to tell you that Tom Gordon has invited me to his party to-morrow."

"I am sorry for it," replied the mother.

"Sorry!" replied Frank; "why, I thought you would be very much pleased. What makes you sorry?"

"Because I am afraid, my son, that you are not in good company when you are with Thomas Gordon."

"Good company!" cried Frank;—"if I lived in such a house as Tom does, and could give such an elegant party, I should think Governor Lincoln himself might accept my invitation."

"Perhaps he might, and President Adams likewise," replied the widow, smiling at her son's simplicity; "but, notwithstanding the great house and the delightful party, I do not like Tom Gordon should be an acquaintance of yours. I am sure he is not a boy of good principles. He has several times been dismissed from school, and is often engaged in mischievous, unfeeling tricks. It is said he is very inattentive to his sick mother; and I have myself seen him behave very improperly at church."

"But I think he is becoming a better boy," answered Frank. "Since he has been at our school, he has been at the head of his division almost all the time. Besides, I don't think it can do me any hurt to go and see him just this once. I want to see the garden, and the greenhouse, and the museum, very much; and Tom says I shall take a ride on his little pony, next Saturday, if you will let me come. Indeed, my dear mother, I will behave just as if you were looking at me all the time; and if I see any conduct I

think you would not approve, I will tell you all about it, and never ask to go again, unless you think proper."

"Very well, my boy," said his anxious mother; "you may go and judge for yourself. I cannot be always with you, to caution you against evil example. It is necessary you should learn many a hard, but useful lesson, by experience. I have but two directions to give; one is, that you should tell me what boys are there, and what amusements you have; and the next is, that you should promise not to engage in any cruel or mischievous sport. If any such things are proposed, remember the golden rule, and ask your conscience whether you are doing as you would be done by."

Frank readily promised to do all this; and the next day he set out for Mr. Gordon's, in a great flutter of spirits. It was the first time in his life that he had been abroad alone, and he had keen expectations of pleasure; besides that, he felt more manliness and responsibility than usual, — for the weight of a promise was on his mind, — and his mother had reasoned with him as if he were a man, and had allowed him to try an experiment which she did not altogether approve.

When he was ready to go, his mother had given him his nicely-brushed hat, and his clean silk handkerchief, and said, with a serious smile, "Remember the golden rule, my dear boy."

"My mother is very solemn about such a trifling thing as going to Tom Gordon's party," thought Frank. "If I were going to New York, she would not load me with more good advice."

But the next moment Frank remembered how often he had thought his mother too particular, and had found, in the end, that she was right, and he was wrong.

The lads were soon assembled, and the plays began. There was a large tilter and a large swing prepared for them; they had mimic gymnastics; and they walked in the garden. No sooner did one amusement tire than another was proposed. The museum delighted them. Among other curiosities were ancient dresses and garments, bought of our Indians. The boys put them on, and disguised themselves in masks. When they were weary of this, they called for active sports; and, a room being prepared, they were soon engaged in blind man's buff. A new visitor was introduced at this time, who was received by Tom with a very hearty welcome. There was something strange in his appearance, and Frank soon discovered that the boy was a real idiot, brought there to make sport for the company; then he thought of the golden rule, and remembered the promise he had made his mother. The boy seemed timid at first; and Frank asked him to stand by him, and he would take care of him. If he had not reason, he seemed instinctively to understand that Frank would be kind to him. It was Tom's object to make fun of him as long as the company should be amused; but Frank won over so many to think, with him, that it would be disgraceful to make sport of such an unfortunate creature, that Tom concluded to dismiss him, if the company would only please to see Billy eat a great apple, which he was going to give him. This seemed a very strange proposal; and Frank suspected there was some trick to be played at the expense of the poor fool,

but he could not guess what it was. He asked little Henry Gordon to tell him; and the child readily whispered to him that the apple had been dug out and filled with pepper.

"He shall not eat it," said Frank; and, manfully stepping up to Tom, "For shame!" said he, lowering his voice; "how would you like, if you were a poor idiot, to have such a trick played you? Give me the apple, or I will break friendship with you. For shame! it is wicked; it is cowardly; there is no fun in it. Give me the apple, or I will take it by force, rather than witness such a cruel action."

"You shall not have it," said Tom. "I care not for your friendship or your threats."

"Who will join me," said Frank, "to prevent an act of cruelty?"

"I will join you," said a dozen voices at once; and the little band ranged themselves around their leader, determined to obey him. A fight would have been the consequence, had not Tom, at this moment, thought best to make peace, and give up the apple, for fear of an exposure.

"Step aside with me, Frank," said Tom. "You have spoiled the sport; but I will say nothing about that, and give up the apple, if you will not tell the rest of the boys the trick I intended to play with it."

Frank accepted the conditions; peace was restored, and the idiot sent home.

Tom then showed the lads an electrical machine, which astonished them exceedingly. Frank voluntarily presented himself to be electrified, though the other boys were afraid. He courageously stood, as he was directed, upon a cake of resin, and held the chain connected with the machine. After some time, he was told that he was all over possessed with the electric virtue.

"It is a curious way of obtaining virtue of any kind," said Frank, "for I have not labored for it. Explain it to me — do, Tom."

"Kiss little Henry," said Tom, "and then we shall see how brilliantly your virtue shines."

Little Henry held up his pretty face to be kissed; but as soon as Frank's lips approached his, sparks of fire snapped from his mouth. The child was frightened, and Frank was astonished. He wished to understand the principle; but Tom told him it was no time then for a scientific lecture. "It is enough for me to turn the machine, and see the fire flaming from such a cold creature as you are," said he. "I shall leave it to you to study about it, and instruct us when you are better informed."

After tea, the boys took their leave; except Frank, who was requested to spend the evening. Tom invited him to his chamber, which was on the street, and commanded a view of all the passengers.

"Now, Frank," said Tom, "I want you to join me in the best frolic you ever heard of. With this bow and arrow I can shoot off the hats of the men that pass by. I shall hide; you must tell me when to take aim: then you must run into the street, and bring me up the arrow. After we have amused ourselves in this way until we are tired, I want you to go with me, and rob old Susy's peach-tree. She showed it to me this morning; and the mean old creature would not give or

sell me one peach. 'No, no,' said she; 'my son is to be at home to-morrow, and I must have them all to welcome him.' An old fool! how she will scold and chatter, to-morrow morning, when she finds them all gone!"

Frank was silent in astonishment. Until this day, he might be considered "unspotted from the world." He seldom sought his pleasures from home: there his mother and sisters were ever ready to lay aside their work, that they might amuse him.

"Now I know," thought he, "why my dear mother was so anxious about my making this acquaintance. Now I know that Tom Gordon is in truth a dangerous associate. Now I must remember my promise, and prevent the passengers from being incommoded, and the poor woman's tree from being robbed." Before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak, Tom sprang to the window, and declared there was an old quiz coming up the street, with a cocked hat on, and that he would soon see how he looked bareheaded. "Look at him, Frank," said he; "what is he stopping for?"

The old man, from his manner of walking, and of carrying his head, appeared to have been a soldier. His hair was white and abundant; his dress old-fashioned, but gentlemanly; he looked venerable, but sorrowful; he was shaking hands with a very poor man, who seemed delighted to see him.

"They have been in many a battle together," said Tom, "and here I must stand waiting for the old fellow."

"Put up your arrow, and think no more of this play," replied Frank. "Look at him — he is giving the poor man money. See, he seems to tell him not to thank him, but to thank Heaven. He is a stranger, Tom. I never saw him in the city before. You surely would not hurt an old soldier, who, perhaps, has fought for our liberty. Don't you know, *stranger* is a sacred name?"

"Hurt him! I do not wish to hurt him," replied Tom; "the point of my arrow is blunted, and I only want to relieve him from the burden of his hat. Now for it — here he comes!"

He fixed the arrow, and was about to draw the cord, when Frank seized him, and a serious scuffle was the consequence. Frank was the strongest, but Tom had more experience in these rencounters. He watched his opportunity, and tripped his antagonist, who, in falling, struck his head against a table, and swooned immediately. Tom forgot his resentment, and the old man's cocked hat, when he saw Frank lying apparently dead. He wept and wrung his hands, he kissed him, and begged him to speak, if it were but one word. The family were called, and Frank was laid upon a bed, and all the usual applications made for his recovery. It was full half an hour before he opened his eyes.

"Where is Tom?" said he, looking feebly round.

"Here, here I am, and right glad to have you able to speak to me."

"O Tom," said Frank, "don't touch the old woman's peach-tree; let the old woman have her peaches, to treat her son with."

"I won't touch it," said the stricken boy. "I promised, if you did but live, to give up all these foolish pranks."

"Did you?" replied Frank; "ah, if

you will but keep your promise, I shall not be sorry for the pain I now suffer."

"O Frank," said Tom, "you have saved me, perhaps, from murder; for had you willingly joined me in the plot, I intended to have placed some gunpowder under the corner of the old woman's hut, and lit it, merely to frighten her with the noise; but when I looked upon you, apparently dead, I thought that if I had pursued my plan, it might have killed the poor creature with fright."

"She was my mother's nurse," said Frank, "and I have been brought up to pay her every kindness in my power. I staked up the peach-tree for her yesterday, and she has promised to save me the largest she gathers. But come; I must try and return home, or my poor mother will be frightened about me." He tried to stand, but became so faint with the effort, that it was thought necessary to call a carriage, and that Tom should ride home with him, to support his head

When the lads entered Mrs. Howe's parlor, Frank leaning upon Tom, the first thing that met their sight was the old man with the cocked hat, who was the innocent cause of their quarrel. They were both astonished. One was pained, the other delighted; for Frank immediately suspected the truth, that he had been the champion of his mother's uncle, whom he knew she expected in the evening stage.

"What is the matter? what is the matter?" said the frightened mother, taking her son by the hand.

"Don't be frightened, mother. I shall be better in a little while."

"How did it happen? Where are you hurt?" said she. "O, what a disappointment! I hoped to have shown you to your uncle as fair and as good as I parted from you this afternoon; but I am afraid, Frank, you have not kept your promise."

"I have, mother," said Frank, "and keeping that promise is the greatest pleasure I ever had in my life."

"Then tell how you received this accident; and remember, you gave me your word that you would faithfully tell me all your amusements, and describe the characters of the lads you met. It was not from curiosity, Frank, that I required this promise of you; but that I might judge for myself whether it would be safe for me again to act against my own judgment."

The two lads were both disconcerted. Frank had made this promise to his mother; but how could he bear to hurt Tom's feelings, after he had promised to give up all his foolish pranks, and try, in his hours of pleasure, to be merry and wise? The boys looked confusedly at each other.

"What does all this mean?" said Col. Howard. "There is some mystery here which ought to be explained."

"Tell, Frank," said Tom; "you know your mother will approve all your conduct."

"It will hurt your feelings," said Frank, in a whisper to Tom; "and if I must tell my mother, I choose to do it in secret."

"O Frank," said Mrs. Howe, "I cannot bear to think you have told me a falsehood; and yet appearances are dreadfully against you. Your *wound* will soon be healed; but if your good *principles* have deserted you, what shall I do for my son?"

"I will tell you all about it," said Tom, his face glowing with the struggle he had made with himself. "I have promised to try and be good, and I read in a book, yesterday, that, in all great endeavors, the first step is the hardest." He then, without prevarication, told why he had invited Frank, and had promised him a ride upon his little horse; the reason was, that he wished to draw him into some mischief which would injure his character, because he was next to him in the division at school, and was the only boy he was afraid would go above him. It was a hard task that Tom had undertaken; but he went through it, Col. Howard said, with the courage of a soldier. He told how Frank protected the idiot; how he tried to persuade him not to insult the stranger; and how, just recovered from a long fainting fit, the first thought Frank had was to beg him not to rob poor Susy's peach-tree.

The mother and the old soldier shed tears. The first wept tears of joy, that her son's virtue had been tried, and had come out brighter by the trial; the old man wept for his son, his only son, whom he had recently lost.—"Philip was just such a youth," said he.

"Uncle," said Frank, "Philip was a better boy than I shall ever be. Mother has always told me, if I could be half as deserving as cousin Philip, she should be satisfied."

"This young gentleman, if I am not mistaken," said Col. Howard, turning to Tom, "will make a good man yet. I saw the signs of worth beaming from his eyes, as he set forth Frank's good deeds at his own expense. Persevere, my young friend," said the colonel, shaking him by the hand: "be careful with whom you associate, reject every amusement that is not innocent, have one blessed rule always in your mind, 'Do as you would be done by,' and then ——"

"And then," said Tom, "will you let Frank be my friend?"

"I am your friend now," said Frank, "and shall always consider this as the happiest day I have yet known."

"I hope in time I may encourage this friendship," said Mrs. Howe. "You must visit Frank. My daughters and myself will join in your amusements; but I cannot give you my confidence, Master Gordon, until you have deserved it. My son has no father to watch over him, and guard him from evil."

"Yes, he has," said Col. Howard. "Your boy has won my heart in this short interview. I am now alone in the world. Frank shall be the son of my adoption, and my fortune will enable me to educate him as he deserves. I have fought for his liberties, and he has fought to protect my gray head."

"Will you, indeed," said Frank, "be my father? How shall I merit such kindness?"

"By never forgetting the golden rule," said Col. Howard—'Do as you would be done by.'"—*Juvenile Miscellany.*

SUNDAYS observe; think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music: therefore come not late;
God then deals blessings.
Let vain or busy thoughts have then no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.
Christ purged his temple, so must thou thy heart.—*Herbert.*

The Manna-Tree.

THE tree which produces the manna known in the shops, is an ash of a peculiar quality. It grows in the south of Italy and Sicily. At the warmest season, the tree most abounds in sap, and, accordingly, in August the people make incisions into the bark. These are two inches long horizontally, and half an inch in depth. On incision, the manna immediately begins to flow, at first in the form of water, but it gradually becomes thicker. A leaf is inserted into the incision, which conducts the juice into a vessel placed at the foot of the tree. The liquor does not harden till it has remained some time. It has an unpleasant taste, but after the watery parts have evaporated, it is sweeter, but slightly nauseous.

The man in the cut is scraping off the juice which has exuded from and hardened upon the tree, with a knife; this takes the form of icicles upon the bark.

Manna once formed a principal source of emolument in Sicily; but it has now nearly fallen into disuse from our having so many other substances of more medicinal value. The properties of this drug are those of a gentle purgative, particularly adapted to the use of children.

This article must not be confounded with the manna spoken of in Scripture as the food of the Israelites in the deserts of Arabia. This was a small grain, as white as hoar frost, which fell every morning with the dew. During the forty years of their journey in the wilderness, this manna fell in a sufficient quantity for every individual of a million of men to gather three quarts a day for his own use. It was made into a kind of paste, and

baked in pans. It is called in Scripture the "bread of heaven."

There is a vegetable substance, called *manna*, in Arabia, Poland, and Mount Libanus, and other places. It is a kind of condensed liquor, found on the leaves of trees, herbs, rocks, and sometimes on the sands in Arabia. Some writers suppose this to be like that which fell for the Israelites. The Jews, however, and many others, are of opinion that it was a totally different substance from the vegetable manna, and specially provided by the Almighty for his people.

The Jewels.

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and both enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies.

In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my sons?" he asked, "that I may give them my blessing. I repeatedly looked round the school, and did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain ask thee one question." "Ask it then, my love," said he. "A few days ago, a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate, or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied: "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She led him to the chamber, and then stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies. "Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father: "my sons, the light of mine eyes, and the light of my understanding. I was your father, and you my teachers in the law." The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length, she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See! the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

Climb not too high, lest the fall be greater.

Conscience is the chamber of justice.

Craft bringeth nothing home.

The Truffle Hunter.

THE common truffle is a sort of fungus, growing entirely under ground; it is sometimes called the *ground mushroom.* There are several kinds, but the eatable one is the most remarkable. It varies in size from that of a hazel-nut to the bigness of a man's fist. It is covered with a thick skin, of a dark color; the inside flesh is firm and veiny. Although the truffle is rare, yet it grows in most countries, and is much sought after as an article of luxury, it being used to give a flavor to sauces; a turkey stuffed with truffles is considered, in France, a great delicacy.

Truffles are usually found under trees in open forest grounds and plantations. They require a light, loamy soil, and a spot shaded from the sun. When ripe, they diffuse a very strong and peculiar odor. By means of this, dogs are taught in Europe to hunt them out, and scratch them up. This is easily done, as they usually lie only two or three inches beneath the surface of the ground. The dog selected for the purpose is either a poodle, or a French barbet; both kinds are docile, and have a good nose, and not having a very strong instinct for following game, they are not easily taken off their work.

The education of a dog for hunting truffles is very simple. He is first taught to fetch and carry; then the thing is buried under ground, and he learns to scratch it up and give it to his master, who always rewards him by a piece of bread: as his education advances, truffles are used as the subject to be fetched; they are buried in the earth, and the dog is set to find them, reward always following success. The old man represented in the cut, who is a celebrated trainer of truffle-dogs, gener-

ally keeps a few truffles dried or soaked in grease through the winter, thus preserving the odor for the purpose of teaching the young dogs.

After the dog is sufficiently acquainted with the smell of the hidden truffle, so as to scratch for it, the hunter takes him out in the field with a well-trained dog, and they are set to hunt about under the trees to discover the truffle. The hunter often assists the dogs, when they begin to scratch, with a scud, which is represented in the cut; and as soon as the truffle is found, each dog is rewarded by a piece of bread which has been kept in a bag and flavored by the truffles.

The pig has also been trained to hunt this vegetable, but he is very apt to eat it when he finds it. The gourmand has many rivals for the possession of this highly-esteemed delicacy; squirrels, hogs, deer, badgers, and mice, are all eager to search after it in the woods.

Many attempts have been made to cultivate the truffle, but the success is not determined; nothing is known of the process of its dissemination.

A Relic.—A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty, opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

Better do it than wish it done.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty.

Father William.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried;
The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I *am* cheerful, young man, Father William replied;
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age.

Southey.

A happy heart makes a blooming visage.

A burden which one chooses is not felt.

An oak is not felled at one stroke.

The Bee and Butterfly: a Fable.

Two insects, a bee and butterfly, once met upon the same flower. The latter was attired in all the gaudy colors of the rainbow: at the same time, her air and manner seemed to show that she thought only of the passing moment, that pleasure was her aim, and that, in the pursuit of this, she forgot every other object. The bee wore a very different aspect. He was clad in a homely suit of brown, and carried about him a striking air of business and bustle.

The butterfly seemed to be somewhat shocked at finding herself so near to such a common, vulgar creature. The bee perceived this, and accordingly spoke as follows: "Pray don't be frightened, my gay lady; I'll not soil your pretty dress, or interfere with your pursuits. But forgive me, ma'am, for asking how it is possible for you to spend all your time in amusement. It seems to me that I should get tired of life, if I did not feel that a great part of my time was usefully employed."

"Our tastes, as well as our destiny," said the butterfly, "are happily very different. I could not endure an existence like yours. There is nothing so stupid as being useful. I leave utility to those who are made for drudges. My vocation is to live wholly for enjoyment. Farewell!" Saying this, the butterfly spread her wings, and, with a dancing motion, glided away upon the breeze.

Upon this, the bee made the following sage reflections: "The mere seeker of pleasure is not only short-sighted, but he is selfish. He not only lives an idle and careless life, making no wise preparation for the future, but even his enjoyments are of a poor, vulgar, and contemptible kind. There is a never-failing source of enjoyment in usefulness, and there is no happiness so abiding and so satisfactory as the consciousness of pursuing a useful career. How despicable, then, is a life of mere pleasure! How truly low-minded is the individual, who, in the pursuit of fashion and folly, sneers at those who are discharging the serious duties of life!"

Indian Ball-Player.

THE engraving represents an Indian playing at ball, a favorite game among the Choctaws, as well as some other tribes. This can never be appreciated by those who are not happy enough to see it. Six or eight hundred men frequently engage in throwing the ball, which they do by means of small hoops at the end of sticks; these have thongs of leather stretched across to prevent the ball going through. The ball-player catches the ball between the two hoops, and throws it again, never using his hands. A scene of this description, with the ball-players painted of different colors, running and leaping into the air in desperate struggles for the ball, is said by Catlin to be equal to any thing that ever inspired the hand of an artist in Greece or Rome.

DEPEND not on fortune, but on conduct.

Humility.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
  Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
  Sings in the shade, where all things rest;
    In lark and nightingale we see
    What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
  She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
  Was made for God's own temple meet.
    Fairest and best adorned is she
    Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears Heaven's brightest crown
  In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
  Then most, when most his soul ascends.
    Nearest the throne itself must be
    The footstool of humility.

Montgomery.

DR. JOHNSON'S DYING REQUEST.—When near death, this great man requested three things of his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds: first, that he would forgive him the sum of thirty pounds, which he had borrowed from him; secondly, that he would read the Bible; and thirdly, that he would never use his pencil on Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

TIMES of calamity and confusion have ever been productive of great minds. The purest ore is produced in the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

MANY hands make light work.
Despise none — despair of none.

The Beaver and the Monkey: a Fable.

An industrious beaver was one day occupied in her household cares, when her neighbor, a gossipping monkey, made her a call. The latter immediately began to talk of the weather, the fashions, and the scandal of the village. She rattled away for some time, the beaver treating her with politeness. But when a full hour had passed away, she broke in upon the discourse of the monkey, saying, "Will you excuse me, neighbor? I am very busy this morning, and I shall be obliged if you will allow me to attend to my domestic affairs."

The monkey seemed greatly piqued, but still she departed, saying to herself, "What a miserable, stupid life Mistress Beaver leads! I should really die if I could not have a dish of gossip, at least once a day. But this creature seems to care for nothing but scrubbing and scouring, and making things comfortable about the house."

The beaver overheard these reflections, and said to herself, "Our tastes are indeed very different. I despise gossip, if it is idle, and I hate it if it is scandalous. But the gentle and quiet labors which render my home pleasant are a source of unfailing peace and contentment. I am quite willing to be the subject of Mistress Monkey's sneers, when I can so clearly see that her plan of life is vain and foolish, while mine may claim the approbation of both virtue and wisdom."

Curious.—Naturalists tell of a seabird which lays but one egg, without making any nest, or preparation of any kind for its reception. She deposits it on a sharp stone, and it is rendered firm and immovable by a kind of white cement, which glues the egg to the spot: if the egg should be removed by any means, it cannot be replaced, and rolls down into the sea.

The great Chestnut-Tree, on Mount Etna.

Great Trees.

THE great chestnut-tree on Mount Etna is one of the most celebrated in the world. It is 196 feet round close to the ground, and five of its branches are like large trees. It has been an object of curiosity for ages.

There is a chestnut-tree at Tamworth, in England, 52 feet round. It was planted in the year 800; and, in the reign of Stephen, in 1135, it formed a boundary called the "Great Chestnut-Tree." In 1759, it bore nuts, which produced young trees.

The banyan-tree is a native of most parts of India, and has been so often described as to be familiar to almost every reader. The branches spread to a great extent, dropping their roots here and there, which, as soon as they reach the ground, rapidly increase in size, till they become as large as the parent trunk—by which means, the quantity of ground they cover is almost incredible. They are said to afford sufficient space, under their branches, to shelter a whole regiment of cavalry. Some have been seen five hundred yards in circumference, and a hundred feet high.

There is a very celebrated cypress-tree near Santa Maria del Tule, in the province of Oaxaca, republic of Mexico. This was measured by Baron Humboldt, and found to be one hundred and eighteen feet in circumference! This makes forty feet in diameter. This tree has no sign of decay; and though its foliage is less lively than that of smaller trees, this patriarch of the forest, calculated by all the data applied to the age of trees, has lived at least four thousand years, and perhaps even longer. There is said to be a tree in Gambia 132 feet in circumference

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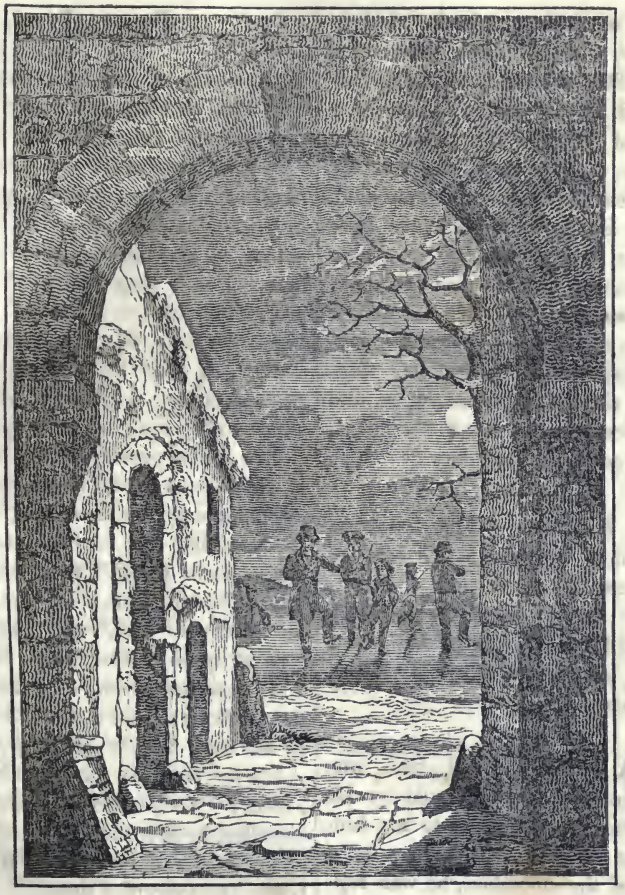
GIVE a rogue rope enough, and he will hang himself.



Sports of the Season.

It is now the time for our young friends to improve the opportunity for sliding, skating, and coasting. Of course these things are past for an old fellow like me — one who has been to the wars, and has come off with a cork leg; but for the young, the light-hearted and happy, we know of nothing more delightful than our winter sports. These must not interfere with business or duty; they must not go before your lessons, and make you forget or dislike books and study. No, no! Attend to these matters first: do whatever is to be done, thoroughly, and then you will find your pleasures doubly sweet.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a life of mere pleasure is desirable. Play, all the time, would become insipid, if not disagreeable. It is also a great mistake to suppose that amusements can be truly and heartily enjoyed, unless the conscience is satisfied. If there is a feeling within, that we have not done our duty, — that we have neglected something that claims our attention, — all our pleasures will be hollow and vain; in the midst of seeming enjoyment we shall still be miserable. Conscience will rise up and reproach us, and say, in a voice which is felt if not heard, "You have not done your duty!"

Siberian Seasons. — The following is an account of the year in Lapland or Siberia: June 23, snow melts. July 1, snow gone. July 9, fields green. July 25, plants in flower. August 13, plants go to seed. August 18, snow. This continues till June 23.

Pun. — A certain colonel, who was very much in debt, was once told by his servant that a person wanted to see him on particular business. On asking for a description of the individual, he was represented to be a man of color. "O, say no more," said the colonel; "I know the color; *it is a dun.*"

Shetland Full Dress. — In Shetland, the people wear very substantial shoes, as the roads are rocky and precipitous. An old gentleman used to say, that "in the morning he wore three rows of nails on his shoes; but for full dress, only two rows."

Punctuality.

Mr. Scott, of Exeter, in England, travelled on business until he was eighty years of age. He was one of the most celebrated characters in the kingdom for punctuality; and, by his methodical conduct, joined to uniform diligence, he gradually amassed a large fortune. For a long series of years, the proprietors of every inn he frequented knew the very day and hour he would arrive. A short time before he died, a gentleman on a journey in Cornwall stopped at a small inn to dine.

The waiter presented him with the bill of fare, which he did not approve of, but, observing a fine duck serving up, he said he should like that for his dinner. "You cannot have it, sir," said the landlord; "that is for Mr. Scott, of Exeter." "I know Mr. Scott very well," said the gentleman; "he is some miles distant from here." "He is not here now, sir, certainly," said the landlord; "but *six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day, precisely at two o'clock;*" and, to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman jogging into the inn-yard about five minutes before the appointed time.

A Hint. — "Thomas," said a troublesome family visitor to the footman, who had been lingering round the room for half an hour to show him the door, "my good fellow, its getting late, is n't it? How soon will dinner come up, Thomas?" "The very minute you are gone, sir," was the answer.

An Indian Dandy.

THIS is a representation of *Raw-no-way-cooh-krah*, one of the Ottoe chiefs. He is dressed in a tunic made of the entire skin of a grisly bear, with a head-dress of war-eagle's quills. Mr. Catlin, who travelled among the Indians, and painted the portraits of many of them, has furnished us a great many amusing sketches of these children of the forest. Foppery and dandyism seem to be as common among them as among the inhabitants of towns and cities.

In the present instance, we think Raw-no-way-cooh-krah has the advantage over civilized dandies. He is clothed in the skin of a grisly bear, which he slew by his own prowess; and the eagle that furnished the feathers for his head-dress was brought down by his own arrow. Such an attire bespeaks action, and may fitly become a theme of exultation; but how a man should be proud of the gloss or cut of a coat which are produced by the skill of others, it is difficult to conceive.

The Boy and the Butterfly.

Boy.—THE butterfly does nought but play
All the long, long, sunny day.
You say God made the butterfly
To frolic so — why may not I?

Aunt M.—The butterfly 's a foolish thing,
Chased only for his showy wing:
He lives a day or two, and dies,—
It is no matter where he flies.

Boy.—I've got my lesson long ago —
So after the butterfly I'll go.
I love to chase him off the flowers,
And wet his wing with pop-gun showers.

Aunt M.—But the fly was *made* to suck the flowers;
It is his food, as milk is ours;
And if he cannot read and spin,
The butterfly commits no sin.

Boy.—But if I waste my precious time,
I shall be guilty of a crime.
In peace let harmless insects die;
Dunces may chase the butterfly.

READING A DICTIONARY THROUGH.—A Scotchman, having borrowed a dictionary from one of his neighbors, was asked by him, on returning it, how he liked it. "I dinna ken, man," replied he. "I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book I ever saw in my life."

DOING nothing is doing ill.

An Apparition.

Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the 13th century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation is said to have taken place between him and Judge Powell.

"Since I saw you," said the judge, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad," said the bishop, "that you have become a convert to the truth; but do you say *actual ocular demonstration?* Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was—let me see—last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awaked by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up the stairs, and stalking directly towards my room. The door flying open, I drew my curtain, and saw a faint, glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue color, no doubt."

"The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall, meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long, loose gown; a leather girdle was about his loins, his beard was thick and grizzly, a large fur cap was on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face. I then said, 'Whence, and what art thou?'"

"What was the answer? tell me—what was the answer?"

"The following, my lord, was the answer I received. 'I am watchman of the night, an't please your honor, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family of the street door being open, and that, if it was not shut, they would probably be robbed before morning.'"

The Economy of Trees.

The economy of trees, plants, and vegetables, is a curious subject of inquiry, and in all of them we may trace the hand of a beneficent Creator. The same care which he has bestowed on his creatures is extended to plants. This is remarkably the case with respect to the holly. The edges of the leaves of this tree are provided with long, sharp spines, as high up as cattle can reach; above that height, the leaves are smooth, the protecting spines being no longer necessary. Southey has communicated this interesting fact in the following lines:—

"O reader, hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound an atheist's sophistries.
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves
appear."

Catch the bear before you sell his skin.

Do not halloo till you are out of the wood.

Try.

MARY JONES, and her brother Edmund, had no father or mother; but they had a sister, who was older than themselves, and who was very kind to them. She used to teach them every day to read and write, and to sew very prettily; besides that, she wished them to learn lessons in Colburn's Arithmetic. Perhaps some of my little readers may not have met with this book; and it may seem hard that Mary and Edmund should be desired to study any thing so difficult as arithmetic; but you must remember that their sister was very kind to them, and, therefore, would not be likely to give them any thing to learn which was too hard for them. Edmund was eight years old, and was able to answer directly to any of the first questions in fractions; such as, "Seven fourths of twelve are how many times six?" and he attended so closely to it, that he understood the proportions of numbers very well. But Mary, who was seven years old, was, I am sorry to say it, unable to answer, "How many are two and five?" or any of those simple questions. She had not *attended*, as her brother had done; and this was the reason she had not succeeded in learning as well.

"Sister, have you the headache today? Your eyes look sick," said Mary, affectionately.

"Yes, my dear, my head does ache; but I will try to teach you, notwithstanding, about your lesson; and if you are attentive, I can make you understand it in a few minutes. What is your lesson today?"

Mary's face lengthened very much, as she answered, dolefully, "It is, *How many gills in a quart?* and, sister, I *cannot* find it out; I've been studying a great while, and I know I never shall understand it."

Her sister took a slate and pencil, and marked out a circle, which she said should stand for a *quart;* then she drew a line across the middle of it, and divided the circle into two parts. "One of these halves, Mary, is a pint; you know two pints make a quart. Now, I will divide this pint into two parts, and each part, you know, is half a pint; in a half-pint there are two gills, — make a dot for each gill, — now divide the rest as you have seen me do this."

"I cannot, sister."

"Well, Mary, then I will do it. I place a dot for each gill. Now count the gills; there are eight. I think you understand now, Mary."

"Yes, sister, I think I do. May I take my spelling?"

"Very soon. Now tell me, lest you forget it, Mary, how many gills in a quart."

"I don't know — I never shall learn those hard questions;" and Mary looked very red, for she was a good deal ashamed of her inattention, while her kind sister had been trying to teach her. She looked up in her sister's face, and saw that she looked very ill, and her eyes were full of tears. Mary would much rather she had spoken harshly to her than to look so grieved; and her own heart told her she had done very wrong to try the patience of one who had been so good to her. But she did not like to say that she was sorry; so she took her spelling-book, and bent her head over it, to study very hard.

In a little time, Edmund was ready to

repeat his lesson. It was short, but he understood it fully, and answered every question readily. His sister kissed him, and then she said, "Mary, you remember that little fan of mine with the ivory handle, that you like so much; if you will commit your lesson in arithmetic, perfectly, for a week, you shall have it for your own."

Mary did not speak a word, but she hid her face in her spelling-book, and the tears dropped thick and fast from her eyes. It was a long time before she could command her voice sufficiently to say, "I do not wish for the fan."

"Not wish for it, Mary? I thought you did wish for it very much."

"I mean," said Mary, "I wish to learn my lesson, to please you, and because I ought to do so, and not for the sake of the fan; and I do not want you to give it to me, if I do get my lesson. Indeed, sister, I will try to learn better, if you will not look so sorry."

Her sister did not look sorry then; but she kissed Mary, and told her, if she pleased, she might come and attend, that moment, to her arithmetic lesson. When the explanation was finished, Mary answered to the question, of "How many gills to a quart?" — "Eight."

In a few months she understood all the mysteries of her arithmetic; if at any time her lesson seemed too difficult, she recollected the time when she learned the number of gills to a quart, and would say, very gravely, to her brother, "After all, Edmund, there is nothing like trying; for I find, when I *really try*, that I can learn any thing — any thing, I mean, in fractions and spelling; and I remember, when I did not get my lessons perfectly, it was always because I was thinking of something besides counting. I was always thinking of our blocks, and how we should make a temple, and put the kitten inside, or something else that had nothing to do with the lesson. I tell you this, Edmund," she concluded, with a dignified air, "so that you may know how to correct yourself if — if you should not study well. Come, let us go build a pagoda." — *Juvenile Miscellany.*

King Charles I.'s Golden Rules.

1. Urge no healths.
2. Profane no divine ordinances.
3. Touch selfishly no state matters.
4. Reveal no secrets.
5. Pick no quarrels.
6. Make no odious comparisons.
7. Maintain no ill opinions.
8. Keep no bad company.
9. Encourage no vice.
10. Make no luxurious meals.
11. Repeat no grievances.
12. Lay no wagers.

We never know the worth of water till the well is dry.

Feelings. — Like the sounds of an organ, our feelings will burst forth if you press the proper key; and, among the objects which can thus press us, none is so effective over a man's feelings as his own words, thoughts, and actions; hence a man can excite in himself any feeling, if he know of the words, thoughts, and actions, with which the feeling is associated.

Respect inspired by Benevolence.

About a century ago, an actor, celebrated for his powers of mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the eccentric, but benevolent Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character.

The mimic accordingly dressed himself up as a countryman, and waited on the doctor, with a long catalogue of ailments, which, he said, afflicted his wife. The physician heard, with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. At length, being completely master of his subject, the actor drew from his purse a guinea, and, with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it.

"Put up thy money, poor fellow," said the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash, and thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole of the conversation, with such true appreciation of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures, however, were soon checked; for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that "he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock."

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Trade is the mother of money.

The Solar System.

Poised in the centre hangs the glorious Sun,
Round which the rapid Mercury doth run;
Next, in due order, Venus wheels her flight,
And then the Earth, and Moon, her satellite;
Next, fiery Mars pursues his red career;
Beyond, the circling Asteroids appear;
The belted Jupiter remoter flies,
With his four moons attendant, thro' the skies;
The bright-ringed Saturn roams more distant still,
With seven swift moons, his circuit to fulfil;
While, with six satellites, that round him roll,
Uranus slowly circumvolves the whole.
But far beyond, unscanned by mortal eye,
In widening spheres, bright suns and systems lie,
Circling in measureless infinity!
Pause o'er the mighty scheme, O man! and raise
Your feeble voice to the Creator's praise!

Perseverance rewarded.—"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "to have seen a Mr. Clerk, in Queen's county, who was a carpenter, polishing and smoothing the seat of a bench he was making for the session justices, at the court-house. When laughed at, by his brother carpenters, for the great pains he was bestowing upon his work, he smilingly observed, that he was doing it to make it *an easy seat for himself*, as he was resolved, before he died, to sit thereupon; and he kept his word. He was an industrious man — honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence — he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit, as a magistrate, on the very bench that he had sawed and planed."

Accomplished Shoplifter.

A YOUNG gentleman, lately residing in Edinburgh, was the master of a handsome spaniel bitch, which he had bought from a dealer in dogs. The animal had been educated to steal, for the benefit of its protector; but it was some time ere its new master became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was not a little astonished, and teased, by its constantly bringing home articles of which it had feloniously obtained possession. Perceiving, at length, that the animal proceeded systematically in this sort of behavior, he used to amuse his friends by causing the spaniel to give proofs of her sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing — putting, of course, the shopkeepers where he meant she should exercise her faculty on their guard as to the issue.

The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have been bestowed, to qualify the animal for these practices. As soon as the master entered the shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connection with him, but lounged about in an indolent, disengaged, and independent sort of manner, as if she had come into the shop of her own accord. In the course of looking over some wares, her master indicated, by a touch on the parcel, and a look towards the spaniel, that which he desired she should appropriate, and then left the shop.

The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following her master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, watching the counter until she observed the attention of the people withdrawn from the prize which she wished to secure. Whenever she saw an opportunity of doing so, as she imagined, unobserved, she never failed to jump upon the counter with her fore feet, possess herself of the parcel, and escape from the shop to join her master.

Living Recommendation.

A GERMAN writer gives the following incident: "I found, one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking before the door of an eating-house, with the words 'To-morrow, soup,' written on its shell. The creature was thus doomed to invite man's appetite to partake of its own flesh. I stood a moment, and looked at the victim, encased and protected by nature against all enemies but the knife of the cook, and thought I observed, among the passers-by, a twitching in the corners of the mouth which indicated that the laconic appeal to their palate had not been made in vain. A Frenchman, in the same case, would have invited to his turtle soup by various persuasive means; but the Yankee put an inscription upon the intended victim itself, making it prove, in the most convincing manner possible, its freshness and its fine size."

MAKE not your sail too large for your ship.

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

Our Correspondence.

We acknowledge the receipt of pleasant letters from N. B——r, of New York; S. C. B., of Boston; Wm. H. A., of Roxbury; and A. and R., of Newark. The complaint of the latter shall have attention.

May 6, 1844.

Dear Mr. Merry:

I am so delighted with your entertaining Magazine, that I thought I must write to you to thank you for the amusement it affords me and the other children of our family. When my kind brother James brings it home, our little hearts leap for joy at the sight of its pleasant, bright face, so full of pretty stories and pictures. That one of the poultry yard made me think of an event that happened amongst my mother's fowls. She had a hen who died and left a family of young chickens. They might have met the same fate, if the cock had not taken them under his wing, and brooded them, until he began to lose all his feathers, and he at last died. They said it was contrary to his nature, and that caused his death.

I send you a conundrum. If you think it too trifling, you need not pay any attention to it.

My first conundrum is what Charles the Twelfth of Sweden was said to be. My second is an article. My third is a kind of air. My fourth is what the god of the sea makes his excursions in; and my whole is an island.

Your much obliged friend,
ELIZA.

North Tewksbury, 1844.

Messrs. Bradbury, Soden, & Co.:

Your little friend and subscriber in Tewksbury, L. Lewis Meriam, the 30th of July last, exchanged the busy scenes and bright hopes of childhood, as we trust, for the enduring joys of that happier home above. He had a great fondness for reading, and was much interested in the Museum, and two years ago, when seven years old, he visited nearly or quite every family in the district, to obtain subscribers.

In kindness of disposition, care of his little sisters, strict adherence to truth, and fixed principles of duty, his example is worthy of imitation by all.

He preserved the Museum with great care, to have them bound.

Respectfully, your friend,
E. L. M.

We are much obliged to M. B. G., who sends us the following puzzle: —

I am a word of three syllables.

My 1, 3, 4, 5, is a reservoir of water.

My 4, 3, 8, 11, is a place where dwelt a widow named in Scripture.

My 7, 10, 4, is a liquor that does much mischief.

My 5, 8, 11, 7, is one of the titles of Louis Philippe.

My 6, 2, 3, 9, 8, 4, 12, is an act in which a razor bears a part.

My 11, 3, 7, is a kind of horse.

My 7, 3, 12, is a thing proper for a common scold.

My whole is a favorite festival.

Boston, 1844.

Mr. Merry:

I take the liberty to send you a puzzle. If you can guess the right answer, you will understand my wishes in respect to yourself.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 3, 7, 11, 12, is a delicious kind of fruit.

My 3, 11, 4, 2, is the name of a parent.

My 12, 2, 4, 3, 7, 10, is a kind of snuff.

My 1, 11, 12, 4, is a musical instrument.

My 3, 10, 8, is a place in a church.

My 9, 7, 5, is the name of a wonderful tree.

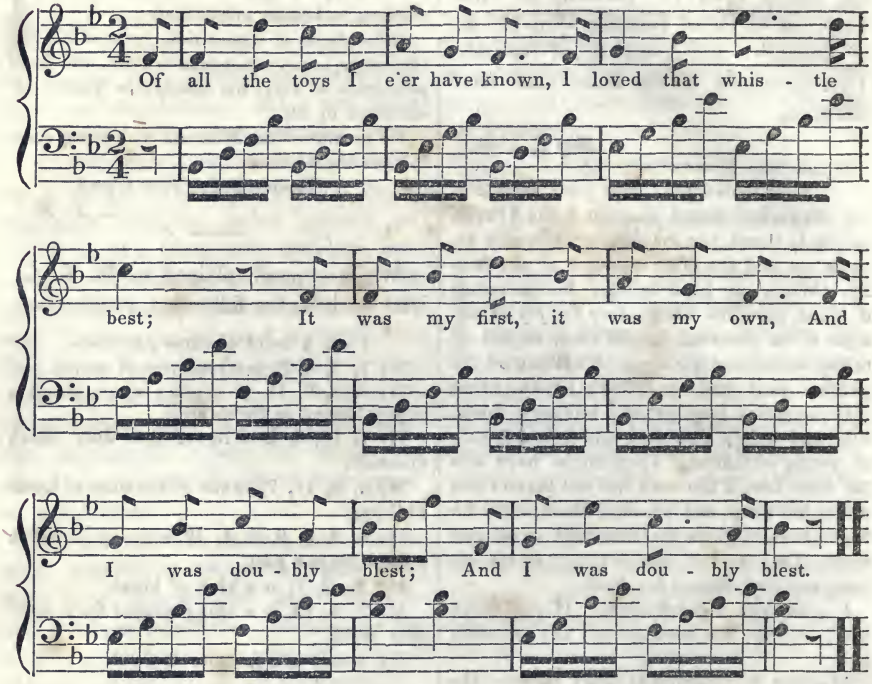
My 11, 5, 7, is a word signifying assent.

My 8, 12, 7, 6, is a lively little bird.

My 3, 11, 12, is what we give to a baby.

My whole is what we wish for our friends

My First Whistle.



'Twas Saturday, and afternoon,
That schoolboy's jubilee,
When the young heart is all in tune,
From book and ferule free.

I then was in my seventh year;
The birds were all a-singing;
Above a brook, that rippled clear,
A willow-tree was swinging.

My brother Charles was very 'cute;
He climbed that willow-tree;
He cut a branch, and I was mute
The while, with ecstasy.

With penknife he did cut it round,
And gave the bark a wring;
He shaped the mouth, and tried the sound,
It was a glorious thing!

I blew that whistle, full of joy, —
It echoed o'er the ground;
And never since that simple toy
Such music have I found.

I've seen blue eyes, I've tasted wines, —
With manly toys been blest;
But backward memory still inclines
To love that whistle best.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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Wild Geese.

It is now March, and, if the spring sets in early, we shall, in the course of the month, doubtless see flocks of wild geese, and wild ducks, high in the air, and drawn out in harrow-shaped lines, making their way to the far regions of the north. These birds spend the winter in southern climates, and, as spring returns, they wend their way to the borders of the great lakes, and other shores of British America, and there, in the solitudes undisturbed by man, they lay their eggs, and hatch and rear their young. When winter approaches, they gather in flocks, and seek a southern clime.

This habit of migrating from north to south, and again from south to north, with the change of the seasons, is by no means confined to water-fowl. Most birds are migratory; and the instinct they display, in thus changing their abodes, has long excited the admiration of the naturalist.

Many attempts have been made to explain the conduct of birds, in their periodical migrations; but it seems that they are chiefly guided by an instinct, furnished by their Creator, and which answers all the purposes of chart and compass, so needed by the human voyager. Mr. Nuttall says, "Superficial observers,

substituting their own ideas for facts, are ready to conclude, and frequently assert, that the old and young, before leaving, assemble together for mutual departure. This may be true, in many instances; but, in as many more, a different arrangement obtains. The young, often instinctively vagrant, herd together in separate flocks previous to their departure, and, guided alone by the innate monition of nature, seek neither the aid nor the company of the old: consequently, in some countries, flocks of young of particular species are alone observed, and in others, far distant, we recognize the old. From parental aid, the juvenile company have obtained all that nature intended to bestow—existence and education; and they are now thrown upon the world, among their numerous companions, with no other necessary guide than self-preserving instinct. In Europe, it appears that these bands of the young always affect even a warmer climate than the old; the aëration of their blood not being yet complete, they are more sensible to the rigors of cold.

"The habitudes and extent of the migrations of birds admit of considerable variety. Some only fly before the inundating storms of winter, and return with the first dawn of spring; these do not leave the continent, and only migrate in quest of food, when it actually begins to fail. Among these may be named our common song sparrow, chipping sparrow, blue-bird, robin, pewee, cedar-bird, black-bird, meadow-lark, and many more. Others pass into warmer climates in the autumn, after rearing their young. Some are so given to wandering, that their choice of a country is only regulated by the resources which it offers for subsistence; such are the pigeons, herons of several kinds, snipes, wild geese and ducks, the wandering albatross, and waxen chatterer.

"The greater number of birds travel in the night; some species, however, proceed only by day, as the diurnal birds of prey, crows, pies, wrens, creepers, cross-bills, larks, blue-birds, swallows, and some others. Those which travel wholly in the night are the owls, butcher-birds, king-fishers, thrushes, flycatchers, night-hawks, whip-poor-wills, and also a great number of aquatic birds, whose motions are often principally nocturnal, except in the cold and desolate northern regions, where they usually retire to breed. Other birds are so powerfully impelled by this governing motive to migration, that they stop neither day nor night; such are the herons, motacillas, plovers, swans, cranes, wild geese, storks, &c.

"When untoward circumstances render haste necessary, certain kinds of birds, which ordinarily travel only in the night, continue their route during the day, and scarcely allow themselves time to eat: yet the singing birds, properly so called, never migrate by day, whatever may happen to them. Some birds, while engaged in their journey, still find means to live without halting; the swallow, while traversing the sea, pursues its insect prey; those who can subsist on fish, without any serious effort, feed as they pass or graze the surface of the deep. If the wren, the creeper, and the titmouse, rest for an instant on a tree, to snatch a hasty morsel, in the next they are on the wing, to fulfil their destination. However abundant may be the nourishment which presents itself to supply their

wants, in general birds of passage rarely remain more than two days together in a place.

"The cries of many birds, while engaged in their aërial voyage, are such as are only heard on this important occasion, and appear necessary for the direction of those which fly in assembled ranks.

"During these migrations, it has been observed that birds fly, ordinarily, in the higher regions of the air, except when fogs force them to seek a lower elevation. This habit is particularly prevalent with wild geese, storks, cranes, and herons, which often pass at such a height as to be scarcely distinguishable.

"We shall not here enter into any detailed description of the manner in which each species conducts its migration, but shall content ourselves with citing the single remarkable example of the motions of the cranes. Of all migrating birds, these appear to be endowed with the greatest share of foresight. They never undertake the journey alone: throughout a circle of several miles, they appear to communicate the intention of commencing their route.

"Several days previous to their departure, they call upon each other by a peculiar cry, as if giving warning to assemble at a central point: the favorable moment being at length arrived, they betake themselves to flight, and, in military style, fall into two lines, which, uniting at the summit, form an extended angle, with two equal sides. At the central point of the phalanx, the chief takes his station, to whom the whole troop, by their subordination, appear to have pledged their obedience. The commander has not only the painful task of breaking the path through the air, but he has also the charge of watching for the common safety; to avoid the attacks of birds of prey; to range the two lines in a circle, at the approach of a tempest, in order to resist with more effect the squalls which menace the dispersion of the linear ranks; and, lastly, it is to their leader that the fatigued company look up to appoint the most convenient places for nourishment and repose. Still, important as is the station or function of the aërial director, its existence is but momentary.

"As soon as he feels sensible of fatigue, he cedes his place to the next in the file, and retires himself to its extremity. During the night, their flight is attended with considerable noise; the loud cries which we hear seem to be the marching orders of the chief, answered by the ranks who follow his commands. Wild geese, and several kinds of ducks, also make their aërial voyage nearly in the same manner as the cranes. The loud call of the passing geese, as they soar securely through the higher regions of the air, is familiar to all; but as an additional proof of their sagacity and caution, we may remark that, when fogs in the atmosphere render their flight necessarily low, they steal along in silence, as if aware of the danger to which their lower path now exposes them."

The cocoa-tree supplies the Indians with bread, water, wine, vinegar, brandy, milk, oil, honey, sugar, needles, clothes, thread, cups, spoons, basins, baskets, paper, masts for ships, sails, cordage, nails, coverings for their houses, &c.

The Philosophical Showman.

Carswell House, in which I have now resided for upwards of seven years, is a prettily-situated mansion. It stands on the brow of a gentle declivity, and overlooks a wide extent of beautiful country. The view from our parlor windows, in the summer season, when the woods are green and the fields clothed with verdure, is delightful. It must be allowed, however, that it is rather dreary in winter. The house is somewhat solitary, and the snow lies deep and long about it. At about a quarter of a mile from the house passes a cart-road, leading to a village about five miles distant.

It was on a wild, snowy day, in the month of January, that one of my youngsters, who was standing at a window looking at the drift which was whirling past in thick and blinding clouds, called my attention to the figure of a man on the road, who, though still struggling with the storm, seemed every moment to sink beneath its violence. He appeared unable to make any way against the suf-

focating drift; and this the less readily that he bore, as we could discern, a heavy burden on his back.

Seeing the man's distress, I despatched my gardener and footman to his assistance, desiring them to conduct him to the house, in which I meant he should remain until the storm had somewhat abated. In less than half an hour, the man was comfortably seated by the kitchen fire, and proved to be an itinerant showman. He was an Italian, and the burden which we had observed was his show-box. Grateful for the kindness shown him, — which kindness included, of course, the refreshments required by his condition, — the poor Italian sent up a respectful message to the dining-room, to the effect that he would be happy to exhibit his show to the younger members of the family, if they would so honor him. He was immediately requested to come up stairs, and to bring his show-box with him.

I was much struck with the man's appearance, on his entering the room, which he did with a remarkably graceful bow. His countenance had the swarthy hue of his country, and his dark eye all the fire and brilliancy that belong to the eyes of the children of the sunny south. But there was an expression of mildness and intelligence, in his countenance, not so often seen, and which at once attracted my attention.

Having placed his show-box — a tasteful thing, beautifully painted and gilt — in a proper situation, he withdrew the slides from the lenses, wiped them carefully, and placing himself at one end of the box, in order to work the *tableaux*, or pictures, he invited us, with a polite bow and pleasant smile, to take our places at the sights, of which there were six.

Before drawing the cord which was to exhibit the first picture to us, the Italian made a short speech, in broken but intelligible English, the substance of which was, that his exhibition differed from all other exhibitions in the show-way; that there was little, in what he had, to gratify the eye as a mere spectacle, but a good deal, he hoped, to strike the imagination, and, perhaps, improve the mind; that, in short, it was a philosophical exhibition, the materials being taken from human life.

Having taken our places at the glasses, the Italian drew a cord, when there was presented to us the figure — picture, I presume it was, but admirably painted; so life-like, so finely relieved, that it seemed a beautiful statue — of a child, a lovely boy, of between three and four years of age. We all uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight, on beholding this fair child; his look was so innocent, so playful; his brow so open and sunny; the smile on his beauteous countenance so full of sweetness and childish simplicity!

"Is not that a lovely child?" said the Italian; "saw you ever such a picture of innocence? saw you ever human countenance so utterly free from all expression of evil, from all indications of the darker passions of human nature? Does he not seem, in truth, a very angel? You cannot believe it possible — nay, it surely *is* not possible — that so guileless and innocent a being should ever become a ruthless, cruel, bloodthirsty savage."

"No, no," we all exclaimed, "it can not be. It is impossible!"

At that instant, click went one of the cords of the show-box. The picture of the child disappeared, and what is called a battle-piece occupied its place. In the foreground, a body of cavalry was making desperate havoc amongst the remains of an army which had just been broken up, and put to flight. The leader of the charging party was himself employing his sabre with merciless activity, not scrupling to cut down even those who supplicated his mercy, or whose wounds disabled them from flight or resistance. His countenance manifested the excitement of the most violent passions.

"Have you ever seen *that* man before, my kind friends?" said the Italian, with a gentle but significant smile.

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! my good friends, but you have," said he. "That ruthless warrior is no other than the beautiful and innocent child, grown to man's estate, whom you, a little while since, so much admired."

Click again went the cord of the show-box, and a splendid pageant took the place of the battle-piece. The scene was the interior of a noble Gothic hall, hung with rich tapestry, and blazing with the light of a thousand wax candles, in silver sconces. In the centre of the hall was a long table, loaded with the most costly viands, in gold and silver vessels. At this table sat a multitude of persons, male and female, splendidly attired. At a small table, at the farther end of the hall, and raised upon a dais, sat a lordly-looking personage, arrayed in sumptuous robes, and wearing on his head a crown of gold, sparkling with precious stones. By his side sat a fair young lady, on whom all eyes seemed bent in wonder and admiration, and on whom her lordly companion appeared gazing with inexpressible fondness. As became a creature of such surpassing loveliness, she, too, was magnificently attired, while behind and around her chair stood a crowd of attendants, ready to obey her slightest wish. It seemed, in truth, as if the air of heaven would not be permitted to breathe too rudely on that exquisite form.

We were all struck with admiration of this splendid scene, especially with the beauty and sumptuous attire of the young lady who sat beside the king, and now inquired who the former and latter were. The Italian told us that the king was Edward IV.; the lady who sat beside him, the celebrated Jane Shore. We were about to ask some other questions, when click again went the box, and a dreary, monotonous scene of frost-bound ponds and fields, and leafless trees, with a large city in the distance, which we subsequently learned was London, was presented to our view. In the foreground of the picture — which it made one cold and chilly to look at — was the figure of a miserable old woman, haggard and wrinkled with poverty and age, gathering sticks for firewood. Her clothes were in rags, and she seemed as if perishing with cold and hunger.

"Have you, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, "have you, think you, ever seen that miserable old woman before?"

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! wrong again," said the Italian, with one of his gentle and intelligent smiles. "You *have* seen her. What will you think, now, when I tell you that that starving, wretched, repulsive

old woman, who is searching the leafless hedges for withered sticks, wherewith to make a fire to warm her aged limbs, and the beauteous young lady whom you saw seated beside royalty, surrounded with all the pomp and adulation of a regal court, are one and the same person? It is so, and yet, extreme as is the transition, it is not the work of fancy; it is not the conception of an idle brain; it is an incident from real life. That miserable old woman is Jane Shore; and such, we all know, was her unhappy end."

Again the string was drawn; and now the interior of an apartment of moderate size, filled with company, all apparently dressed for the occasion, seemed to be the scene of some joyous revelry, every countenance beaming with mirth and glee. We could not, at first, make out any special purpose for this merry-making. But, at length, descrying a jolly-looking dame, who struck us, at once, as presenting what might be called the characteristics of a nurse, bearing about, with an air of triumph, a gayly-dressed and smiling babe in her arms, we made out that it was a christening. On a small brooch, or clasp, which united in front a broad band around the infant's waist, the artist had inscribed, in very small letters, "Edward Marston, aged three weeks."

Again the string was drawn, and another apartment, similar to the one described, was exhibited. But how differently occupied! It was filled with mourners, and on a table, in the centre, was a coffin. It was unclosed, and we could see that it contained the body of an old man. His ghastly, withered countenance, and pinched features, were uncovered; and on the metal plate of the coffin lid, which lay close by, we read, "Edward Marston, aged 72 years." The figure we now contemplated was, then, the smiling cherub of the preceding picture. Where now were the members of that merry company, whom we saw assembled to welcome his admission within the pale of the church? One after another, they have all descended into the grave, and *he*, too, is now about to follow. His term of life has run out. It was a long one; but, at its close, it seemed to have passed almost as quickly as the transition of the two pictures.

"Now, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, "let us see what is doing in the mansion adjoining this house of mourning."

He drew the string, and a brilliantly-lighted apartment, filled with a gay assembly, presented itself. The centre of the floor was occupied by a crowd of light-footed dancers, and mirth and revelry held unrestrained dominion over the scene.

"It is the celebration of a marriage," said the Italian. "Look to the right, and you will see the bride and bridegroom, standing together. That is she, the fair young girl, in the white satin dress. See how beautiful she is; how elegant her form! That tall and graceful young man, on whose arm she so fondly leans, is her husband. How happy he looks! He has no thought for the future. His whole soul, his every sense, is wrapped up in the present; he dreams not that all this happiness and joy will speedily pass away."

And, at this instant, away, like thought, passed the joyous scene, and another took

its place. It was a fair garden; and on one of its rustic seats sat an old lady, dressed in the deepest mourning of widowhood. Her aged countenance was sad and melancholy; a long staff, with an ivory head, which stood beside her, showed that she could not walk without such aid. Around her sported three young children; on the golden head of one of whom rested one of her long, thin, withered, and palsied hands. She seemed as if blessing the child.

"Know ye who that feeble old woman is?" said the Italian.

"We guess," said we, for we now fully understood the nature and scope of his exhibition.

"Right," he replied, satisfied that we knew who she was. "That ancient dame, who cannot totter along without the support of a staff, is no other than the fair young bride of the preceding picture. Her husband, the gay and graceful youth, whom you saw by her side, has been long dead, and these bright-haired children, who are sporting around her, are her grandchildren. Thus goes the world on!"

Once more the string was drawn, and a splendid mansion presented itself to view. A little, ragged, shivering boy, who seemed to have been soliciting charity, was being rudely thrust from the door by a pompous, over-fed menial, who held a stick over him, in a threatening attitude. The Italian made us mark the little ragged boy well. We did so. He drew the string, and the same mansion was again presented to our sight. But it had undergone many changes. Additions had been made to it, here and there. Doors and windows had been struck out, and other prominent features altered. The grounds around the building, too, had undergone a change; trees grew where there had been none before; and where there had, they had been cut down. Altogether, the painter — if picture it was — had so contrived it, that, on comparing the appearances of the mansion in the two paintings, a distinct impression was conveyed of the lapse of an interval of many years. A little way from the door of the house, in the picture we are now contemplating, a gentleman, seemingly the proprietor, was about to get into a carriage. An old mendicant on crutches, with hat in hand, his gray locks streaming in the wind, stood a little apart, as if in the act of imploring his charity. The appeal did not appear to be made in vain. The gentleman, with a look of great benevolence, was putting something into his hand.

The Italian now questioned us, as before. "Know ye," said he, "who that gentleman is, and who that poor old man is, who is soliciting and receiving charity? That gentleman, my kind friends, is the poor boy who was turned from the mansion thirty years since; and he who is now appealing to his benevolence is the same with him who drove him away. Such are the extraordinary changes which are constantly taking place in human affairs, often from heedlessness, or, perhaps, wilful extravagance on the one hand, and perseverance, with self-denial, on the other."

Here dinner being announced, we were forced to desist from further gratifying our curiosity with these pictures of life. *Chambers's Journal*

China.

THE external appearance of the Chinese is marked by peculiarities which have become familiar to us by the paintings on their porcelain. The leading characteristics are a broad, flat face, with a pointed chin, giving to the head the appearance of an inverted cone; high cheek bones; eyes small, distant from each other, and set in an oblique position, depressed toward the nose; large, broad ears; low, short, and broad nose; and black hair. In shape, they bear a great similarity to the Tartars.

National dress throws considerable light on the character and manners of a people; and this is one of those secondary objects which the maxims of the Chinese have exalted into primary importance. From the earliest ages, the emperors have shown extreme solicitude, and placed much of their glory, in contriving the robes which might best adorn themselves and their functionaries; and a prime minister has been highly panegyrized for the skill with which he acted the part of royal tailor. Amid all the vicissitudes to which the government has been exposed, its zeal upon this point has never been relaxed. The vestments and head-dresses of officers of every rank, — their color and shape, — almost

every fold, — are immutably fixed by imperial statute; and a book, published by authority, contains representations of them, which must be faithfully adopted, under severe penalties. The attire of the non-official classes is also prescribed — so far, at least, as to prevent it from coinciding, in a single particular, with that of any of their rulers. Thus the same costume is worn from age to age, and there is no room for those capricious changes of fashion which delight emperors. The taste of the Chinese in dress is entirely opposite to ours. Almost every thing which we consider graceful is regarded by them as unbecoming. They wear long, loose, flowing robes, by which the person is entirely concealed and enveloped; while our tight garments, displaying the form of the body and limbs, are considered by them as contrary to every principle of dignity and decorum, and are classed among the abominations which justify the contempt they entertain for us.

The chief article of Chinese dress is a very long vest, or rather gown, which reaches to the feet, and is fastened by a girdle round the waist. It has very wide sleeves, which, when not tucked up, cover the hand, and serve instead of gloves. Over this is worn a surtout, which, among the military and the Tartars, is short; though, with the civil mandarin, it sweeps the ground. In public they always wear boots, which they hasten to put on when a visitor has entered the house; but these, being made of satin, without heels or tops, are, more properly, stockings, though the sole is defended by a thick cotton lining; and when they travel on horseback, strong leather is substituted. Instead of a hat, they use, both at home and abroad, a bonnet or cap, the materials of which vary according to the season; and its ornaments are especially contrived to indicate the rank of the wearer. The hair is entirely shaved off, with the exception of one long lock behind, hanging downwards from the crown. No blame can be attached to the nation for this fantastic custom, which was tyrannically imposed upon them by their Tartar conquerors; and they waged a bloody, though fruitless war in defence of their ancient head-dress, which is said to have been much more graceful.

It is stated by Le Comte, who passed a long time in China, that the great men, although, when in public, they pique themselves so much on decorum, yet, in their houses, consult only ease and coolness, and reduce themselves almost to a state of nudity. The peasantry, in the southern provinces, also wear very little clothing; but this is excusable, from their poverty, and the necessity of laboring in a burning atmosphere. The people, on the whole, are better and more substantially clad than the other Orientals. They wear, generally, dark colors, particularly blue and black: white is their mourning suit; and yellow is strictly confined to the imperial house. But these dingy vestments, we are informed, lead to a disregard of cleanliness. The females, although kept in a state of rigid seclusion, devote a large portion of time to the embellishment of their persons. There is little distinction between their dress and that of the men. Their ideas of loveliness are peculiar, and often fantastic. They hold in the very highest estimation a delicate and slender form.

This appears, above all things, in their endeavors to reduce the foot to a preternatural smallness—an effect produced by checking its growth in the natural direction. From the period of its birth, a tight shoe is worn by the female infant, by which the whole foot is cramped and deformed to such a degree, that, at the period of maturity, the whole fore-part appears as if amputated, while the remaining portion is swelled to an unnatural bulk. Mothers, who are careless in every other point relating to their daughters, exert great care in bandaging, and guarding against every attempt which the child might make to relieve herself from this painful pressure. These deformed feet are termed "the golden lilies;" and if a lady ever breaks through the prohibition of displaying her person, she presents her feet as the surest darts with which a lover's heart can be assailed. They indicate, moreover, the rank of her who completely undergoes this mutilation; for it is not attempted at all by the laboring classes.

The Chinese architecture is entirely different from any European style of building, but has, nevertheless, certain proportions of its own, and a beauty peculiar to itself. The habitations of the emperor are real palaces, and announce, in a striking manner, the majesty and grandeur of the master who inhabits them. All the missionaries who had access to the inside of the imperial palace, at Pekin, agreed that, if each of its parts, taken separately, do not afford so much delight to the eye as some specimens of the grand architecture of Europe, the whole presents a sight superior to any thing which they had ever seen before. A great many buildings in China are of wood. One reason of this may be the dread of earthquakes. Besides, wood seems to be preferable, on account of the dampness of the southern provinces, and the excessive cold in the northern, which would render stone houses uncomfortable. Even at Pekin, where the rains are but of short duration, it is found necessary to cover the small marble staircases of the imperial palace with pieces of felt: the humidity of the air moistens and soaks into every thing. For the same reason, the houses are not built with a number of stories, as neither a second nor a third story would be habitable during the great heats of summer, nor the rigorous cold of winter. Though Pekin is situated in the northern part of the empire, the heat there, during the dog-days, is so intense, that the police obliges the shopkeepers and tradesmen to sleep in the open air, in the piazzas of their houses, lest they should be stifled by retiring into their inner apartments.

The habitations of people of rank, or of those in easy circumstances, generally consist of five large courts, enclosed with buildings on every side. They do not possess any exterior magnificence: the nature of the government would probably make it imprudent to make such an open display of wealth; while the residences of public men are usually official, held by each during his period of rule. The house is raised from the floor by a single story: the roof is of tile, turned up, and rounded at the extremities, so as to give it a resemblance to a Tartar tent—a form which, as Mr. Barrow observes, "stands confessed throughout all the Chinese dwellings!" Upon the roof, as well as upon

the walls, which, when not of wood, are commonly brick, some carving and painting are expended. The outer porch opens into a spacious and elegant hall, where strangers are received. Along each side are rows of pillars, of wood, but often valuable, and very richly painted and varnished. Generally speaking, however, less expense is lavished upon the mansion itself than upon its furniture. This, which, among other Asiatic nations, is singularly deficient, is, with the Chinese, rich and commodious. While the Hindoo and the Persian recline on carpets spread over the floor, the Chinese, like ourselves, use tables and chairs, often elaborately carved and exquisitely polished. From the roof are suspended those superb lanterns in which they so much delight, while adjoining cabinets are filled with precious collections of porcelain. Those who pique themselves on elegant taste adorn these and other parts of the house with shrubs, as well as with satin hangings, on which the maxims of their sages are inscribed in golden letters. There is an interior hall, also handsome, to receive intimate friends; and beyond it extend successive courts, from which branch off the private apartments, which are rather numerous than spacious; for as the practice of polygamy renders it necessary that great numbers should be accommodated under the same roof, all the inmates cannot have large rooms. Such small chambers were observed with surprise by the Dutch, especially in the imperial palace. In furnishing them, however, the Chinese display a great superiority over the other nations of the East. With the latter, the luxury of a bed is unknown or despised; the richest individual throws himself on a sofa or mat spread on the floor, to taste the sweets of slumber. But the Chinese have beds similar to those of Europe, composed of wooden frames, richly carved, painted, and gilded, with curtains of white muslin beautifully flowered, or of a thin gauze, which, during the extreme heat, exclude tormenting insects. There are also dressing-tables, cabinets, and screens, of the most elegant structure, and brilliantly varnished.

The most remarkable structures in China are the lofty towers, rising by successive stages, of which there is at least one in about every large city, especially of the south, reared usually in commemoration of some great event. The most conspicuous is the porcelain tower of Nankin, which is ten stories in height: each story is adorned with a cornice and gallery, and covered with a roof of green tiles. On the top is a pinnacle in the shape of a pine-apple, surmounted by a golden ball. The form of the tower is octagonal, and the diameter is forty feet in the lower part, but diminishing at each story. The ground floor is cased with porcelain, and the upper part is of ornamental birch; but all the parts are so nicely joined as to make the exterior edifice seem one piece. From the extremities of the roofs bells are hung, which sound when swung by the wind.

The Chinese justify the assertion of Dr. Johnson, that there are few things of which a man thinks more seriously than of his *dinner*. With them the business of eating is an object of the most engrossing interest. Their usual salutation is not, "How do you do?" but,

"Have you eaten your rice?" Nothing is said to discompose even an humble laborer more than to be interrupted at his meals. The animal food used in China consists chiefly of pork and ducks, as both swine and water-fowl can be reared without encroaching on the cultivated fields; and both are often seen in a dried state. Mutton and game appear only at the tables of the great, and are esteemed delicacies. Still higher importance is attached to certain fantastic luxuries, particularly soups made from the gelatinous substances of swallows' nests, sharks' fins, and sea-slugs, which are imported, in large quantities, from the East India islands. The lower ranks, in consequence of the scarcity of animals, are confined, in a great measure, to a vegetable diet. They do not, however, like the Hindoos, make a merit of necessity, but eagerly embrace every opportunity to gratify their carnivorous propensities with the flesh of dogs, cats, and other animals still more disgusting

TO BE CONTINUED.

Courteous Forbearance.

A GENTLEMAN in England, making a morning call upon a county member, of great taste and scrupulous courtesy, was accompanied into the library by a beautiful kid, which he found standing at the street door. During the conversation, the animal proceeded round the room, examining the different objects of art with ludicrous curiosity, till, coming to a small bronze statue, placed upon the floor, he made a butt at it, and knocked it over. The owner of the house taking no notice, his visitor observed, "That kid is a special favorite, I perceive; how long have you had it?" "I had it?" exclaimed the virtuoso, in agony: "I thought it had been yours." "Mine!" said the gentleman, with no less astonishment; "it is not mine, I assure you;" whereupon they both rose, and, by summary process, ejected the intruder.

Santa Anna.

THIS individual has, for many years, been a leading character in Mexico. He has been commander of the armies and president of the republic. He led the Mexican troops against Texas in 1836, when he was defeated, and captured in the top of a tree. He was taken to Washington, and was finally set at liberty. He returned to Mexico, and lived, for a time, in retirement; but he was at length again made president. He is now at the head of an army, contending for supremacy, with powerful parties arrayed against him.

Benjamin Franklin.

THE history of this great man is very interesting, and very instructive, for it shows how a poor boy, by diligence, honesty, and good behavior, may grow up rich, useful, respected, and happy.

Franklin was born at Boston, on the 17th of January, 1706, and was the youngest but two of seventeen children. He was first apprenticed to a tallow-chandler; but he left this employment, and learned the trade of a printer. He established himself in Philadelphia for a time, and then he went to England, where he supported himself by his trade, and at the same time acquired a great deal of knowledge.

He returned to America, and set up the business of a printer. He devoted himself with great industry to his employment, and soon won the confidence of all around him. He became the publisher of a paper; and, as he had an excellent talent at writing, he composed for it many interesting articles. Thus the paper acquired celebrity, and Franklin flourished.

While in the midst of business, he loved study, and not only learned the French language, but he made himself acquainted with history, science, and other matters. When the troubles with England were approaching, he was sent to that country as an agent for Pennsylvania, and he was afterwards intrusted with the concerns of other colonies. The business, thus confided to him, he managed with great ability and faithfulness, and thus the eyes of his countrymen were turned towards him, as one upon whom they could rely in the hour of trial.

Franklin returned to America, and filled many offices of high trust, and thus acquired the respect and love of every body. Nor was his whole time devoted to mere active business. The subject of electricity engaged his attention; and at last he set a kite flying during a

thunder-storm, and, placing a key near the string by which it was held, he saw small sparks, like lightning, issuing from the key, and giving slight shocks to his hand. Thus he proved that lightning is produced by electricity.

This wonderful discovery gave Franklin great fame; and when he was afterwards sent to Europe, as ambassador of the United States, he received great honors. Once he was at the French court, and being dressed in plain, Quaker-like clothes, some lady asked, "Who is that queer man?" "Hush! hush!" said the gentleman addressed; "that is Dr. Franklin, who bottles up thunder and lightning!"

Franklin lived to the age of 84, and he has left behind a name which is respected throughout the civilized world. His writings are numerous, and of a very useful kind; among them his Proverbs, uttered by Poor Richard, and his Life, by his own hand, are particularly valuable and interesting.

James Wallace.

"How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery—intending, by his question, to obtain some reply that would elicit the boy's ignorance.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright, intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and, after regarding him for a moment, replied, "I don't know, Harman: how far is it?"

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that, as much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant ap-

prentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus." James did not retort, but, repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he did not perceive the passage of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman had told him that the hours had flown until it was past ten o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he lay down upon his hard bed, and reviewed the wonderful subject that had occupied his mind. At last he fell into a slumber filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

On the next morning, the apprentice-boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was one of regret that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night, when he is asleep," he said to himself.

Just then, Harman Lee came into the shop, and, approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him, "How big round is the earth, Jim?"

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the unhesitating answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded with a sneer,—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, was very selfish,—"O dear, how wonderful wise you are! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has. Come, let's hear."

"Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something like exultation in his tone.

"And no doubt you can tell how many rings he has."

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," said James, in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent, with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his. "I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderful wise," Harman at length said, with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied, calmly: "I have been reading one of your books of astronomy."

"Well, you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you. Any how, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them. Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work."

"But I didn't neglect my work, Harman. I read at night, after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book."

"I don't care if you didn't hurt it;

you're not going to have my books, I can tell you: so do you just let 'em alone."

Poor James's heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle, so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own, to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had, all at once, become necessary to his happiness. "Do, Harman," he said, appealingly, "lend me the book. I will take good care of it."

"No, I won't! and don't you dare to touch it," was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he by two or three years, to be convinced that there was now little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth, and from that his natural open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that had been created in his mind, and night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to his earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools, and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone, after his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. It finally occurred to him that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window-blinds, with faded hangings and soiled colors. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "if I would do it cheap, they would let me paint, and put new hangings to, their blinds."

The thought was scarcely suggested, when he was on his feet, moving towards the street. In a few minutes he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened. "Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James felt confused, and stammered out, "The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply made, in an encouraging tone.

"And they very much want painting."

"Also very true," said the man, with a good-humored smile, for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them much."

"O, yes, sir; they would look just like new; and if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice for you cheap."

"Will you, indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr. Lee, the blind-maker."

"Do you, indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them, and putting up new hangings?"

"I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more; and it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up

very early in the morning to work for Mr. Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr. Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir; but I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man; if Mr. Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr. Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Four days from that time, he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up, and reading.

Of course, there was much in the book that he did not understand, and many terms, the meaning of which was hidden from him. To aid him in this difficulty, he purchased a dictionary at a second-hand bookstore with his half dollar. By the help of this he acquired the information he wanted with more rapidity. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored mass of knowledge appeared to open before him. He was not discouraged, however, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, while his hands were diligently employed in the labor assigned him.

It occurred, just at this time, that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an apprentices' library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed. And thus, none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge, did the poor apprentice-boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insupportable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade, and, what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific knowledge. He was well read in history; had thoroughly studied the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems; his geographical knowledge was minute, and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But, with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on at taining the age of manhood, that he knew, comparatively, but little.

Let us now turn, for a few moments, to mark the progress of the young student in one of the best seminaries of his native city, and afterwards at college. Like too many tradesmen, whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr. Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end, he sent him to school early, and provided for him the best instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys, who were merely designed for trades or store-keeping. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor, illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained, except during the semi-annual vacations, until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorable title of A. B. At this time, James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body, although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labor, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay his first offering upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honorable estimation, from his master's son. He despised these patient, persevering efforts, as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education, as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned, when he left college. The other became more really the student as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well-disciplined, active, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

Young Wallace passed his examinations with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill. The lawyer on the opposite side was Harman Lee, who still entertained contempt for his father's apprentice.

The cause came on within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and, therefore, no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence, and a marked attention and interest, when the young stranger arose in the court-room, to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee; but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented, in plain but concise language, to the court; and a few remarks, bearing upon the merits, being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence.

Harman Lee was instantly on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by "his very learned brother," in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear in tatters as that which his "learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away, when he resumed his seat, with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying smile when Wallace again slowly arose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed, when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought; well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favor of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour, James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor on a strong footing. Ten years from that day, Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the history of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue, *ever after*, a student, or others will leave him in the rear — others of humbler means and fewer opportunities — the apprentice of the mechanic, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after-time.

THE Chinese read in columns, from top to bottom of the page, and begin at the right-hand column. Hebrew and Arabic are also read from right to left.

Barnacles.

THE sea, as well as the land, appears full of wonders, if we study the works of nature with care. Almost every one has seen slimy and moss-like masses adhering to pieces of timber and the bottoms of ships, in the water. These are found to be separate animals, the body of each enclosed in a shell; but they have long *peduncles*, or tendons, by which they attach themselves, in groups, to particular places. They are fond of situations in which there is a current, and here, dancing up and down, they seem to pass a luxurious existence. Such are the creatures called *barnacles*, and which most careless observers suppose to be only an inanimate cluster of sea-weed.

BLACK-LEAD pencil-cases are made from the wood of the juniper-tree.

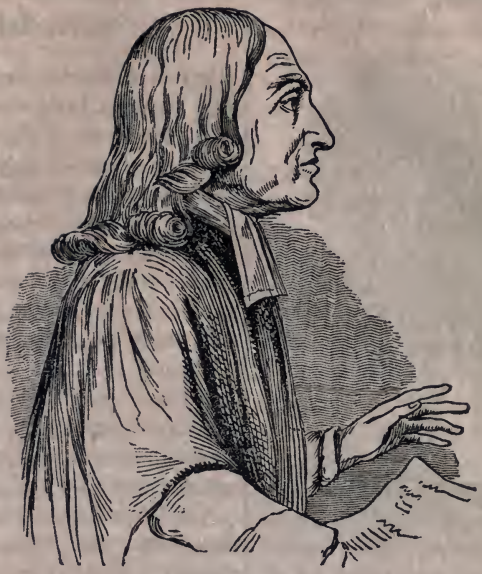
Successful Wit.

WHEN Abbas the Great, of Persia, was hunting, early one morning, in the little town of Netheny, he met an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly thrown off the animal, he called to his men, in a rage, to strike off the peasant's head. They therefore seized the poor man, and were on the point of executing him, when he prayed to be informed of his crime.

"Your crime," said the king, "is your unlucky countenance, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which had nearly caused me to fall from my horse." "Alas!" said the man, "by this reckoning, what term must I apply to your majesty's countenance, which was the first object my eyes met this morning, and which is to cause my death!" The king smiled at the reply, ordered the man to be released, and gave him a present, instead of taking off his head.

A FASHIONABLE lady being asked how she liked the dinner given at a distinguished poet's, her reply was, "The dinner was *splendid*, but my seat was so *promote* from the knick-knacks, that I could not *ratify* my appetite; and the pickled cherries had such a *defect* upon my head, that I had a *motion* to leave the table; but Mr. —— gave me some hartshorn *resolved* in water, which *bereaved* me!"

THE saccharine principle is found in all vegetables that contain starch; but chiefly in the sugar-cane, maple, beet, potato, and carrot.



John Wesley.

THE Rev. John Wesley, founder of the religious sect called Methodists, was one of the most remarkable men of modern times; and his life is exceedingly interesting and instructive, as showing not only how much good a man can do, but what an immense amount of labor can be performed, by diligence and devotion, in a lifetime. We cannot give an extended account of Mr. Wesley's history, but we will endeavor to do something towards exciting an interest which may lead to further reading on the subject.

John Wesley was the son of an Episcopal clergyman of Epworth, England, and was born in 1703. He was of a family distinguished for talent; and two of his brothers, Charles and Samuel, were eminent men, the first as a Methodist preacher, and the latter as a musician.

John Wesley was educated for the church, and took orders as a priest in the Episcopal Church of England. While still a young man, and officiating at Oxford, he joined a society of pious young men attached to the university, who met often for prayer; gave all the money they could spare in charity; spent a great deal of their time in religious meditation and self-examination, and in visiting the sick and suffering. Such conduct, so different from the common course of the selfish and worldly mass around them, excited great ridicule, and drew upon them the titles of the Holy Club, the Bible Moths, the Bitter Bigots, the Methodists, &c.

Among these pious young men was George Whitefield, afterwards celebrated for his wonderful eloquence, and who shares with Wesley the honor of having

founded the Methodist sect. He paid several visits to America, and finally died at Newburyport, in Massachusetts, where his tomb may still be seen.

It has frequently happened that a name bestowed in scorn has become one of honorable renown, and so it happened now. The term *Methodist*, invented to ridicule Wesley and his associates, has been converted by those who first received the title into the designation of one of the most extended, efficient, and evangelical of the religious associations of Christendom.

About this time, General Oglethorpe was preparing to set out, with a large number of persons, to establish a colony in Georgia. John Wesley, having taken holy orders, joined Oglethorpe's expedition, in order to preach to the settlers and Indians, and accordingly arrived in the Savannah River in 1736. Here he remained but about a year, having been involved in troubles, it is said, by his friends, through the intrigues of the governor.

On his arrival in England, in 1738, he found that Methodism had already made great progress in London, Bristol, and other places, through the enthusiastic preaching of Whitefield. Wesley, however, joined the Moravians; and soon after, according to his own account, being at a meeting of that sect, in Aldersgate Street, he met with a spiritual change of heart. He now travelled in various parts of Germany, especially with a view to visit the Moravian churches there. Returning to England, he joined Whitefield, and from this time his labors were devoted to the extension and establishment of Methodism.

Whitefield had set the example of "field preaching," hitherto unpractised. Immense crowds flocked to hear him, and Wesley now adopted the same course. Soon after, "lay preaching," that is, preaching or exhorting by persons not ordained, was sanctioned by Wesley; and thus the bonds, which had hitherto held him to the Church of England, were regarded as sundered. Soon after, he formally separated himself from the Moravians; and from this time to the end of his life, he may be considered as the head of the Methodists, as a distinct sect.

No man ever gave himself to any cause with more entire devotion than did Wesley to that of the new church, from this time forward. He wrote books; he travelled from place to place; he preached, he prayed, he exhorted, with a zeal, a fervor, which nothing could hinder or abate. His skill and wisdom seemed equal to his ardor. Not an hour, scarce a minute, could be abstracted from the cause on which he had set his heart. He rested nowhere; he almost constantly rode from forty to sixty miles a day on horseback; he read and wrote at every stopping-place; and generally preached from three to five times a day, often to assembled thousands.

Never was there a life of greater activity or devotion, and seldom has bodily power so wonderfully borne out the zeal and energy of the soul. Wesley continued his labors to the age of 87, when he died at London. His fame is sufficiently attested by the extent and character of the religion which he matured. His writings are numerous, among which, perhaps, the most interesting is a journal, or diary, which he kept for upwards of sixty years.

Puss Corrected.

O, NAUGHTY puss!—you must not play
And romp with dolly thus, I say;
You spoil her curls, and ruffles too,
And make her quite a fright—you do!

Shame, puss, to treat poor dolly so!—
The simple thing, that cannot sew,
And mend her clothes when they are torn,
Or run away when thus forlorn.

My mother tells me 'tis unkind
To treat the helpless thus—so mind!
If you repeat your tricks, old cat,
Your ears shall pay for't—that is flat!

Guy Fawkes; or, the Gunpowder Plot.

DURING the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Protestants having now gained the power in England, sought to turn the tables upon the Roman Catholics, and, by continual oppression, to extirpate their religion from the country. These were forbidden the use of the rites and ceremonies of their own faith, and were required to attend the Protestant church on the Sabbath, under a penalty of twenty pounds for every lunar month of delinquency. Every priest who said mass, and every one who heard it, was liable to a fine of a hundred marks, and imprisonment for a year. Their ministers of religion were, in effect, proscribed and banished; and all persons assisting or receiving them were deemed guilty of a capital felony. It is true, these enactments were not literally enforced, yet they placed the whole body of Catholics at the mercy of the Protestant government, and deprived them of all legal protection—of personal and religious liberty.

The fact, that James I. was born of

Catholic parents, and had been baptized by a Catholic archbishop, had led the Catholics to hope for a revival of their liberties, upon his accession. But these were bitterly disappointed; for the king declared that he would fortify the laws against them, and that he had no idea of ever granting them toleration. Rendered hopeless, therefore, of obtaining relief, several desperate persons, of the Catholic faith, formed the scheme, in 1604, of blowing up the house of lords with gunpowder, at the opening of parliament; and while the king, the lords, and the commons, were there assembled, to destroy them all at a single blow.

The conceiver of this bloody scheme of vengeance was Robert Catesby, who had been several times imprisoned for violating the laws against the Catholics. He brought four or five persons into his scheme, among whom was Guy, or Guido Fawkes, who was a gentleman of good parentage and respectable family in Yorkshire. These persons bound themselves by a solemn oath of secrecy, and then heard mass and received the sacrament, in confirmation of their vow. Percy, one of the conspirators, hired a tenement near the parliament-house; and Fawkes, who, having served abroad in the army, was unknown in London, assumed the name of Johnson, and acted as Percy's servant.

In December, 1604, a mine was commenced in the cellar of an adjoining house, and seven men were occupied until Christmas eve, without suspicion. Being obstructed by a thick wall, they hired a cellar, conveniently situated for their purpose, where they deposited a large quantity of gunpowder by night. This was covered with iron bars, and the tools they had used in mining, that the breach might be the greater when the explosion took place.

In May, 1605, the preparations were complete, and the conspirators agreed to separate. Catesby purchased horses, arms, and powder, to be used for the sake of their cause when the first blow was struck. As large sums of money were necessary, certain wealthy persons were now admitted to the plot, and sworn in.

As the day of the meeting of parliament approached, it was determined that Fawkes should fire the mine, with a slow match, which would allow him a quarter of an hour to escape. On Saturday, the 26th October, being at supper with some of his friends, Lord Monteagle received an anonymous note, warning him to leave London, as some terrible blow was threatened against parliament. This letter was shown to several lords of the council, and the conspirators became aware of the suspicions that were excited. Some of them left London; others concealed themselves in obscure lodgings. All held themselves ready to start, at a moment's warning, except Fawkes, who, with the extraordinary courage he had displayed throughout, took up his station in the cellar.

Three days of anxiety and suspense now passed, when, orders being given for a careful search, about twelve o'clock, on the night of the 4th of November, Fawkes was seized as he came out of the cellar. Matches and touchwood were found upon him, and a dark-lantern, with a lighted candle, stood behind the cellar-door. Under a mass of fagots there were no less than thirty-six casks of gunpowder.

Fawkes at once avowed his purpose; nor was his composure disturbed upon his examination before the king and council, which immediately followed. When asked by the king how he could enter upon so bloody a scheme, he replied that dangerous diseases required a desperate remedy.

Some of the conspirators now resorted to arms, with such followers as they could collect. Catesby, Percy, and some others, were killed; the rest were taken. In January, 1606, eight of them were brought to trial at Westminster, and were found guilty. There is reason to believe that Fawkes was put to the torture, in order to obtain a full confession. They were all executed, and the day of the discovery of the gunpowder plot is still a holiday in England.

"Two of a Trade:" a Fable.

There are two animals, one called the skunk, and the other the polecat, both of which are famous for a very offensive smell. This is, indeed, their chief defence; for if any creature offends them, they take revenge by discharging upon it some of their abominable odor. In this respect they are like mean persons, who, when offended with any person, impute all sorts of evil thoughts and designs to him, thus trying to sink him to their own level.

But we have a fable to tell of a polecat and skunk, which is as follows:—

One of each of these creatures chanced to meet, and, as it is said "two of a trade can never agree," they seemed, at first sight, to feel a mutual dislike of one another. The skunk, in short, actually turned up his nose at the polecat, and the polecat turned up his nose at the skunk!

"What do you mean?" said the polecat.

"What do *you* mean?" said the skunk

"I mean," said the former, "that you use monstrous bad Cologne!"

"I may say the same of you," said the skunk.

"Of me!" said the indignant polecat; "of me — the sweetest quadruped in the forest? Me — me — me — you impudent, vile, rancid skunk!"

Thus the war was opened; and pretty soon the two began to use their appropriate weapons upon each other. How the battle ended I cannot say, for the air was too strong for me, and I came away. But I recommend my example to all my friends; and hereafter, when they see two mean creatures contending with each other, let them have the sport all to themselves.

A Chinese Painter. — A Chinese, who was present at the martyrdom of a Christian missionary, was so struck with the firmness with which he died for his faith, that he himself became a Christian. He made his way to Europe, went to Rome, and studied painting. He became successful as an artist, and there is now in the church of St. Guillaume a fine picture by his hand, well designed, and strongly colored. The subject is "The Death of the Christian Missionary," to which he was a witness, and which changed his faith and his life.

Cases are said to have occurred in America of negroes becoming white, and after-generations becoming whiter.

The Hindoos have the art of feigning death, so as to deceive able surgeons.

Otho, King of Greece.

About twenty years ago, the Greeks, who had been long held in bondage by the Turks, rose in rebellion, and fought bravely for their liberty. The war raged in valley and mountain, and many a city and village was laid in ashes. The poor Greeks — men, women, and children — were hunted like wild animals, and often saved themselves only by retreat to inaccessible cliffs and caverns. But the spirit of liberty at last triumphed, and the Turks were driven out of the country.

But a curious event now took place. In June, 1833, a young man, named Otho, son of the king of Bavaria, was agreed upon as the sovereign of Greece! He was not yet of age; but he went to his new kingdom, and, in 1838, being twenty-one, he was regularly acknowledged

and crowned as king. Since that time, Otho has been king of Greece; and though he has had some troubles to contend with, the country has since remained pretty quiet. The young king has occasionally shown a disposition to usurp more power than belongs to him; but the Greeks seem to know their rights, and to be determined to maintain them.

The Little Wanderer.

"Come in, little wanderer; the weather is cold;
Thy feet are bare, and thy mantle is old:
Come in to the fire, and tell us thy tale,
And the sorrow that makes thy cheek so pale."

"My father is gone—he died long ago—
And my mother departed this world of woe;
'Tis a week since she left me alone—alone,
And since I have wandered unheeded, unknown.

"I asked them for shelter—but I might not stay;
I asked them for bread—but they drove me away;
Cold, hungry, and faint, to a corner I crept,
And the long, long night for my mother I wept.

"I prayed I might die, and join her above—
For they told me she lived in that heaven of love;
But my limbs would shake, and my heart beat wild;
And I wander here—a poor, lost child."

"Peace—peace, my poor boy; come in at the door;
Thy wanderings are done; thy sorrows are o'er.
Both shelter and bread within thou shalt find,
An end to thy suffering, and peace to thy mind."

Relaxation.

NIGHT studies are very prejudicial to the constitution, and ought to be avoided by all who wish to prolong their lives, and to be useful in their day and generation. However fond of study, therefore, let the student pay some attention to health. It is said of Euripides, the dramatist, that he used to retire to a dark cavern to compose his tragedies; and of Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, that he chose a place for study where nothing could be heard or seen; but, with all deference to such venerable names, we cannot help condemning their taste. A man may surely think to as good purpose in an elegant apartment as in a cave, and may have as happy conceptions where the all-cheering rays of the sun render the air wholesome, as in places where they never enter.

Charles V. sometimes cultivated the plants in his garden with his own hands, and sometimes rode out in the neighborhood, and often relieved his mind by forming curious works of mechanism. Descartes spent the afternoon in the conversation of his friends, and in the cultivation of a small garden. After having, in the morning, settled the place of a planet, in the evening he would amuse himself with watering a flower. Barclay, in his leisure hours, was a florist. Balzac amused himself by making pastils. Rohault wandered from shop to shop, to observe the mechanics labor. Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises, such as jumping, &c. It is said of the laborious Mr. Poole, that his common rule was, while engaged in writing his famous Synopsis, to rise about three or four o'clock in the morning, and continue his studies till the afternoon was pretty far advanced, when he went abroad, and spent the evening at some friend's house in cheerful conversation. —*Buck's Anecdotes.*

A Princess Royal.

THE present queen of England, Victoria, has several children, all of whom are small; yet the boys are princes, and the girls princesses. Here is one of them; and we may remark that, whatever great names we may give the child, she is still a child, and probably as fond of toys as if she were not born and bred in a palace. We hope, when she grows up to womanhood, that she may still be a woman, with the kind, tender sympathies proper to her sex. It is sad to think that those people who live in palaces sometimes forget that there are persons who are poor, and desolate, and unhappy, and who live as if none such were in the world. As it is the duty of all to seek

out the poor and miserable, and try to give them relief, so this kind of charity is one of the greatest of earthly pleasures. If being a princess prevents one from such duties and such enjoyments, surely it is no blessing to be a princess.

Morality of Animals.

"It is curious," says Jesse, "to witness the assistance which some animals afford to each other, under circumstances of difficulty and danger. I have observed it in several instances, and it shows a kindness of disposition which may well be imitated. It is not, however, confined to their own species, as the following fact will prove: A farmer's boy had fed and taken great care of a colt. He was working, one day, in a field, when he was attacked by a bull. The boy ran to a ditch, and got into it just as the bull came up to him. The animal endeavored to gore him, and would probably have succeeded, had not the colt come to his assistance. He not only kicked at the bull, but made so loud a scream, (for it could be called nothing else,) that some laborers, who were working near the place, came to see what was the matter, and extricated the boy from the danger he was in.

"I have seen cattle, when flies have been troublesome, stand side by side, and close together, the tail of one to the head of the other. By this mutual arrangement, flies were brushed off from the head of each animal as well as their bodies, only two sides being thus exposed to the attacks of the insects. Sheep have been known to take care of a lamb, when the dam has been rendered incapable of assisting it; and birds will feed the helpless young of others.

"Birds will cluster together for the purpose of keeping each other warm. I have observed swallows clustering like bees when they have swarmed, in cold, autumnal weather, hanging one upon another with their wings extended, under the eaves of a house. I have also heard of more than one instance of wrens being found huddled together in some snug retreat, for the purpose of reciprocating warmth and comfort."

Excuses for not going to Church.

Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold—too hot—too windy—too dusty—too wet—too damp—too sunny; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write; mean to take a walk; intend to take a ride; tied to business six days in a week; no fresh air but Sunday; can't breathe in church; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; don't like a liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extempore praying; don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous; the spirit willing, but the flesh weak; dislike an extempore sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosing; nobody to-day but our minister, can't al-

ways listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake at church, fell asleep last time I was there; shan't risk it again.

Scotch Deacons.

In the days of Baillie Nicol Jarvie's father, the office of deacon, in Scotland, was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, who lived on the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above-mentioned dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife the important news; but not finding her, he ran out to the barn, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but, in the fulness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and, kissing her, exclaimed, "O crummie, crummie, ye're nae langer a common cow—ye're the deacon's cow!" The elder dignitary, being a sedate person, did not wish his wife to think that he was uplifted by this world's honors. As he thought, however, that it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "gif anybody comes spierin for *the deacon*, I'm just owre the gate, at John Samson's."

Africa is the native country of ferocious and noxious animals; and they continue to flourish in the deserts and forests, after man has expelled them elsewhere.

Jesuit's Bark.

This is a medicine of great value as a tonic and febrifuge. It would appear as if Nature was aware of the fact, and had generously determined that mankind should have the benefit of it; for she is said to have twice revealed its properties in a curious and accidental way. A Peruvian Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a pool as incurable, he naturally drank copious draughts of the water, which, having imbibed the properties of the bark, floating in large quantities upon it, speedily dispelled his fever. He returned and told his friends, who, being acute enough to detect something uncommon in the affair of the drinking, immediately sent all their sick to the place, and most of them were relieved. It was at first thought that the water was *holy;* but the remarkable taste betrayed the secret, and some time afterwards the Jesuits brought the bark to Italy, where it attained a high repute. This is one of the accidental revelations of the value of the bark.

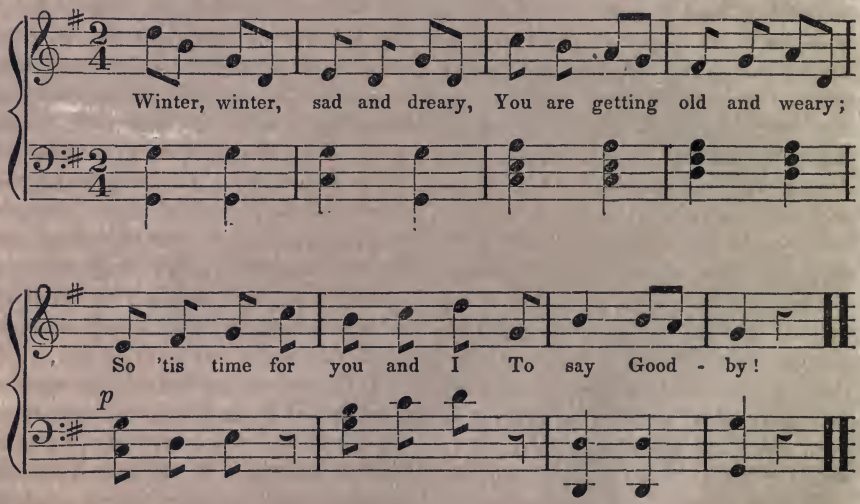
At Guayra, in Caraccas, it was used as a tonic; but its anti-febrile powers were not known until discovered as oddly as in the first instance. M. Delpech, a French merchant, had stored up a large quantity of the fresh bark, in rooms that were hastily fitted up for the reception of strangers. One of these was dangerously ill with malignant fever; but an improvement, to the surprise of all, took place immediately on his inhaling the cortical vapor, which was very strong, from the fermentation of the fresh and moist bark. He soon recovered, and other

persons, seized with the same disease, were placed in the same apartments, with similar results. By and by, it was discovered that to swallow a few grains of it was a much less expensive way of going to work than to inhale the vapor of some thousands of pounds; and so the bark came, at a second place, into use as a medicinal remedy.

PUNCTUALITY.—Luckless is the traveller, by land or water, who despises punctuality. He will have the mortification to see the steamboat just leaving the quay as he comes close up to it, or the coach turning the corner of the street, but beyond the reach of his voice. A minute earlier, and he would have been all right. How important, then, is a single minute!

Good-by to Winter.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



Winter, winter, black and blowy—
Icy, sleety, rainy, snowy;
Spring is softly stealing nigh:
Good-by! Good-by!

Winter, winter, dark and cloudy—
Noisy, whistling, rough, and rowdy;
The south wind whispers, soft and sly,
Good-by! Good-by!

Winter, winter, pale and chill,
The snow-wreath fades on yonder hill,
The birds are singing in the sky,
Good-by! Good-by!

Winter, winter, sad and dreary,
You are getting old and weary;
So tis time for you and I
To say Good-by!

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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Spring.

THE season of spring is considered the most delightful of the whole year, especially by the young and gay-hearted. The snows have now melted away; the brooks, and rills, and rivulets, are liberated from their icy fetters; the sun shines warm and bright; the birds, after a long absence, have returned, and now regale the ear with their cheerful songs; the grass begins to peep from the brown sod; and here and there a timid flower ventures to put forth its blossom, amid the dead leaves of a departed year. In the midst of all this, a joy, a delight — something which makes it easy to laugh, and shout, and run, and leap, and dance, and frolic — seems to fill the bosom. O, happy season of spring! how much like youth — full of smiles, and hopes, and rejoicing!

But do you know, my gentle reader, that spring does not visit all the world? In the chill regions of the north there is neither spring nor autumn. There winter

reigns for eight months of the year. It then suddenly yields its sway, and summer comes. After a brief space, this gives up the dominion of mountain and valley, lake and stream; and the white-mantled monarch of snow and frost resumes his stern control. Along the northern coast of Labrador, the snow does not depart till June. In July, the earth is covered with bright verdure; but in September, the scene is again wrapped in a winding-sheet of winter.

Nor is there any spring in the tropical regions of the earth. In the West Indies, Mexico, Guatimala, and the northern borders of South America, there is no proper winter or autumn; no snows, no falling of the "sere and yellow leaves" of the forest. There summer seems to hold perpetual sway. There the vegetable kingdom is always putting forth bud and blossom; and there you may find many trees on which are the opening flowers, side by side with the ripened fruit. To these warm and sunny climes many of our friends — the bluebirds, the robins, the larks, and the sparrows — migrate at the approach of winter, and come back again with the return of spring. What a privilege is this of the happy birds, to have the power, in the space of a few days, or even a few hours, of passing from one zone to another! And yet we, without wings, by means of railroads, shall soon be able to go from New York to the Gulf of Mexico almost as rapidly as the feathered voyagers.

Yet still, who that has lived in our temperate zone would be willing to give up the change of seasons — from spring to summer, to autumn, to winter, and again to spring? Who would wish to go to Labrador, and dwell with the Esquimaux, or even to the regions of oranges and figs, in the West Indies? A visit to either of these places might be very pleasant; but if you were to live there, would you not, fair reader, sometimes long to see the rough, rowdy old Winter of New England? Would you not like to have a sleigh-ride over his snows, or a slide or a skate upon his ice? Would you not yearn to breathe the fresh air, and feel the bounding pulse, of spring? Would you not like again to behold the forest in its many-colored robe of autumn? Would you not long once more to pick and eat peaches, pears, blackberries, and whortleberries, from the boughs on which they grow? Let me tell you that, in my rambles over the world, I have often met people who had left their birthplace in Yankeydom, and settled in some far land; and I have ever found them *homesick* for their native New England.

But let us say a word more of spring. It is now April, and the sun and showers begin to have their effects upon vegetation. The birds are building their nests; the robin begins to throw off its hoyden airs, and to put on a look of business; the quails steal low and sly in the thickets, for they are preparing to go to housekeeping; the mated sparrows bring sticks, and moss, and soft grass, to the lilach bush under the window, though they say nothing to you about it!

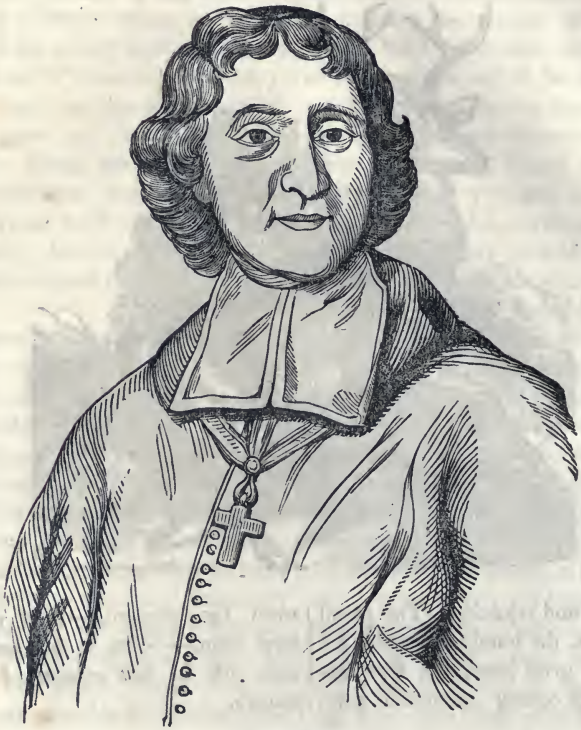
If you go to the forest, there, too, the wild birds and quadrupeds that love the solitude, remote from man and his works, are occupied in their several ways — all busy, happy, rejoicing, according to their kind. Even in the remote wilderness, far over the hills toward the sunset, there are

scenes of bliss and rejoicing. The gaunt wolf, the sly fox, the lonely pheasant, the timid deer, the gruff bear, the fleet antelope, the rock-loving mountain goat, even the serpent,—now clad in his new skin,—seem to be endowed with new life in this season of renovating nature.

The Ostrich.—The following circumstance is narrated, by Adanson, as having taken place at a French factory on the southern bank of the Niger:—

Two ostriches, which had been about two years in the factory, and, although so young, were nearly of their full size, were so tame that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village, as it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so much that I ordered it to be repeated, and, to try their strength, directed a full-grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burden did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went at a tolerably sharp trot; but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground.

The dryness of the atmosphere in Egypt preserves many things from decay.



Fenelon.

Most of our readers have read the beautiful story of *Telemachus*, and we are now going to say a few words about the great and good man who wrote it.

His name was François de Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon. He was of an illustrious family, and born in the year 1651. He was educated for the church; and such was his early display of genius, that, at the age of fifteen, he preached a sermon in the presence of a select assembly at Paris. Such were the praises heaped upon him for his eloquence, that his uncle, fearing the effect of flattery, sent him to the seminary of St. Sulpice, directing him for "several years to imitate the silence of Christ."

When arrived at mature age, Fenelon acquired reputation as a pious minister of the Catholic church, and was distinguished for the grace and gentleness of his manners and the polished style of his writings. He was now made archbishop of Cambray by the celebrated Louis XIV.; but soon after, events transpired which caused his temporary disgrace. In those days there was a Madame Guyon, who pretended to some extraordinary religious gifts, and

Fenelon believed and defended her mystical pretensions. For this he was assailed by the eloquent and famous Bishop Bossuet, and as he would not retract, he denounced him to the king as a heretic. About the same time, Fenelon's palace—for he was rich, and lived in a luxurious style—took fire, and all his books and writings were destroyed. The persecution begun by Bossuet was continued, and finally Fenelon was represented to the pope of Rome as guilty of circulating heretical and dangerous sentiments. It was proposed to Fenelon to retract what he had said, in which case he would have been forgiven; but refusing to do this, he was condemned and severely reprimanded. Subsequently he seems to have admitted his errors, and, with Christian meekness, he read his confession, and the pope's sentence, from his own pulpit!

His subsequent life, though shadowed with a species of disgrace, was marked with the most exemplary piety, charity, meekness, and devotion. He seemed to live only to do good, and not the humblest individual was beneath his kindly notice. Seldom has there been a life which displayed the Christian character in higher perfection. Fenelon wrote the "Adventures of Telemachus" before the difficulty which we have mentioned. Owing to the unfaithfulness of a servant, it was published; and the king, suspecting it to have some touches aimed at him, was further irritated against the author. It was suppressed in France, but was published in Holland, where it was rapidly and extensively circulated.

Fenelon died in 1715, and, besides his valuable writings, has left behind a rare example of what Christianity may do in perfecting human character.

The Stormy Petrel.

"It is, indeed, an interesting sight," says Wilson, "to observe these little birds in a gale, coursing over the waves, down the declivities and up the ascents of the foaming surf that threatens to burst over their heads, sweeping along the hollow troughs of the sea as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, and just above its surface; occasionally dropping their feet, which, striking the water, throw them up again with additional force; sometimes leaping, with both legs parallel, on the surface of the roughest waves, for several yards at a time. Meanwhile they continue coursing from side to side of the ship's wake, making excursions far and wide to the right and the left, and now shooting astern for several hundred yards, returning to the ship as if she were all the while stationary, though running, perhaps, at the rate of ten knots an hour. But the most singular peculiarity of this bird is its faculty of standing, and even running, on the surface of the water, which it performs with apparent facility. When any greasy matter is thrown overboard, these birds instantly collect around it, facing to windward, with their long wings expanded, and their webbed feet patting the water. The lightness of their frames, and the action of the wind on their bodies, enable them, with ease, to assume this position. These birds are known by the names of *witches*, *stormy petrels*, *the devil's birds*, and *Mother Carey's chickens*."

Elizabeth, Queen of England.

In a former number of the Museum, we have given a brief outline of the character of Elizabeth. We propose now to give a few details not then noticed.

Her reign was doubtless glorious for England, and was long referred to by her subjects as "the happy days of Good Queen Bess;" but for this she merits no thanks; their interests entered no further into her thoughts than as they subserved her own. At all times, and under all circumstances, we shall find her conduct governed by two ruling passions — egregious vanity and intense selfishness. Our purpose here is to present only a general view of her character and conduct, with a few of the leading incidents which will exhibit the one, and tended to influence the other.

The beautiful and accomplished, but unprincipled Anne Boleyn, having supplanted her mistress, and become the wife of Henry VIII., in 1533, gave birth to Elizabeth, to adorn whom, Mary, her half-sister, already of an age to feel the injury, was stripped of the title of princess of Wales. In little more than two years after, Anne herself fell a victim to the caprice of the tyrant, having first dishonored her daughter by declaring, in the hope thereby of saving her life, that there had been a contract of marriage between herself and Lord Percy, and that, in consequence, her marriage with the king was void — an injury which Elizabeth seems

never to have forgiven, as was evinced by her leaving her remains without a monument, and her conduct without an apology. The precarious and equivocal condition to which the little Elizabeth was reduced will be best illustrated by some extracts of a letter from her governess to the prime minister. It is amusing to remark the minute details upon which he was expected to bestow attention.

"My lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore; and what degree she is at now I know not but by hearsay. Therefore I know not how to order myself. Beseeching you to be good lord to my lady and hers, and that she may have some raiment; for she hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor foresmocks, nor kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor rails, nor body-stitchets, nor mufflers, nor leggins. All these I have driven off as long as I can; that, by my troth, I cannot drive it no longer." Some apology seems to have been required for her disposition, even at this age; for the lady adds: "My lady hath great pain with her great teeth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God, and her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion than she is yet; so as I trust the king's grace shall have great comfort in her grace."

In accordance with the custom of the time, she was early instructed in the languages, including those called *learned*. Having lost her first tutor, who died of the plague, the celebrated Roger Ascham, at her solicitation, left Cambridge, and became her instructor. Of her proficiency, at the age of sixteen, Ascham thus speaks, in a letter to a friend: "I am now reading with the princess the orations of Eschines and Demosthenes, in Greek. She understands, at first sight, not only the force and propriety of the language, and the meaning of the orator, but the whole scheme of the laws, customs, and manners, of the Athenians." Again he writes: "The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No apprehension can be quicker than hers; no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment. She also spoke Greek with me frequently, and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her hand-writing, whether in the Greek or Latin character." As such attainments were not uncommon, we can well believe what the honest schoolmaster tells us — though it is apparent, from what follows, that his judgment was not a little warped by the condition of his pupil: "She approved a style chaste in its propriety and beautiful in perspicuity." Now, of the justice of this encomium we can ourselves judge. We have remains both of her poetry and of her prose. The latter is involved, obscure, stiff, and very unlike that of the beautiful Mary Stuart, who wrote English well, and whose French style might be taken as a model of the language in those times. Of the former we will furnish a specimen. It is the commencement of her best poem: —

"That doubt of future foes exiles my future joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects faith doth ebb,

Which would not be if reason ruled, or wisdom weaved the web;
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain, of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope supposed the root of mirth will be,
And fruitless all their graffed guiles, as shortly ye shall see."

After the death of her father, and during the reign of her brother, Edward VI., Elizabeth enjoyed a brief period of sunshine. Her talents, her vivacity, her proficiency in those studies to which he was himself addicted, and especially the attachment she manifested to the reformed religion, endeared her exceedingly to the young king, who was wont to call her — perhaps with reference to the sobriety of dress and manners which she then affected — his sweet sister Temperance. Mary, too, after her accession, treated her, at first, with some form of regard. But no sooner was her power firmly established, than all these fair appearances vanished. Upon one pretext or another, she was harassed and imprisoned. At one period, "her hopes of life were so faint," as she afterwards said, "that she made it a request to her sister, in case she were beheaded, it might be done after the French fashion, (that is, sitting erect,) and that an executioner might be brought from France for the purpose." The bigoted Philip interposed in her behalf, whether from compassion or policy is uncertain. Through his influence she was liberated from confinement, and treated with more respect. In gratitude, she caused his portrait to be placed by her bedside, where it ever remained; and no subsequent conduct of his could ever efface the remembrance of this early kindness. Elizabeth, on her part, did not scruple at any compliances which might secure her own safety. She early practised that duplicity, of which her godson, Harrington, who appears to have justly appreciated her character, thus speaks: he is writing after her death: "Few knew how to aim their shaft against her cunning. I have seen her smile, forsooth, with great semblance of good liking to all around, and cause every man to open his inward thought to her, when, on a sudden, she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, draw them out as occasion required, and sometimes disprove to their faces what had been delivered a month before. Hence, she knew every one's part; and by thus *fishing*, she caught many poor fish, who little knew what snare was laid for them."

To return: she now attempted to ingratiate herself with Mary by a pretended conformity to the Catholic faith, and she requested her majesty to send her some Catholic tracts for confirmation of her faith, and counteraction of the doctrines which she had imbibed from the works of the reformers. Her sister, who distrusted this conversion and seeming friendliness, kept her under constant *surveillance*. From this the death of Mary, in 1558, relieved her, and crowned with joy the aspiring hopes which had never been absent from her.

The accession of Elizabeth was hailed with joy by all. The nobles were relieved from the fear of being called upon to restore their respective shares of the plunder of the monasteries; and their consciences, which had so happily coin-

cided with every religious vicissitude of the last three reigns, could easily accommodate itself to any new change. It was in the middle classes that the reformed faith had made the greatest and most steadfast progress. The sufferings of the blessed martyrs, in whose glory each disciple claimed to himself an interest, and the hardships which all its adherents had endured during the reign of the bigoted and misguided, but conscientious Mary, had made it yet more important and precious in their eyes. The known conformity of Elizabeth to Romish rites apparently gave ground for doubts and suspicions, but none believed that she was at heart a Catholic. Under this impression, she was hailed as a protectress sent by Heaven itself. Submission and pretended loyalty were the policy of the Catholics; thus not a whisper breathed abroad but of joy and gratulation.

Elizabeth took good care not to lose the vantage ground upon which she stood. Upon the influential nobles honors were showered. The favor of the vulgar was secured at an equally cheap rate; she knew their love of *spectacles*, their inherent loyalty; and she cherished the one and gratified the other, by frequently displaying herself in all the pomp of royalty, "with the crown upon her head, the golden orb in her left hand, and the sceptre in her right," herself all smiles and affability. As to the course she should pursue, in matters of religion, she, apparently, had not decided. An anecdote in point is related by Lord Bacon: "Queen Elizabeth, on the morrow of her coronation, (it being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a prince,) went to the chapel, and, in the great chamber, one of her courtiers presented her with a petition, and, before a great number, besought her with a loud voice that now, this good time, there might be four or five more principal prisoners released; these were the four evangelists and the apostle Paul, who had long been shut up, in an unknown tongue, as it were in prison, so as they could not converse with the common people. The queen answered, very gravely, that it was best first to inquire of themselves whether they would be released or not."

She sent the usual dutiful notification of her accession to the court of Rome, and had the reigning pontiff returned a benignant answer, there is no knowing what might have been the consequences; but Paul IV., an arrogant, fiery-spirited old man, assumed, on this occasion, a tone which he thought became the infallible representative of St. Peter. He thundered forth his displeasure at her presumption in daring to assume the crown of England without his permission, and commanded her to submit herself, on pain of excommunication. Elizabeth, never inclined to submit, was alarmed and disgusted. She immediately assumed the title of Head of the Church. Thenceforward she allowed no interference in religious affairs, nor would she listen to any advice, even from the learned and virtuous ecclesiastics of her own establishment. Her defiance of the pope increased her popularity. She was regarded as the heroine of the English church, and her accession was long celebrated as "the birthday of the gospel." But no thought of the gospel entered into her mind in regulating the faith of her

subjects. Her love of power was gratified. She was arbitrary and self-willed in this matter, as in all others. She would allow of no deviation from her will, declaring that "she was resolved that no man should be suffered to decline either on the left or the right hand from the drawn line limited by her authority." Accordingly, she persecuted alike the Roman Catholics, and the stricter Protestants, now first called *Puritans*, with the most relentless rigor. In the course of fourteen years only, sixty-one clergymen, forty-seven laymen, and two gentlewomen, suffered death on account of religion; and many thousands endured imprisonment, exile, fines, and other miseries.

The Jaca Tree.

Most persons have heard of the bread-fruit tree of the Pacific Islands. It is not only useful, but beautiful, growing to the height of forty feet, and is then from a foot to fifteen inches in diameter through the trunk. The leaves are divided into seven or nine lobes, and are eighteen inches to two feet long. When full grown, the fruit is nine inches long, heart-shaped, of a greenish color, and marked with warts. The tree continues to yield fruit for eight months in the year. Such is its abundance, that two or three trees will supply a man with his entire food. When the nut is roasted, so that the rind is charred, the interior pulp has a consistency like new wheat bread, and has a taste between bread and roasted chestnuts. It is very nourishing, and is cooked in various ways. It is

made into a sour paste, to be kept during the period when the trees do not produce fruit. The wood of this tree is used for houses and boats; the dried flowers serve for tinder; the juice answers for bird-lime and glue; the leaves for packing and for towels; and of the inner bark the South Sea cloth is manufactured.

The jaca tree, of which we give a picture in the preceding page, is of the same genus as the bread-fruit tree, and produces a similar kind of fruit, though not so good for eating. It is a native of the mainland of Asia. It grows larger than the bread-fruit tree, and, instead of spreading branches, it has a narrow and prim appearance. The fruit often weighs more than thirty pounds, and, what is very curious, this grows upon the twigs, when young; when in middle age, upon the trunk; and when very old, on the roots!

China.

[Continued from page 77.]

The Chinese formal entertainments consist of what we call "dressed dishes," the meat being minced into small pieces, and placed in numerous cups, which are piled, in a symmetrical form, on a little table before each guest, and at the same time so adjusted that any one can help himself without moving from his seat. Hence the trouble of asking, carving, and handing the pieces round

the company, is completely prevented. The food is divided into convenient morsels, the nuts are cracked, the fruit is peeled and cut into slices, — so that the eater enjoys his repast without the slightest exertion. All the other Asiatics, like our European ancestors, convey the food to the mouth with the fingers only. The Chinese have gone a step further, using *chop-sticks*, two slender ivory rods, which, from the dexterity with which they are handled, answer the purpose of spoons.

The giving of dinners is one of the favorite forms in which they display their hospitality and magnificence. Whenever a person of rank arrives in a city, the governor considers it incumbent upon him to invite the stranger to a splendid repast. A similar mark of attention is bestowed, by the friends of a mandarin, on his appointment to any high situation; and this entertainment is conducted in the same ceremonious manner as all other parts of their intercourse. It is preceded by three written invitations — one on the previous day, the second in the morning, and the third immediately before the company meet. The master of the house leads the principal guest to his table, where he is seated, after many compliments and apologies. When this ceremonial is adjusted, the entertainer, by signal, calls upon his friends to begin, and each lifts his chop-sticks, carries the food to his mouth, and lays them down, all exactly at the same moment, an officer beating time, to insure uniformity. The same order is observed in each successive morsel and each draught, the latter being frequently repeated. Thus the festival is prolonged three or four hours — during which time, however, those who wish to eat moderately may only raise the food and drink to their lips, without tasting. On all high occasions a play is acted at dinner, usually in the middle of the circle. The particular degree of respect is shown by the quantity of eatables placed before each guest, and whatever remains is carried home, or despatched after him. Besides tea, which is the national drink, and is served up every where, the Chinese have two sorts of strong liquors, brewed and distilled from rice. They are also much given to smoking opium.

Marriage is one of the few occasions when the Chinese, departing from their usual quiet habit, exert every effort to make a dazzling display. Presents are poured in by the neighbors. To the bridegroom's father are sent tablets, geese, liquors, and other materials of good cheer. The bride receives pins, bracelets, rouge, and cosmetics. When the important hour arrives, the lady enters a splendid sedan chair, or rather pavilion; while numerous attendants, some bearing her clothes and ornaments, others displaying flags and costly lanterns, while a third party are performing on musical instruments, fill the street and attract a crowd of spectators. On their arrival at the house, the bridegroom, who waits at the door richly attired, opens the vehicle, and beholds, for the first time, the woman who is to be his companion for life, as the match is made without either party seeing the other. Not a few, it is said, deceived by flattering reports of the beauty of the female, are struck with dismay at the sight of her, and the moment which is anticipated with so much joy is one of deep distress. Some even shut the door, and insist that the bride shall be carried

back, willing to forfeit all the expenses of the courtship. In ordinary cases, the lady, having been borne by two of her maids over a dish of fire placed at the door, she and the bridegroom proceed to an inner apartment, where they make four bows, and pledge one another in three cups. This is considered as the essential part of the marriage ceremony, and the couple are now irrevocably united. The whole is crowned with a feast.

When a man furnishes his house, the funeral urn, or coffin, is the first and most expensive article. It is made of camphor and other odoriferous wood, and, according to the circumstances of the owner, is richly carved, gilded, and sometimes adorned with figures. As soon as he has breathed his last, one of the relations mounts to the top of the house, and three times calls upon the soul of the deceased to come back and reënter his body. Three days are allowed to answer the invitation. Preparations are then made for the funeral. The deceased is dressed in his richest clothes; gold, gems, pearls, — or at least rice, tea, and incense, — are put into his mouth; the head is made to rest upon a pillow of cotton, and all the crevices of the coffin are stuffed with that substance. Then, amid loud lamentations, the body is laid within the coffin, which is placed in the middle of the principal room, and covered with rich cloth; and before it is a table, set with flowers, perfumes, and lighted wax candles. There is also placed either a picture of the deceased, or a tablet containing his name, before which not only the friends, but all who come on a visit of condolence, perform *ko-tou*, or fall prostrate and strike their foreheads against the ground. Some keep their dead relations in their houses or gardens for weeks.

There is not, and perhaps never was, on the face of the earth, a government more purely and entirely despotic than the Chinese. No power, honor, or distinction exists, except that which centres in and emanates from the sovereign. In every other country, even of Asia, there are some hereditary offices, some descendants of ancient princes, or some classes elevated, as it were, to a higher seat of social existence than the rest, — by all which means strong and permanent lines of demarkation are drawn between the different portions of the community. In China, no distinctions are owned between man and man, except those conferred by office; and to these the highest and the lowest are permitted equally to aspire. This supreme power of the monarch is claimed for him as the representative of the Deity on earth, and the sole representative; for the Chinese, proud of the extent and populousness of their own empire, and very ignorant of all beyond it, are easily persuaded that the world does not contain a nation which is not subject or tributary to the "son of heaven," which is one of the titles of the emperor. When any mission or embassy arrives from a foreign country, the people are told that it is for the sole purpose of conveying tribute and homage to the celestial emperor. The relation of a parent to his children is another image under which the supreme power of the Chinese monarch is represented. Corresponding with this, the parental authority is usually held forth as entirely paramount. A parent may sell his chil-

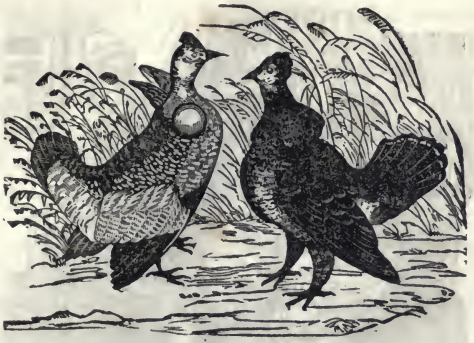
dren for slaves; and if he kill them, he incurs only a moderate penalty; but if a child address even abusive language to his father or grandfather, he is liable to be put to death.

Although, however, the despotism of China is thus entirely raised above any direct and positive check, it is yet, practically, the most mild and protecting of any that exists. The monarch is held within a circle of laws, institutions, and ideas, by transgressing which he would lose the very basis on which his authority rests. The doctrine that he is the son and vicegerent of Deity implies that he will use this high power in securing prosperity to a nation over which he holds a higher than earthly sway; and this is so fully recognized that, even when his people are suffering under such evils as famine, earthquake, or inundation, he takes the blame, humbles himself, fasts, and strips himself of his costly attire, as a penitent, under whose sins his people are groaning. The paternal character equally implies an anxious concern for the welfare of his people, who, amid the veneration with which they regard their sovereign, are not forgetful of the accompanying obligations. All prudent emperors, therefore, are at the pains to inculcate the idea that they govern consistently with their lofty pretensions. Above all, usage, from time immemorial, has established a certain regular system of administration peculiar to China, and which the most barbarous conquerors, after the first license of victory was over, have found it wise to sanction and support. In this system, the fundamental and highly laudable maxim has been, to make knowledge and talent the sole ground of official rank and public employment. The examinations for this purpose are conducted with the greatest apparent impartiality. Strict precautions are adopted for this purpose. The whole administration of the government is vested in the mandarins, who are divided into nine degrees, rising from the lowest, who are collectors of the revenues, to the highest, who are viceroys and governors of provinces. As usual with the officers of an absolute government, each mandarin exercises, within his sphere, an authority as uncontrolled as that of the head of the state.

English and Irish Beggars. — Mr. Hall gives us the following sketch: — "The English pauper is at once bowed down with misery, and murmurs and complains under its endurance from first to last. The Irish beggar wrestles with distress. He can exist upon so little food as to seem almost able to live without it; but he cannot live without his jest; there are moments when the heart beats lightly even in his starving bosom. The poverty of the English, except at stated times, is sullen; the poverty of the Irish is garrulous. The Englishman takes relief as a right; the Irishman accepts it as a boon. You may aid half a dozen English paupers without receiving thanks; you cannot relieve an Irish beggar without being paid in blessings."

The buzzing of insects does not proceed from the wings, but from organs in the thorax.

Forgive another sooner than thyself.



The Heath-Hen.

THERE are several birds in this country of the grouse kind, and one of the most curious of these is the heath-hen, or pinnated grouse. A few of them are still found in the south-eastern parts of Massachusetts, and they are occasionally brought to Boston market. They are also found in small numbers on Long Island, and in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In some of the Western States they are very abundant.

The male heath-hen is very remarkable for having two yellow bags, one on each side of the neck, which it can fill with air at pleasure, making them appear like oranges. This inflation takes place when the creature is *strutting*. At the same time he is doing this, he makes a singular noise, consisting of three notes, rapidly repeated, and followed by a singular humming sound.

The title of this bird gave rise to a very curious blunder in the legislature of New York. A bill was introduced, which was "An Act for the Preservation of Heath-Hen and other Game." The honest chairman of the assembly — no sportsman, we suppose — read the title "An Act for the Preservation of Heathen and other Game!" which seemed to astonish the northern members, who could not see the propriety of preserving *Indians*, or any other heathen.

PLAIN DEALING. — Mrs. B. desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a work she had just written, adding that "if it would not do, she begged him to tell her; for *she had other irons in the fire*, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else." "Then," said the doctor, after turning over a few leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your *other irons are!*"

DESERVE success, and you shall command it.

The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar.

Good Little Fred.

HERE is a picture of a little fellow that we know, who never wants to go to bed, even when his mother tells him to. He will often bandy words with her, and even set up for independence. Now, we are not going to tell the name of this boy, for he will, no doubt, soon learn to be more dutiful. We choose rather to give some lines, which we find in a pretty book, and which tell us a very different story from that in the picture:—

"When little Fred
Was called to bed,
He always acted right;
He kissed mamma,
And then papa,
And wished them both good-night.
He made no noise,
Like naughty boys,
But quietly up stairs
Directly went,
When he was sent,
And always said his prayers."

A GOOD SAYING. — The celebrated saying of the Emperor Titus, "I have lost a day!" when he had suffered one to pass without some act of charity, has been often quoted as a proof of his exalted character. Dr. Granville, in his work on the Russian empire, relates the following expression of the empress mother, which is not less remarkable than that of Titus, and appears, indeed, to have arisen from the moving principle of her actions: "Our sojourn on earth is so short, that we ought to regret the time which is lost without the performance of some good."

WHEN men take sinful means to avoid a calamity, that way very often brings it.

The Peaches.

A GERMAN FABLE.

A FARMER brought five peaches from the city, the finest that were to be found. But this was the first time that his children had seen any fruit of the kind. Therefore they admired and rejoiced greatly over the beautiful peaches with red cheeks and tender kernels. The farmer divided four among his sons, and gave the fifth to their mother.

In the evening, as the children were about to retire to sleep, the father inquired, "Well, how did the peaches taste?"

"Excellent, dear father," said the eldest. "It is a beautiful fruit, so juicy and so pleasant. I have carefully preserved the stone, and will cultivate a tree for myself."

"Bravo!" said the father. "This is called husbandry, to provide for the future, and is becoming to a farmer!"

"I ate mine," exclaimed the youngest, "and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. O, that tasted so sweet, and melted in my mouth!"

"You," said the father, "have not acted very prudently, but in a natural and childlike manner. There is still room enough in your life to practise wisdom."

Then the second commenced: "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and cracked it open. It contained a kernel that tasted as sweet as a nut. But I sold my peach, and received for it money enough to purchase twelve, when I go to the city."

The father patted him on the head, saying, "That was indeed prudent, but it was by no means a natural act for a child. May Heaven preserve you from being a miser!

"And you, Edmund?" inquired the father.

Freely and ingenuously Edmund answered, "I carried my peach to George, the son of our neighbor, who is sick with a fever. He refused to take it. Then I laid it on the bed, and went away."

"Now," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?"

All exclaimed, "Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent; and the mother embraced him, with a tear in her eye.

SIR RICHARD JEER.—This physician was very rough and harsh in his manner. Nothing made him more angry than for a person to ask him what he might eat. "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard," said a patient to him one day, "if you will tell me what I may eat, and what not." "My directions as to that point," said Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please."

THE great ant-eater catches ants by stretching out his tongue and lying still; and on the ants running on it, he draws in his tongue. Sometimes he breaks into anthills, and penetrates them with his tongue, which being covered with a slimy substance, the ants adhere to it, and he swallows them.

Owen Farrell.

We introduce to you here, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Owen Farrell, born in Cavan, Ireland, about one hundred and twenty years ago; and so remarkable was he, that his fame has lived to the present day. Though a dwarf in stature, he was a giant in strength; and if he was hideous to look at, his very ugliness gave him an easy living.

At the age of manhood, Mr. Owen Farrell was but three feet nine inches high; but his bodily powers were so remarkable, that he travelled through the country as a prodigy, and finally reached London. Here he flourished for a time; but he was finally obliged to take to the streets as a beggar, where his hideous appearance attracted attention and secured success. Such was his fame in this capacity, that his likeness was taken and engraved by eminent artists, and herewith we present a copy of it, gratis, to the subscribers of Merry's Museum.

The Chinese Tailor.

Among the many whimsical anecdotes told of the peculiar habits of the Chinese, perhaps few will be considered more characteristic of their love of imitation than the following: Towards the close of the last century, an officer of the *Pitt*, an East Indiaman, when that ship lay off Canton, sent ashore to a native an order for a dozen pair of trousers, to be made of the nankin for which China has been so long famed. The Chinese artisan required a pattern—he could not make any thing without a pattern; so a pair of trousers was sent at his request, which pair had been mended by a patch at the knee. In due time the twelve pairs were sent on board, of a fabric of great beauty of quality, but every pair bearing, like an heraldic badge, the obnoxious patch on one knee, exactly copied, stitch for stitch, in a style that reflected the highest credit on the mechanical skill of the workman, and for the difficult execution of which an extra charge was made upon the purse of the exasperated owner, who, however, had no alternative but to pay the bill.

The wild brier is the parent of the rose; the sloe, of plums, apricots, peaches, and nectarines; the crab, of apples of all kinds; and wheat, the improvement of grass.

A Pleasing Passage in a Soldier's Life.

During the disastrous retreat of Gen. Moore's army from Spain, an officer of one of the British regiments, overcome with fatigue and hunger, was left behind. He espied a tuft of trees in a field adjoining the road, towards which he crawled, with the view of resting his weary limbs, secure from the sabres of the pursuing enemy. On his coming near to the trees, he perceived a woman, seemingly a soldier's wife, stretched upon the ground, and a little infant lying near her. He approached to administer such assistance as was in his power. He was too late. The hand of death was upon her, and she was just able to utter these words, "God bless you! It is all over!" when she expired. The officer sat down beside her. He felt her hand; it was clay cold. He had nothing to succor her with. A brook was near: he filled his hat with water, and besprinkled her face and hands. All was in vain; he was convinced she was utterly gone.

Having rested himself so as to be able again to go on, he tied the little infant in the poor woman's handkerchief, and, having fastened it to his back, he pursued his march. In this condition, procuring what sustenance he could for himself and the little orphan, he at last, after a long and wretched journey, reached the port of Vigo, which happened, at that time, to be unoccupied by the French. There he got on board a transport, and at last reached England with his little charge. His regiment had arrived before him, and he now joined it, still accompanied by the infant. He kept it with him, and declared that the little orphan, whom Heaven threw upon his protection, should share his fortune through life.

Honesty.

Boys placed in circumstances of temptation cannot be too deeply impressed with the conviction that "honesty is the best policy"—that is to say, that, in the long run, they will make more by being honest than by taking what is not their own. The following is a case in point: A nobleman, travelling in Scotland, a number of years ago, was asked for alms by a little beggar boy. He said he had no change; upon which the boy offered to procure it. His lordship, in order to get rid of his importunity, gave him a piece of silver, which the boy conceiving was to be changed, he ran off for the purpose. On his return, not finding his benefactor, whom he expected to wait for him, he watched for several days in the place where he had received the money. At length the nobleman happened to pass that way. The boy accosted him, put the change he had procured into his hand, and counted it with great exactness. His lordship was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he placed him at school, with the assurance of providing for him.

Onions possess more nourishment than almost any other vegetable. A Highlander, with a few raw onions in his pocket, and a bit of bread, can work or travel, to an almost incredible extent, for two or three days together.

The King of Prussia.

HERE, girls and boys, is a picture of a king; a real king; a live king! His name is Frederick William IV., and he reigns over the kingdom of Prussia, having ascended the throne of that country in the year 1840. He is a plump, good-humored looking gentleman, and it is said that he is rather better and more respectable than most people of his rank and degree. About three years ago, he went all the way to England, to be present at the christening of one of Queen Victoria's children, the prince of Wales, and for whom he stood sponsor.

Well, good-by to your majesty! We have nothing more to say about you at present, further than to observe that, if you come this way, we should like to have you call and tell us how your schools get along, which are said to be the best in the world. We should like to know whether your subjects are taught "not to put their trust in princes," and that "all men are born with equal rights!"

The Barn Swallow.

"ON the 16th of May," says Wilson, "being on a shooting expedition on the top of Pocano Mountain, Pennsylvania, when the ice, on that and on several successive mornings, was more than a quarter of an inch thick, I observed, with surprise, a pair of these swallows, which had taken up their abode on a miserable cabin there. It was about sunrise; the ground was white with hoar-frost; and the male was twittering on the roof, by the side of his mate, with great sprightliness.

"The man of the house told me that a single pair came regularly every season, and built their nest on a projecting beam under the eaves, about six or seven feet from the ground. In a large barn belonging to a tavern, at the bottom of the mountain, I counted upwards of twenty nests, all seemingly occupied. In the woods they are never met with; but as you approach a farm, they soon catch the eye, cutting their gambols in the air. Scarcely a barn to which these birds can find access is without them; and as public feeling is universally in their favor, they are seldom or never disturbed."

EVERY man loves his country; but it is not the earth, the mere clod, that forms the bond. It is the associations of his youth, his manhood, or even his ancestry, which bind him with such intensity.

The Bridal Gift.

There were merriment and rejoicing in the little village of Ifley, for one of its prettiest maidens was that day to be led to the altar by one of its worthiest youths. It was the season of temporary repose and of anxious hope, between the hay and the corn harvest, which is perhaps the most interesting of the whole year. Two or three clusters of villagers were to be seen in the churchyard, looking with happy haste for the arrival of the bride and bridegroom. Their smiling faces were in harmony with the universal brightness of the landscape which lay around. The Thames, which is here but a little streamlet, was sparkling in the beaming sunshine, or reflecting the few passing clouds of a summer morning. The cattle were grazing in the green fields, which were now free for their unconfined enjoyment. The light breeze was passing over the ripening corn, swaying it with the most graceful and wave-like motion.

The old Saxon church stood, amidst the graves of twenty generations, a splendid monument of ancient piety. As the aged people sat in its spacious porch, they looked back to the time when their hopes of happiness had been as ardent as those of the young pair who were now approaching to begin the same course of domestic comfort which they had sought in the morning of their expectations; and some wept for their departed companions. As the youthful folks tripped over the green mounds, whose lessons were at that moment forgotten, they thought only of life as of one long summer day, and they looked at the happiness they were about to witness as something which might be privileged from the clouds and storms of maturer years. But the approach of the minister disturbed their reveries.

Alice Holt and James Webb had plighted their vows, and the bells of the old tower were pouring forth that music which is always sweet, and the smiling gossips had strewed flowers in their way, and the kind-hearted pastor had given them an affectionate greeting, when a reverend stranger stood in their homeward path and implored a blessing for them. The young people returned his salutation with natural politeness, and invited him to partake of their humble entertainment. There was something in the stranger's appearance that, on any ordinary occasion, would have commanded respect. His dress was very plain, but extremely neat; his garb was of an antiquated fashion, but it seemed as if no modern taste would accord with the wearer. His long gray hair curled upon his shoulders, and his staff seemed more like the companion of a vigorous man than the support of an infirm one. The stranger accepted the offer which was made him, and took his seat at the wedding festival without causing or experiencing embarrassment.

After the cup had gone merrily round to those pledges of good-will which were much more sincere than the compliments of more splendid boards, the stranger rose to propose a sentiment, adapting his language to the homely garb in which the feelings of the other guests had been expressed: "May a good turn never be forgotten!" The toast went round, but the stranger did not sit down. "My

friends," he continued, "I came here this day to pay a debt. It is of very long standing, but the obligation to discharge it is not less absolute. Thirty years ago, I lived in this village. There is a token by which that old man in the chimney-corner will remember me, but that is for his own ear. I was in trade; my means were small; I was unfortunate; I sold all; and I thank God that I paid all my debts.

"Without a shilling in the world, I determined to go abroad. My resolution was soon acted upon, and I communicated it to no one but the father of Alice Holt. On the morning of my departure, I met him at the mill. He was the best friend I ever had. He wept like a child at our separation, and — excuse my own tears — he thrust a purse into my hand, which I believe contained the savings of his life. I long struggled against receiving the gift, but he would hear of no excuse. 'My wants,' said he, 'are few and easily satisfied. A little more labor will make me once again as rich; but for you to be voyaging in a foreign land, without a penny to buy you respect, I cannot bear it. Pay me if ever you should come home rich. If you find me gone, I may leave a wife or child you may return it to.'"

There was a deep silence in all the company, and the bride was in tears. "Alice," continued the stranger, "do not think me an intruder upon your mirth, if I thus call up the memory of the most kind-hearted man I ever knew. Those are sweet tears which you shed, and you owe them to such a father. But to continue my story: Your father left ten pounds in my hand, and I made a secret vow that no temptation of idleness or folly should prevent me from putting his loan to good interest. I obtained a passage to one of our colonies. I engaged in a very humble employment, but I gradually saved money. I rose in the confidence of my master, and my salary was increased. I at length obtained a small share in his business, and exerted myself so much that, after some years, I was admitted to half the profits.

"My partner died, and I stood in his place, an opulent British merchant. I at length came home with more than I deserve. But my good fortune is the work of another's bounty. Alice, there is the amount of your father's loan. It could not be returned at a better season. Young man," continued he, addressing himself to the bridegroom, "I have heard that you are honest, industrious, and pious. Your wife has her father's features, and, I trust, her father's heart. The debt I have paid will be her marriage-portion, not the less acceptable for being unexpected. It will stock a farm. Frugality and prudence will make it profitable to you."

Alice and her husband rose to stammer out their thanks — for the paper which the stranger presented to the bride was a note for a thousand pounds. The wondering guests also rose with one accord — but the stranger was gone.

The bridal gift was not bestowed upon unworthy objects. James and Alice were not intoxicated by their good fortune. They had abundance, and something for the necessitous. — *Eng. Mag.*

Some dogs hunt by sight, and others by smell.

The Fountain of Youth: a Fable.

THERE was once a fountain, which was fancied to possess the power of restoring to the old and decrepit the beauty and vigor of youth. It was said to be attended by a benignant fairy, which kindly wiped away the wrinkles of age, and gave in return a smooth and glossy skin; and which exchanged the thin, silvery locks of even threescore years and ten for the luxuriant and wavy tresses of fifteen.

It may be well believed that such a fountain was often resorted to by those who were so idle as to wish to live their lives over again. But though the fairy's power and the fountain's virtue were not questioned, there was never a single instance in which they actually proved successful in banishing age and restoring youth. The reason we shall now disclose.

Near the fountain was a grotto, in which the guardian fairy dwelt. This was closed by a door which no one was permitted to open; but the applicant was required to knock and declare his wishes. After a long space, a faint voice was heard, saying, —

"O mortal, who art thou that desirest the beauty of youth in exchange for the deformities of age?"

On this demand, the pilgrim was required to tell his name, years, and character. These being given, the oracle within said, —

"Thy petition is heard, and thy prayer shall be granted, if thou canst rightly answer certain questions. Is thy soul young and pure? Is thy heart tender and gentle as in thine early days? Is thy bosom unsullied with crime? Is thy mind unwrinkled with worldly selfishness? Will thy soul suit a face made to be the mirror of truth, and a form speaking only of love and affection? Pilgrim, I await thy response!"

The petitioner generally answered, "Nay, fairy, my heart is not young, nor can I say that I have lived in innocence and purity."

"And still dost thou wish for renewed life, and a lengthened term of years?" said the spirit.

"Yes, gentle queen, if such be thy pleasure."

"Think, mortal, of thy request. Thou hast had thy measure of existence. It is lengthened out to threescore years and ten; and to what end hast thou lived? To sully thy bosom, which came pure from the hands of God; to mark thy soul with sin as thy brow is furrowed by time. And wouldst thou have thy life lengthened only to add to the stains and scars which thou hast inflicted upon thy soul? Wouldst thou have more years only to heap up more iniquity? Nay, mortal, thy prayer is a mockery. A youthful form can only belong to a spirit unsteeped in habitual selfishness and sin. Thou hast the fairy's answer!"

Thrift; or, Nothing is Useless.

FROM THE GERMAN.

JOHN SCHMID was an old soldier with a wooden leg. He was so poor that, for many years, he was obliged to solicit alms from door to door, in the villages near to that in which he lived, which was situated on the Lake of Constance. Now, however, old John Schmid sits at ease in his arm-chair. He is in independent circumstances, yet few people guess how he came by his wealth. One affirms that he discovered a secret treasure; others have gone so far as to hint that he made a compact with the evil one. When such hints are dropped in my presence, I fail not to reprove the speakers. I know better the means by which the old soldier got rich, and I will tell you how it was.

John Schmid had three sons, whom he had brought up well in spite of his poverty; for he not only furnished them with good advice, but with a good example, and suffered many privations that he might send them to school. One morning in spring, as the old man was dividing amongst them the bread which was to break their fast, he said, "My children, you are now old enough to gain your own livelihood; but you must not beg while there are other means of obtaining it: that would be taking bread out of the mouths of those who want it more than you. Pierre," he continued, turning to the eldest, "you are fourteen years old, and have sharp eyes; use them to seek employment. You, Gabriel, though a year younger, have strong arms; set them to work. You, George, though only eleven years, have stout legs; profit by them."

"But what," exclaimed the three boys at once, "would you have us to do?"

John Schmid answered, "I know that you have neither land to cultivate, wood to fell, nor flocks to tend; but there are many things that are thrown away as useless, but which, with a little industry, may be collected and made profitable. By and by I will show you how. Do not spend the money which you will earn in obedience to your wants, but economize it for the necessities of the future, be it ever so little. Could you save only a batz a day, each would amass, at the end of the year, twenty-four florins!"

Upon this John Schmid set about showing his sons how they might earn their bread. He desired them to go in different directions to collect the following articles: first, bones, the largest of which they could sell to the turners, who made them into various useful and ornamental articles, while the smaller were requirea

by farmers for manure. Secondly, pieces of broken glass, to be disposed of to the glass-workers for recasting. As it was spring, he charged them to get together all the rose-leaves and elder-blossoms which fell in their way, and for which apothecaries give good prices. He also reminded his sons that, by a little inquiry, the chemists would point out what other plants and roots they required. Upholsterers would purchase cows' hair; saddlers, coach-makers, and chair-makers, horse-hair. Besides these articles, he mentioned rags for paper-makers; bristles for brush-manufacturers; quills, pins, hedgewood, birdweed, and several other things,—which might be turned into money with no other trouble than that of seeking out and collecting them.

The sons did as they were desired, under the guidance of their father. During the spring and summer, they collected and sold with such success, that their profits daily augmented.

When autumn came, they sought things of a different kind. Wherever they could obtain permission, they gathered wild fruits, some of which could be made into vinegar and other useful articles. From the woods they obtained quantities of acorns and the seeds of other species of trees, for which they obtained a good price, sometimes from foresters, at others from grain-dealers. They also got together heaps of horse-chestnuts, and took them to the mill to be ground. The miller thought they were going to eat this bitter flour, and made himself merry at the expense of their curious taste; but John Schmid's sons let him laugh, and took their horse-chestnut flour to the book-binders, card-board-makers, and others who made use of paste, the glutinousness of which it increases. Immediately after a warm shower, the young Schmids sought for mushrooms, which they disposed of to the epicures of the neighborhood.

Having saved a quantity of birch twigs, rushes, and osiers, the old man and his sons occupied the winter months in making brooms, chair-bottoms, and baskets, so that their cottage appeared both like a warehouse and a workshop. In this way the spring returned, and old John Schmid thought it advisable to see what had been gained during the year. On opening the box in which the cash had been deposited, he found that each of his three sons had contributed more than a butz a day of savings, for the money-box contained one hundred and four florins and twenty-three kreutzers. At the sight of the hoard the sons were delighted, for they had never before seen so large a sum at once. John Schmid immediately carried the money to a wholesale tradesman in a large town, and deposited it with him at interest.

John Schmid, now no longer a beggar, employed himself solely in helping his sons to sell off the merchandise they collected. This went on for four years, at the end of which the family had amassed six hundred and fourteen florins! As, however, their riches increased, the young men grew independent in their manners, and disputed amongst themselves; one accusing the other of not working hard enough, of selling too cheaply, or of extravagance in treating himself to a cup of wine rather too often. Poor old Schmid! Do all he could, he was unable, on some occasions, to settle

these discussions. Nothing seemed likely to cure the evil but separation; and, addressing his sons, he said, "Take, each of you, one hundred florins, and seek your fortunes in the world. Industry and economy always prosper. The rest of the capital shall remain in the hands of the banker, in case that any unforeseen misfortune should fall on any of us so as to need it. But while it remains untouched, the interest will be added to the principal." To this the young men agreed, and, taking each his apportioned sum, bade adieu to their father. They took their departure, each in a different direction. Pierre went eastward, Gabriel westward, and George towards the south. John Schmid grieved to part with his children; but he knew it was for their good, and bore his regrets in silence.

Years rolled on. John Schmid grew old and weak, but he would not touch a kreutzer of his children's capital. At length he fell ill, and some of his neighbors, pitying his lonely state, sent him relief; others declared that they had poor enough of their own to support, and, though he had lived in their village for twenty-one years, threatened to send him away as a stranger. Upon this, old John wrote to the merchant who held the money, saying, "Send me three hundred florins of the capital I deposited in your hands, for I am aged and weak, and for fourteen years I have not heard of my children. Doubtless they are dead. It will not be long ere I follow them to the grave."

The honest merchant promptly replied to the old man's demand. "I return you," he wrote, "the sum you ask. The balance remaining is perhaps greater than you imagine. It has increased, little by little, to more than one thousand florins."

When the money arrived, the peasants stared with wonder, and declared that John Schmid must be a conjurer. But the old man himself, in spite of his riches, was unhappy. He wished to join his sons, whom he thought no more. He would often exclaim, "I shall die in solitude; no son is left to close my eyes." However, he recovered from his illness, and it was destined that he should not die alone.

One Sunday evening, he was seated, with other peasants, under a linden-tree, when a servant on horseback rode up, and inquired if any one could direct him to the cottage of John Schmid. The villagers, full of astonishment, replied, "You need not seek him in his house, for he is here." As they stared inquiries to one another as to what was to come next, two handsome carriages entered the village, and stopped before old Schmid's door. Three well-dressed gentlemen and two ladies descended from the coaches, and, as old John made his appearance, threw themselves successively into his arms. "My dear father," said the eldest, "can it be possible that you have forgotten us? I am Pierre. I have become a wholesale grocer at Varsovie, in Poland, and this lady is my wife."

Then the second spoke: "I am your son Gabriel, and also bring you a daughter-in-law. I, too, reside at Varsovie, and deal in corn."

Presently the third son came forward. "I," he said, "am George. I have recently returned from India, where I made a fortune by commerce. Seeing, by the

gazettes, that my brothers were in Poland, I joined them, and we all agreed to travel hither to seek you, and to make you happy for the rest of your life."

Poor John Schmid was quite overcome, and shed tears. He invoked blessings on his children. "To you," exclaimed one of them, "we owe all our good fortune. Had you not taught us that nothing, be it ever so despised, is useless; had you not made us industrious, persevering, and economical, we should have still been mendicants."

The rest of John Schmid's life was spent in happiness, for one or other of his sons always remained with him. The money which had accumulated during their long absence was drawn from the merchant in whose hands it had so much increased, and employed in building a school for the gratuitous education of poor children.

To those who, like me, were aware of the means by which the Schmids grew rich, their rise in the world is known to be the certain result of integrity, industry, and perseverance, in turning to account things generally considered useless. Spite, however, of all I can urge, one or two of the more prejudiced villagers shrug their shoulders when John Schmid's name is mentioned, and insinuate that he must have made a compact with a certain nameless person.

Some people were once talking of the races in England, when one of them turned to a child, and said, "Did you ever see a racer, Bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run."

Crows and Cat.

In the spring of 1791, a pair of crows made their nest in a tree, of which there were several planted round the garden of a gentleman, who, in his morning walks, was often amused by witnessing furious combats between the crows and a cat. One morning, the battle raged more fiercely than usual, till at last the cat gave way, and took shelter under a hedge, as if to wait a more favorable opportunity of retreating into the house. The crows continued, for a short time, to make a threatening noise; but perceiving that on the ground they could do nothing more than threaten, one of them lifted a stone from the middle of the garden, and perched with it on a tree in the hedge, where she sat, watching the motions of the enemy of her young. As the cat crept along under the hedge, the crow accompanied her, flying from branch to branch, and from tree to tree; and when at last puss ventured to quit her hiding-place, the crow, leaving the trees, and hovering over her in the air, let the stone drop from on high upon her back.

Another instance of the sagacity of the crow is related by Dr. Darwin. A friend of his, on the northern coast of Ireland, noticed above a hundred crows at once, preying upon muscles. Each crow took up a muscle into the air, thirty or forty feet high, and then let it fall upon the stones, and thus, by breaking the shell, got possession of the animal.

Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.

The Wounded Buffalo.

Among the pictures furnished us by Catlin, in his excellent work on the Western Indians, is one of a wounded bison, or buffalo, surrounded by a pack of prairie wolves. The situation of the poor beast is sad enough. He is so crippled that he cannot walk, and he seems to be aware of the fate that awaits him. The gaunt wolves around appear to be sure of their victim. Some are impatient to begin the feast, and some are more quietly waiting for the meal, which they know cannot be long deferred.

The piteous aspect of the bison is truly affecting, and the scene altogether seems to have a meaning and a moral worthy of consideration. Is there not often a wolfish feeling, even in human society, which induces individuals to fall upon the wounded, each eager to flesh his fangs in the helpless victim? Do not even children often take part against one of their number who is in trouble; and do they not present a scene which resembles this sad picture of the Western wilds?

Power of Industry.—"There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. It is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling. It is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution!"

Did you ever know a man who didn't consider *his* walking-stick a better walking-stick than *your* walking-stick?

The Washington Eagle.

THE naturalist Audubon, while travelling in Kentucky, being informed that there was a nest of a large eagle on or near the top of some nearly perpendicular rocks, was curious to know what species it might be, as those with which he was acquainted do not build in such situations. He was told, also, that these birds obtained fish by diving, instead of robbing the fish-hawk, like other kinds of eagles. Being informed that the old birds would come and feed their young with fish, he seated himself in high expectation, about a hundred yards from the foot of the rocks, with the persons who had given him the information. The following is his narrative: —

"Two long hours had elapsed before the old bird made his appearance, which was announced to us by the loud hissings of the two young ones, who crawled to the extremity of the hole to receive a fine fish. I had a perfect view of this noble bird, as he held himself to the edging of the rock, with his tail spread, and his wings partly so, and hanging something like a bank-swallow. I trembled lest a word should escape from my companions — the slightest murmur would have alarmed the bird; but they entered into my feelings, and, although little interested, gazed with me.

"In a few minutes, the other parent joined her mate, which, from the difference in size — the female being much larger — we knew to be the mother-bird. She, also, had brought a fish; but, more cautious than her mate, ere she alighted, she glanced her quick and piercing eye around, and instantly perceiving us, she dropped her prey with a loud shriek, which communicated her alarm to the mate, and, hovering with him over our heads, they kept up a growling, threaten-

ing cry, to intimidate us from our suspected design. This watchful solicitude I have ever found peculiar to the female.

"The young having hid themselves, we went and picked up the fish which the mother had let fall. It was a white perch, weighing about five and a half pounds. The upper part of the head was broken in, and the back torn by the talons of the eagle.

"Being most anxious to procure both the old and young birds, I engaged my companions to return with me the next day; but, rainy and tempestuous weather setting in, our expedition was necessarily postponed until the third day, when, with guns, &c., we repaired to the rocks. But we passed the whole day without seeing or hearing an eagle, the sagacious birds having, no doubt, anticipated an invasion, and removed their young to fresh quarters."

Two years after the above disappointment, the naturalist had the satisfaction of killing a bird of the same kind; and finding it a new species, he called it the bird of Washington, it being, indisputably, the noblest of the genus known to naturalists.

Wrens learning to sing.

A WREN built her nest in a box, so situated that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother-bird instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species. She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began by singing over the whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through the remainder.

The young bird now made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and finished it. Then the young one resumed the tune, and completed it.

This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time, with great precision, and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. It sometimes happened that the young one would lose the tune, three, four, or more times, in the same attempt; in which case the mother uniformly began where they ceased, and sang the remaining notes; and when each had completed the trial, she repeated the whole strain.

Sometimes two of the young commenced together. The mother observed the same conduct towards them as when they sang alone. This was repeated day after day, and several times in a day.

AN Indian forest is the most picturesque scene that can be imagined. The trees seem perfectly animated. The fantastic monkeys give life to the stronger branches, and the weaker sprays wave over your head, charged with vocal and variously-plumed inhabitants.

HAVE not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.

Correspondence.

It is now some time since we have had a chat with such friends as favor us with their communications, and we therefore sit down to this part of our vocation with more than ordinary pleasure.

We have heaps of letters around us; but there are not many which need reply. We must acknowledge the receipt of a long story, entitled the "Christmas Crown;" but it came too late for insertion. The following will do, for it is kindly meant: —

Abington, January, 1845.

My dear Mr. Merry:

Ever since you began to edit a magazine for children, so long have we had the pleasure of reading it. I say we, because there is a lot of us. We have read riddles and puzzles, enigmas and charades, stories and fables, history and biography, poetry and music, &c. &c.; but an *acrostic* I don't remember ever having seen. Now, if you think that the following will do to begin with, I should be happy to see it inserted in your valuable Museum. Yours forever,

B.

ACROSTIC.

Roses and tulips, with all their gay train,
O'er garden and landscape cause beauty to reign.
By the brook, or the hill-side, or light woody grove,
Enchanted — delighted — on smiling we rove;
Rapt up in fond thoughts of the verdure and bloom,
Till autumn's cold frost sweeps the whole to the tomb.

My emotions, when life seems thus passing and vain,
Even wisdom and prudence can hardly restrain.
Rude winter now comes, and with sleet, hail, and snow,
Right and left sends his arrows, as shivering we go.
Yet I see there's a chance, even *now*, to be cheery,
Sitting snug by the fire, with old *Robert Merry*.

My cosey old friend, no winter is found
Unfurled in thy pages the whole season round!
Still birds sing their songs in some warm, sunny clime,
Ever speaking in music, and talking in rhyme;
Unless you may tell us some odd tale that's true,
Making all of us merry, *Old Merry*, with you!

The following shows that our puzzles, in former numbers, have given pleasure, and have been rightly solved: —

Bath, Maine, February 20, 1845.

Mr. Merry:

I like your Museum very much; but I wish you would have more long stories, and that you would have more puzzles. I found out the two you put in the February number. The answer to the first was "Thanksgiving," and to the other was "Happy New Year." I am not a subscriber, but my grandfather supplies me with it regularly. I should like to hear more about "Dick Boldhero," and more stories from the "Old Man in the Corner." Your Museum is very interesting to me, but the variety is not so desirable as the long stories. I find it rather harder to write letters than to make puzzles, but want to learn, and hope you will excuse all mistakes. You will gratify me very much if you will insert the following: —

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 9, 12, 5, 10, 2, 13, is a part of a house.
My 10, 12, 6, is a troublesome animal.

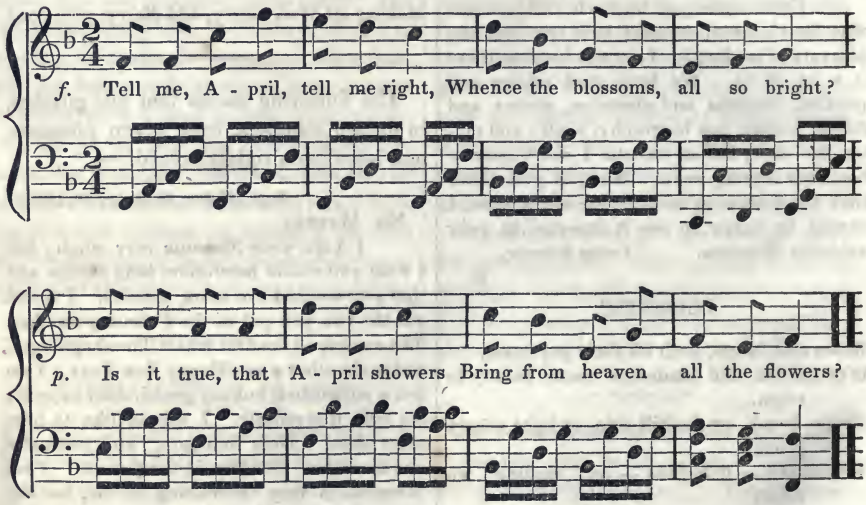
My 1, 12, 5, 3, is a division.
My 7, 8, is a personal pronoun.
My 1, 4, 9, would be useful in building a house.
My 11, 12, 13, is necessary to sustain life.
My whole is a celebrated czar.

Yours, C. R. P.

The story sent us by J. L. M. is very well told, but is too full of war and bloodshed for our pacific pages. We will try our hand at the fable suggested by Sophia E.; but she must let us choose our time.

Our young friend S., who writes from Washington, and tells us of the inauguration of President Polk, on the fourth of March, ought to have given us a more detailed account of the ceremony. It is very interesting to see a man, who has been chosen by millions of people to rule over them, undertake the solemn duty, and declare before earth and Heaven his intention faithfully to discharge his high trust. May he fulfil his oath, recorded here and on high!

April Showers.



Tell me, April, tell me fair,
Bring you violets from the air?
Do you dip them in the sky,
To give them such a heavenly dye?

Tell me, April, tell me true,
Whence the fragrance, whence the hue;
Whence the lovely forms I see,
Budding, blooming, on the lea?

Tell me, April, tell me right,
Whence the blossoms, all so bright?
Is it true, that April showers
Bring from heaven all the flowers?

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. IX. MAY, 1845. No. 5.

May-Day.

Our old Saxon ancestors, amid their wild and savage manners, appear to have cherished some pleasing and gentle customs. They seem to have noticed the days of the week with great respect, for they bestowed upon them the names of their gods — Thor, Woden, Friga, &c. The seasons, also, attracted their notice, and were honored with appropriate ceremonies.

The English descendants of these fierce old sea-rovers and land-robbers participated in their turn for marking days and seasons; but they softened the ceremonies which they derived from their ancestors, generally giving them a cheerful, and frequently a convivial character.

Of all the festivities which appear to be of Saxon origin, that of May-day is one of the most pure, pleasing, and sentimental. It was one of thanksgiving for the departure of stern, tempestuous winter, and for the return of spring — the season of balmy breezes and opening flowers — *spring*, of all personified ideas the brightest, the fairest, and most inspiring.

We may sometimes fancy that our northern climate, which gives us the circling seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, is harsh and severe; and, perchance, the wish has sometimes crossed our minds that our lot had been cast in tropical regions, where winter never comes to pinch the schoolboy's nose and fingers. But let us remember that

no spring — no May-day festivals — ever visit the land of the orange, the fig, and the pine-apple; and who would give up their recollections of spring, and all its joyous emotions, even for perpetual summer?

It is true that, in our Yankee climate, the first day of May does not always bring flowers; and it often chances, indeed, that the May-day parties come back without any blossoms in their hands; but they bring bloom on their cheeks, and a bright bouquet of pleasant thoughts and feelings in their bosoms. The ramble itself is a full compensation for the gloom of many a winter day.

The songs to which "May-day" has given birth would alone fill a book; but we shall copy but one of them, and this, perhaps, the most familiar of all. It is entitled the "*Queen of May*," and was written by a poet of some fame, the late lamented Tennyson. The lines are beautiful in themselves; but Mr. Dempster has given them a deep and touching interest by setting them to music. Whoever would enjoy the song in the highest degree should hear Dempster sing it; for he is one of those who feel the power and scope of simple melody, and his skill renders it unnecessary for him to seek fame by astonishing the world with strange music, set to words in a foreign tongue, — both alike beyond the comprehension of a common audience. We quote only the first part of the song, and that which is properly entitled

THE MAY-QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early — call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day!
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loudly when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye I should see
But Robert, leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree;
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday;
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light;
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother. what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads, on every side, will come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day!
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early — call me early, mother dear!
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
To-morrow 'll be, of all the year, the maddest, merriest day —
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother — I'm to be Queen o' the May.

WORDS are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends 'tis hard to find.

The Simple Truth.

EMILY and Julia Carlton, one day when their mother was gone out, enticed Brutus, the great fat house-dog, into the parlor, and began a game of romps with him. Now Brutus was old and lazy, and did not like to be pulled about by the little girls; so he ran under the table, and sideboard, and sofa, to get away from them, while they pursued, clapping their hands and laughing. But they did not laugh long; for Brutus, in trying to escape, overturned a stand upon which stood a glass globe containing gold and silver fish. The globe was of course broken, and the poor little fish, gasping and struggling, lay scattered upon the carpet.

The children were at first too much frightened to speak; but Julia soon found her tongue, and exclaimed, "Poor little fish! poor little fish! O, what will mother say to us?"

"Poor little fish!" echoed Emily, "they will all die. O, what shall we do?"

"Mother will be very angry with us, and will punish us," said Julia.

"She will be displeased with us for calling Brutus into the parlor; but she will not punish us if we tell her the truth."

"Yes she will, I know," said Julia. "She won't let us go to cousin Harriet's party to-morrow."

"Well, I shall not be so sorry for that as I am for the gold fish."

"Mother needn't know we brought Brutus into the parlor, Emily. We can run into the garden to play, and she won't find it out."

"O Julia! you would not be so wicked."

"It would not be wicked," said Julia. "I do not mean to tell a lie."

"But you mean to *act* a lie; and mother has told us, a great many times, *that* is just as bad as *telling* one. It would be a great deal worse than calling Brutus into the parlor, because then we did not *mean* to do wrong. Mother likes to have us tell the simple truth, and I shall tell it to her, and then she won't punish us."

Mrs. Carlton came in while Emily was speaking. "O, my poor gold fish!" she exclaimed, and hastened forward to the kitchen. She returned in an instant with a bowl of water, and carefully took up the fish and put them into it.

"They do not move," she said, after she had watched them awhile. "They are quite dead." She then turned to her daughters, and desired to know how the accident had happened.

"Brutus threw down the stand, mother," said Julia.

"How came Brutus in the parlor?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"He came in — at — the — open door — I suppose," stammered Julia.

"Brutus knows he is not permitted to come into the parlor, and he must have been called, or he would not have entered it now. But how happened he to throw down the stand?"

"He ran against it, mother."

"Brutus is usually a careful dog. I think he would not have thrown down the stand unless he had been driven or forced against it. Come, Emily, you always tell a straight-forward story. Let me hear how it was."

"We called Brutus into the parlor, because we wanted him to play with us; but he did not like to play, and he crept under the sideboard, and table, and sofa, to get away from us. We drove him out, and laughed, and clapped our hands; and I suppose he was frightened, for he ran, and we ran after him, till he hit the stand and threw it down."

"How beautiful is truth!" said Mrs. Carlton, as she stooped to kiss Emily.

"I told the truth, too," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

"Not the *simple truth*, and the whole truth, my dear. You merely did not tell a falsehood; but you did all you could do, without telling one, to throw the blame on somebody, or something, besides yourself. Emily, on the contrary, kept nothing back; neither did she try to excuse herself by accusing Brutus and the open door; but, with the perfect frankness and fairness of her character, told the truth, and the whole truth. Now tell me, my dear, what you have ever gained by your habit of keeping back part of the truth, when you fear the whole of it will bring you into trouble."

Julia was obliged to answer, "Nothing."

"And what have you lost?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Is the confidence of your friends 'nothing,' my dear child?"

Julia had often felt pain from not being believed and trusted, as her sister Emily was; and she burst into tears.

"You know, my dear Julia," said Mrs. Carlton, "I love you too tenderly ever to give you pain but for your good; and I believe, if the pain you suffer now should induce you to correct this fault,

you will hereafter thank me for inflicting it. Did you ever hear what was a wise man's reply, when asked what a man gains by telling a falsehood?"

"No, mother."

"It was, 'Not to be believed when he speaks the truth.' *Remember this;* remember the pain you now feel; remember what you have felt when your mother could not believe you; and let it all teach you to speak the simple truth in future."—*Juvenile Miscellany.*

Attack upon a Panther.

THE following description of an encounter with a panther is given by a gentleman formerly in the British civil service at Ceylon:—

"I was at Jaffna, at the northern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, in the beginning of the year 1819, when, one morning, my servant called me an hour or two before the usual time, with, 'Master, master! people sent for master's dogs: tiger in de town!'

"Now, my dogs chanced to be some very degenerate specimens of a fine species called the *poligar*, a kind of greyhound without scent. I kept them to hunt jackals; but tigers are very different things. By the way, there are no real tigers in Ceylon, but leopards and panthers are universally called so. The animal in question proved to be a panther.

"My gun was not put together, and, while my servant was doing this, the collector and two medical men came to my door, the former armed with a fowling-piece, and the latter with some blunt hog-spears. They insisted upon setting off without waiting for my gun. The panther had taken up his abode in a hut, the roof of which, like Ceylon huts in general, spread to the ground like an umbrella. The only entrance into it was a small door, about four feet high.

"The collector wanted to get the tiger out at once. I begged him to wait for my gun; but no—his fowling-piece,

loaded with ball, and the two hog-spears, were quite enough. I seized a hedge-stake, and, taking my station near the hut, awaited my fate from very shame.

"At this moment there arrived from the fort an English officer, two artillery-men, and a Malay captain; and a pretty figure we should have cut without them, as the event will show. I was now quite ready for the attack, for my gun had come.

"The whole scene which follows took place within an enclosure about twenty feet square, formed, on three sides, by a strong fence of palmyra leaves, and on the fourth by the hut.

"The two artillery-men planted themselves at the door of the hut, and the Malay captain got on the top, to frighten the panther out. One of the artillery-men wanted to enter the hut, and to attack the animal there, but we would not suffer it. At last the beast sprang fiercely out, and the captain received him on his bayonet, which he thrust down his throat, firing his piece at the same moment. The bayonet broke, leaving less than three inches on the musket; the rest remained in the panther, but was invisible to us. The shot probably went through his cheek. It certainly did not seriously injure him; for he instantly rose upon his legs, and, with a dreadful roar, placed his paws upon the soldier's breast. He then seized his arm in his mouth, turned him half round, threw him over on his back, and fell upon him.

"This was a terrible moment; but we dared not fire upon the panther, lest we should kill the man beneath. There was a brief but breathless pause; but, in a few seconds, his comrade attacked the beast exactly in the same manner as the gallant fellow himself had done. He struck his bayonet into his head, and the panther rose to spring upon him. He fired, and this time the ball took effect in the head. The animal staggered backwards, and we all poured in our fire. He was finally despatched with the hog-spears and hedge-stakes.

"The brave artillery-man was but slightly wounded. He claimed the skin, which was cheerfully given him. In cutting off the head, the knife came directly across the bayonet. The animal measured scarcely less than four feet from the root of the tail to the muzzle. There was no tradition of a panther having been in Jaffna before. The creature must have come a distance of almost twenty miles, or swum across an arm of the sea two miles in breadth; for Jaffna stands on a peninsula, on which there is no jungle of any magnitude."

Grace Osborne.

LITTLE Grace Osborne was a good child. She was very kind. She would not even pull pussy's fur, when her mother told her it would hurt pussy. Grace was very backward about learning to speak. When she was three years old, she made sad work talking. When she first saw a butterfly, she asked what it was. Her mother told her; but Grace could never remember to speak it right. She always called it a *butter-bird*. I suppose the reason was, that she had seen a bird fly, and she thought every thing that had wings must be a bird.

She called a caterpillar a *pillar-tat*.

One day she saw one of these creatures weaving a web all round itself, on a rose-bush in the garden.

Grace ran to tell her mother, and to ask what it meant. Her mother told her that, after the caterpillar had covered itself all up with the web, it would die, and, by and by, a beautiful butterfly would come out of the ball.

Grace knew this was true, because her mother said it; but she thought it was very strange, and wished that she could *see* the butterfly come out. Her mother cut off a branch from the rose-bush, and hung it up in the parlor. Every day Grace watched it. She began to think nothing would ever come out of it. But at the end of a few weeks, a bright and beautiful butterfly came forth. Its wings were a brilliant brown, edged with fiery scarlet. Grace was delighted. She clapped her hands, and called out, "Mother! mother! See what a beautiful butter-bird has come out of the pillar-tat's nest!"

Grace did not offer to touch the pretty creature; for her mother told her its wings were covered with very little feathers; and that when these feathers were pulled out, it hurt the butterfly very much.

After they had looked at it a little while, her mother opened the window, and let it fly into the garden. As Grace watched it, she exclaimed, "O, see it go! see it go! It looks like a tulip flying!"

When Grace was tired of looking out of the window, she sat down on the carpet, and tried to spell butterfly, with her ivory letters. Her mother placed them: BUTTERFLY. "Does that spell butter-bird?" asked Grace. "It spells *butterfly*," replied her mother; "and my little girl must try to remember and speak it right." Grace promised she would try. But a little while after, she said, "Mother, what made the pillar-tat change to a butter-bird?" "God made the caterpillar change to a butterfly," said her mother. "The same God you told me my little baby-brother lived with?" asked Grace.

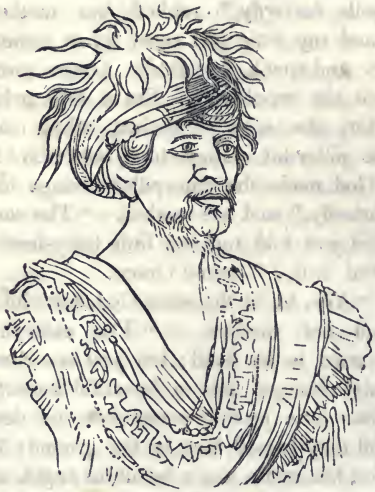
"Yes, he is the same God, my child," said her mother. "The caterpillar seemed to be dead; but you see it was only changed into a beautiful butterfly. Your little brother seemed to be dead, and they buried him in the ground; but God has made him a beautiful angel, and he lives in heaven."

Grace was very silent for a few minutes; then she looked up in her mother's face, and said, "God is very kind, dear mother. I hope, when I die, I shall go to live with him in heaven."—*Juvenile Miscellany.*

In one of the cavalry encounters between the English and French, in the year 1811, a French officer, in the act of striking at a dragoon of the fourteenth regiment, perceived that he had only one arm. With a rapid movement he brought down his sword to a salute, and passed on!

In Albinos the skin is white, the eyes weak, the iris red, and the hair of a pale flaxen color.

Make not your sail too large for your ship.



The Cherokees.

THIS tribe of Indians, who are now removed to the "Indian Territory" of the west, and who at present live in a state of partial civilization, were once the proprietors of one of the fairest tracts in the United States. This comprised a portion of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. The whole extent of this territory embraced not less than thirty-five millions of acres.

But the Cherokees are now despoiled of their patrimony, and are removed by their masters to a distant region. They still, however, inhabit a fine country, and have many cattle and horses, and some of them have well-cultivated farms. They have a regular government, and even a newspaper, which has been published since 1828. A part of this is in English, and a part in the native language of the Cherokees.

There are few questions involved in more obscurity than that relating to the origin of the Indian languages. When America was discovered, each tribe had its language, and the whole number of their tongues amounted to about two thousand. Now, whence came so many languages? Did the wild tribes, who had no books, who had no civilization, — who only knew how to hunt, and fish, and fight, and build wigwams, — did they invent these languages, with all their verbs, nouns, and participles? Did these ignorant savages construct these curious languages, with all their abstruse and subtile rules and principles of etymology, syntax, and prosody? Mr. Bancroft, the historian, thinks they did, for he says that savage, unreasoning man makes language by instinct, as the bee makes her cell of wax without knowledge or understanding.

Now, however this may be, we know, at least, that the Cherokee characters, or alphabet, by means of which the language was first reduced to writing, was invented by an Indian by the name of Guess. We find the following account of this curious invention, written in 1828: —

"Mr. Guess is, in appearance and habits, a full Cherokee, though his grandfather on his father's side was a white man. He has no knowledge of any language but the Cherokee. He was led to think on the subject of writing the Cherokee language by the conversation of some young men, who said that the whites could put a talk on paper and send it to any distance, and it would be understood. In attempting to invent a Cherokee character, he at first could

think of no way but that of giving each word a particular sign. He pursued this plan for about a year, and made several thousand characters. He then became convinced that this was not the right mode, and, after trying several other methods, at length conceived the idea of dividing the word into parts.

"He now soon found that the same characters would apply in different words, so that their number would be comparatively small. After putting down and learning all the syllables that he could think of, he would listen to speeches and the conversation of strangers; and whenever a word occurred which had a part or syllable in it which was not on his list, he would bear it in mind till he had made a character for it. In this way he soon discovered all the syllables in the language. In forming his characters, he made some use of the English letters, as he found them in a spelling-book in his possession. After commencing upon the last-mentioned plan, he is said to have completed his system in about a month, having reduced all the sounds in the language to eighty-five characters. Mr. Guess was considerably advanced in life when he made this invention." We understand that he is still living.

Kindness of a Horse.—Among the horses belonging to an earl, near Oxford, in England, was one that was blind. In the next stall was a horse which was uncommonly gentle and tractable. When the animals, about twenty in number, were turned out to pasture in the morning, this good-tempered creature always took the blind one under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after him, and smell round him, and, when recognized, they would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to the best grass in the field. This horse was so exceedingly gentle that he had received the character of being a coward, when only himself was concerned; but if any of them made an attack upon his unfortunate companion, he would fly to the rescue with such fury, that not a horse in the field could stand against him.

The Effect of seeing as Others see.—A man in Maryland, notoriously addicted to the vice of drunkenness, hearing an uproar in his kitchen one night, had the curiosity to step, without noise, to the door, to know what was the matter. Here he beheld his servants indulging in the most unbounded roar of laughter at a couple of his negro boys, who were mimicking him in his drunken fits,—showing how he staggered, and reeled, and nodded, and hickuped, and tumbled. The picture which these children of nature drew of him, and which had filled the rest with so much merriment, struck him so forcibly, that he became a perfectly sober man, to the unspeakable joy of his wife and children.

Gratitude is a species of justice. He that requites a benefit may be said, in some sense, to pay a debt; and, of course, he that forgets favors received, may be accused of neglecting to pay what he cannot be denied to owe.

Elizabeth, Queen of England.

[Continued from page 106.]

In her government of the state, Elizabeth was as arbitrary as in religion. It was allowed, in parliament, "that she was *absolute* — that she had the power to release herself from any law; that she was a species of divinity." Her *proclamation* — that is, the public expression of her royal will — was equal, in effect, to the law of the land. Matters the most trivial and the most important were alike subject to her caprice. Though partial to wide ruffs, as we may see from her pictures, she was determined that her subjects should not go beyond the degree of extravagance and absurdity she thought becoming to herself; so, by proclamation, she forbade the wearing of any which were more than a

quarter of a yard in width. The smell of wood was disagreeable to her majesty; the cultivation of it was, therefore, by proclamation, forbidden. Her majesty was fond of music; it was therefore ordered that any singing man or boy, who excelled in his art, might be pressed into the service of the royal chapel. Street brawls might disturb her repose; the provost-marshal was, therefore, by proclamation, authorized to hang up any offender on the spot. Scarcely a session of parliament passed without some members being arrested for too great freedom of speech; and sometimes she would rate the commons soundly, and they, like beaten children, submitted, complimented her on her saving grace and all-preventing goodness, and offered up the last breath of their nostrils, and the last drop of blood in their hearts, to be poured out for her safety. None of the nobility could marry, and no man could travel out of England, without the royal permission. Of her tyrannical abuse of this power, the story of Lady Catherine Grey affords a most affecting instance. Hopeless of being able to overcome the queen's aversion to her subjects' marrying, she had privately espoused Lord Hertford. The act could not long be concealed from the jealous eyes of the queen. Both were committed prisoners to the Tower. After four years' confinement, Lady Catherine died broken-hearted, entreating, with her last breath, "that the queen would graciously please to send liberty to her husband, as the only thing that could alleviate his sorrow for ner loss." But Elizabeth's selfish cruelty was not yet satisfied; and for five years longer Lord Hertford languished in prison. Many other, though less tragical, instances of the same kind of despotism and envious temper might be enumerated.

The ceremonial of her court rivalled the servility of the East. No person, of whatever rank, ventured to address her otherwise than kneeling; and this attitude was preserved by all her ministers during their audiences of business, with the exception of Burleigh, in whose favor, when aged and infirm, she dispensed with its observance. A German traveller relates that, as she passed through several apartments from the chapel to dinner, wherever she turned her eyes, he observed the spectators throw themselves on their knees. He further tells us that the officers and ladies, whose business it was to arrange the dishes, did not presume to approach the royal table without repeated prostrations and genuflections, and every mark of reverence due to her majesty in person.

The gross adulation, the unmeasured flattery, she received from her courtiers, is at once ludicrous and disgusting, and proves the vulgar depravity of the taste which not only allowed, but exacted, it. With all her extravagant personal vanity, her real sagacity could not have been deceived; she knew that the flattery was false, but it was a tribute become necessary to her, and she enjoyed it with a perverted consciousness of her own power, which could thus force the herd of parasites to belie their own eyes, and address her as a nymph and a Venus at the age of sixty-five. Her own eyes were not so blind, but that the sight of her own face in a mirror would throw her into transports of impotent rage, and

she at last discontinued the use of them. Relying on this prejudice, her tire-women would sometimes gratify their own hatred and mirth by laying upon the royal nose the carmine which ought to have embellished the cheeks.

The extorted adulation contrasts ludicrously with the confidential communications of her ministers and attendants. We hear only complaints of incessant, hard, and unrewarded service; of her majesty's "grievous rating," and "marvellous choler;" of her swearing at her ministers, and frowning at her ladies; of her berating "the fair Bridges," and other maids of honor; of her swearing at Lady Arundel, and pinching poor Lady Huntingdon "very sorely." Wounded vanity was the common cause of these displays of ill-humor. With as much real power as should have satisfied any mortal, — with talents which ought to have commanded real respect, — Elizabeth would stoop to the most childish rivalry with the women of her own court; and, like a spoiled child, was miserable unless she was the centre of all attraction and the object of all admiration. The beauty and liveliness of Lady Mary Howard, by attracting the notice of the courtiers, rendered the possessor an object of the queen's vindictive displeasure, which displayed itself after the following fashion: "It happened," says Harrington, "that Lady Mary was possessed of a rich border, powdered with gold and pearls, and a velvet suit belonging thereto, which moved the envy of many, and did not please the queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day, the queen sent, privately, got the lady's vesture, and put it on herself. It was far too short for her majesty's height, and she asked every one how they liked her new-fancied suit. At length she asked the owner herself if it was not made too short and ill-becoming, which the poor lady did presently consent to. 'Why, then, if it become not me, as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee, as being too fine; so it fitteth neither well.'"

It was this love of adulation, a craving for admiration, which prompted to those frequent journeys, or *progresses*, which form an important feature in the domestic history of this reign. Thus, too, she gratified her love of magnificence without any drain on her private purse, to which a further saving was effected by the maintenance of her household, for several weeks in each year, at the expense of her loving nobles, who sought to purchase the continuance or restoration of her favor by soliciting the ruinous honor of a royal visit.

After this, we are not surprised to learn that the basest corruption prevailed throughout the court, from the highest to the lowest. Elizabeth herself scrupled not to accept of bribes to induce her to influence her own judges; and no man thought of furthering a suit at court, or at law, without a present in his hand. The archbishop of York had long petitioned in vain for the pardon of a man who had been convicted of the offence of being a Papist, though he was innocent; at length, "bethinking himself that all was not done at that court for God's sake only, he sent up twenty crowns out of his own purse, as a small remembrance for a poor man's pardon, which was thankfully accepted of." We have

a memorandum of what Sir John Harrington thought the best mode of proceeding, when he came to town about a lawsuit. His first care was to please her majesty in the cut of his coat — a matter of great importance. "I must then," he proceeds, "go in at an early hour, before the breakfast-covers are placed, and stand uncovered as her highness cometh forth her chamber, and kneel, and say, 'God save your majesty! I crave your ear at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance.' Thus will I gain her favor to follow to the auditory." In another place he says, "Yet will I venture to give her majesty five hundred pounds in money, and some pretty jewel or garment, praying her majesty to further my suit with some of her learned counsel." When we read this, we are the less surprised at the melancholy and disgraceful fate of the great and wise Lord Bacon; for it was at this court that he was educated, and passed his early probation as a statesman.

There was one matter in which, with a few exceptions, caprice did not govern; this was in the choice of her ministers. Selected for their ability, she was as steady to them as they were faithful to her. Lord Burleigh was her prime minister for forty years. This gave a consistency both to the foreign and domestic policy which, at the same time, advanced the power and glory of the sovereign, and promoted the prosperity and wealth of the subject.

Let us now consider what it was that cast such a halo of glory around this reign; for the personal character of the sovereign herself could have little to do with it. She ascended the throne at a most fortunate period. The three greatest events in modern history had taken place in the century preceding — the invention of printing, the discovery of America, and the reformation in religion. The first wild, agitating ferment, which followed these events, had subsided into a bold and settled activity. This displayed itself in various forms. It led Drake to circumnavigate the world; it induced to those numberless expeditions set on foot, by private noblemen and gentlemen, either for trade or for discovery and adventure, of which the government had all the glory, and of the profit of which it reaped a large share. Indeed, increased revenue seems to have been the only thing regarded by the government. Its measures were adapted rather to repress than to encourage enterprise. Almost all the comforts, and even the necessaries, of life were made the subjects of a monopoly. The government sold to one individual or company the right of supplying the kingdom, and it was made a felony for any one to interfere with his trade; and, for his protection against this, the monopolist was authorized to search the houses of those who were suspected of having these commodities illegally — a right which gave rise to the most intolerable private and public oppression. The grandest of these monopolies — that of the East India Company — has lasted to our time. In spite of these discouragements, commerce rapidly increased. The trade with Russia and Turkey was now opened; that with the Mediterranean and the Levant was much increased; and many conveniences, before unknown, were introduced into use. Mir-

rors from Venice were now to be seen in citizens' houses; but it was regarded as a piece of splendor truly royal, when Elizabeth ordered her bathing-room to be wainscotted with Venetian looking-glass. Porcelain was now seen for the first time, and Dutch linen took the place of woollen carpets and tapestry upon the dinner-table.

What shall I do?

"You won't go out this stormy evening," Mrs. Merrill said to her husband, who had commenced putting on his overcoat.

"If I can do any good, I shall not care for the rain," Mr. Merrill replied, cheerfully, as he buttoned his coat close up under his chin.

"But the wind drives the rain so! You will be wet through."

"No matter: I am neither butter nor salt," smilingly returned her husband. "Don't you remember it was just such a night as this, two years ago, that a good Samaritan picked me up in the street, and took me to Union Hall?"

The tears glistened in the eyes of the wife as she replied,—

"Go, Harry, if you think you can do any good. I should be the last to object."

Mr. Merrill kissed, tenderly, the cheek of his wife, who was still in the bloom of young womanhood, and then, taking his hat and cane, went forth. It was, indeed, a stormy night. The wind came rushing along with a dismal howl, and the rain fell heavily. But few persons were in the street, and they were hurrying homeward, anxious to escape the war of elements.

"The storm is heavy, sure enough. I shall not find many at the hall," Merrill said, half aloud, as he walked quickly along. His way was through a part of the town inhabited by persons of the poorer class. In almost every block of this section were to be found one or two little taverns, with either a glaring red curtain, or an inviting, transparent sign, telling of the good cheer within. From many of these was heard the loud laugh, or the bacchanalian song; and, as they fell upon the ear of Merrill, he sighed for his infatuated fellow-men, who sought brief and exciting sensual pleasures at the expense of health, character, and happiness. Sometimes he would pause, half tempted to go in among them, and beseech them to stop in their career of folly ere it was too late. But the recollection of several fruitless efforts of this kind caused him to forbear.

Just about the time that Merrill left his house, a little scene was passing in an humble tenement that stood directly in the way to Union Hall, whither he was going. To a spectator acquainted with all the circumstances, that scene would have been a very affecting one. There was a sick child upon the bed, and the father and mother standing beside it. The mother looked anxious and careworn; the father's face had a troubled expression. All around indicated poverty.

"Her fever is much higher. It has increased rapidly during the last hour," said the mother, looking earnestly into her husband's face.

"Hadn't I better go for Doctor R——?"

"Hetty is very sick, but we haven't

settled the last bill yet; and I don't want to see Doctor R—— until that is paid."

The husband said nothing in reply to this, but stood looking down upon his sick child, with something stupid in his gaze. At length, the young sufferer began to toss about, and moan, and show painful symptoms of internal distress.

"I'm afraid she's dangerous," murmured the mother.

"I will go for the doctor. We cannot see our child die, even if his bill is not paid." As the father said this, he took up his hat, and moved towards the door.

"It storms dreadfully, James, and we have no umbrella."

The wife laid her hand upon her husband's arm, and spoke earnestly.

"No matter. I'm not afraid of the rain. I've stood many a worse night than this."

"Suppose you wait awhile, James. Perhaps she will be better," and the wife s hand still rested on her husband's arm. "I don't like to have you go out."

"O, that's nothing. I don't care for the rain. Hetty is very ill, and we ought to call in the doctor by all means."

Seeing that he was in earnest about going, she said, looking with a tender, half-imploring expression into his face, —

"You'll come right back again, James?"

"Certainly I will. Do you think I'd remain away, and Hetty so sick?"

"Well, do come home as quick as you can; and don't stop any where, — will you?"

"No, no! never fear."

And he went out, leaving the mother alone with her sick child.

Without pausing an instant, he pursued his way steadily along, bowing his head to the pelting storm, and sometimes cringing, as the fierce gust drove suddenly against him. In about ten minutes, he reached the doctor's office, and found him absent, but expected in momentarily. He sat down, dripping with wet, to await his return, but soon grew restless.

"I'll come back in a few minutes," he at length said to the attendant, rising and going out. Again in the street, he seemed irresolute.

At first, he stood thoughtfully, and then moved on a few paces. There was evidently a struggle going on in his mind. Some propensity was pleading hard for indulgence, while reason was arguing strongly on the other side. This debate continued for some time, he walking on for a short distance, and then stopping to reflect, until he found himself in front of a small tavern with a tempting display of glasses in the window.

"I'll take just one glass, and no more," he said to himself.

"But you know, if you touch a drop, you will not leave that house sober," spoke a voice within his own bosom.

This made him hesitate. But a depraved appetite urged him on to self-indulgence, and he was about placing his hand on the door to enter, when the image of his sick child came up before him so vividly that he started back, uttering aloud, in the sad consciousness of inability to struggle against the fierce thirst that was overpowering him, —

"What shall I do?"

As he said this, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said, —

"Sign the pledge!"

The man turned in surprise. Our friend Merrill stood before him.

"Come with me, and I'll tell you what to do," he said, in a cheerful, encouraging voice.

"It's no use; I can't keep it!" was despondingly answered.

"But you can keep it; I'll go bond for that. Hundreds, nay, thousands, have done so, and I am sure you will not be the only exception. So, come along. I'm just on my way to Union Hall, and have the pledge-book under my arm."

"My child is sick, and I must go for the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor R——."

"Just in the way. It won't take three minutes."

"If I thought there was any use in it! But I've tried to reform too many times. I can't do it. I'm afraid I'm too far gone. Heaven help me! What shall I do?"

There was something very desponding in the man's voice as he spoke.

"Don't listen for a moment to such suggestions," returned Merrill; "they are from an enemy. If you have tried to reform, and failed in the attempt, it is because you have not tried in the right way."

He had already drawn his arm within that of the poor, desponding drunkard, and they were walking away from the charmed spot that had well nigh proved fatal to a wavering resolution.

"Last Thursday night," Merrill went on to say, "no less than twenty signed the pledge, and at least five of them were more deeply enslaved than I can believe you to be. We found them in the street, and brought them in, and now they are sober men, and will remain so. It appears like a miracle, but we have seen hundreds and hundreds of such miracles. They are occurring every day."

By this time, they had reached the hall, and Merrill, pausing, said, —

"This is the place; come in with me and sign the pledge, and you are safe."

But the man held back. The thought of giving up his liberty — of binding himself down, by a solemn pledge, not even to taste a drop of the pleasant drink that was so sweet to his lips, made him hesitate. The pleadings of appetite for a little more indulgence were strong.

"You are teetotallers?" he at length said.

"Certainly. Our pledge covers the whole ground," Merrill replied. "For such as you, there is no hope but in total abstinence. Do you think it possible for you to drink a glass of wine, beer, or cider without having your desires for stronger liquors so excited as to render your further abstinence impossible? Think! Have you never tried to 'regulate' yourself?"

"O, yes; many and many a time."

"You have tried two glasses of beer a day?"

"Yes."

"And before three days, were intoxicated?"

"It is, alas! too true; sometimes in an hour after I took the first glass of beer."

"Then it must be total abstinence or nothing. In this lies your only ground for safety. Come, then, and put your hand to the pledge that makes you a free man. Come! the rain is drenching us to the skin while we stand here.

Come, sign at once, and go home with medicine for your child, and joy for the heart of your poor wife. Come, my friend; now is the turning point in your life. Health, prosperity, happiness, are welcoming you with smiles on one side; sickness, poverty, and wretchedness, are on the other. Just two years ago, I stood on this very spot, urged, as I am now urging you, to sign. I yielded at last, and have prospered ever since. I have plenty at home, and plenty with content. Before, all was wretchedness. Come, then, my friend; come with us, and we will do thee good!"

"Yes, come," said a third person, pausing at the door of Union Hall just at that moment, and taking hold of the poor man's arm.

The slight impulse of the hand upon his arm decided his wavering resolution. He went in with them, and, going up between them to the secretary's desk, put his hand to the pledge.

"There is joy in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance," said the president of the meeting, in a serious voice. "My friend, you have all heaven on your side, for heaven is on the side of good resolutions. Look up, and be strong. They that are for you are more than all who are against you." *T. S. Arthur.*

"There are few occasions in life," says Hannah More, "in which we are more called upon to watch ourselves narrowly, and to resist the assaults of various temptations, than in conversation."

Hungarian Manners.

A British traveller furnishes us with the following sketch: "The gentleman, whose guests we had thus unexpectedly become, belonged to that class in Hungarian society which corresponds, in respect to rank, to our titled aristocracy — the proprietors of estates which have descended to them through many generations. He inhabited a country-house, which, in point of size and the general aspect of things in and around it, I can compare to nothing so aptly as to the dwelling of a Highland laird. It was a long-fronted, two-storied, white-walled château, having before it a sort of court, or grass-plot, round which ran a gravelled drive that was fenced off from the road only by a hedge and paling.

"At the bottom of this court, again, and at right angles with the swing-gate by which we entered, stood a range of cottages, where dwelt the grooms, and menials, and hangers-on upon the family; while just across the road were stables, coach-houses, sheds, barns, and a garden well stocked with fruit and vegetables. Of park or paddock, or grounds purely ornamental, there was, however, no trace. Except where the green court lay, (and it was not wholly ornamental, inasmuch as the draw-well stood exactly in the centre of it,) every rood of land had been laid under the plough. Up to the very walls of the mansion, the corn-crops were growing; and in the hamlet where we and our host first met, the laborers and serfs, by whom they were reared, resided.

"It was not, however, in the outward appearance of things alone that I traced

a close resemblance between the domicile of this Hungarian gentleman and that of the Highland laird—rather, perhaps, as he was half a century ago, than as you now find him, except in rare cases. The family of Mr. Scaltati (for so my young friend was called) appeared of countless extent. There was no end to the retainers—men, women, and children—who went to and fro before his hall door, and thronged his kitchen. Eating and drinking, moreover, appeared to be a work which suffered small intermission; and the viands, though coarse, perhaps, were most abundant. Then, again, I saw one woman arrive with several couples of fowls, another with a basket of eggs, a third with a jar of milk, a fourth with something else; and I learned that such were not so much the spontaneous offices of good-will as the feudal perquisites which the chief claimed, and the cotter and small tenant paid. 'It is thus,' said my kind host, 'and thus only, that the hospitalities of such a household as mine could be kept up. These things are brought to me every day. What could I do with them, if I did not feed the people whom you consider so numerous?'"

The Lamb.

A GERMAN FABLE.

A FATHER conducted his young son into the field, and they saw a sheep, and a white lamb stood at her breast; and the mother licked the lamb. The boy was pleased with the sight, and, after he had looked at the sheep and the lamb for a long time, he laughed, and said, "The young lamb is nourished like an infant. But where is its father?"

"It knows not, and will never know him!" replied the father of the boy.

And the boy inquired, "Will it always remain with its mother?"

The father answered, "Only as long as it needs her care. As soon as it can eat grass, it leaves its mother and forgets her, and bows its head to the earth."

"How is it, then, with children?" inquired the boy.

"Behold," said the father, "when you were born, you lay in your mother's lap, and, like the lamb, were nourished at her breast, and slumbered for a whole month. But then your countenance brightened, and you looked up at your mother and smiled. Behold, this the lamb cannot do. And after a few months, you knew your mother from all others, and stammered, and stretched out your little hands towards her. Behold, this, likewise, the lamb cannot do. And, after a few months more, you knew your father too, and turned your little face from one to the other, and said 'father' and 'mother'! This the lamb cannot do. It bends its head to the earth. You not only turn your countenance to the earth, but towards heaven. And you learn a third name—that of our Father in heaven."

"I understand you," said the boy; "and though the lamb is gentle and pleasing, I would not be a lamb, but such as God has made me."

SOCRATES, being asked who was the wisest man, answered, "He that offends least."

John Hampden.

It is probable that many of our young readers may never have heard this name, yet it is a great name in history, notwithstanding.

John Hampden was born in London, in 1594. He was educated at Oxford University, and afterwards began the study of the law; but, the death of his father putting him in possession of an ample property, he retired to his estate in the country, where he spent much of his time in field sports.

King Charles I. was then on the throne, and Hampden was by no means indifferent to the signs of the times. Charles had high notions of the prerogatives of a king. He thought that he had a right from Heaven to rule, and that the people were bound to pay a blind submission to his will. Such opinions had been held by the predecessors of King Charles, and the people had yielded without resistance to their claims; but the times had changed. The people had formed a vague notion that the government was made for them, and not for the king, and that it ought to be administered for their good, and not for the gratification of the monarch. To this movement of the public mind Charles was wholly blind, and therefore his policy was to force the people to submit to his wishes. In the contest which followed, the bigoted king lost his life.

In 1626, Hampden entered parliament; and as he was a cousin of the famous Oliver Cromwell, the two became somewhat intimate, more particularly as

they both held similar political views. For some years Hampden made no figure; but, as he was attentive to public business, he gradually acquired reputation, and was at length considered one of the leaders of the house of commons. The part he took was always that of opposition to the arbitrary claims of the crown; and when, at last, the king demanded a loan, Hampden resisted it as illegal. The king was greatly irritated, and caused Hampden and some other members to be imprisoned. But his majesty repented, and soon let them all out.

From this period Hampden became one of the master-spirits of the time, and was indefatigable in his attention to business as a member of the house. About this time, the king undertook a measure which well displays the despotic claims of the British crown at that period. He imposed on certain towns, ports, cities, and boroughs of England a tax for equipping the navy—the funds thus raised being called *ship-money*. There was no act of parliament to authorize the collecting of such a tax, and the king could only plead the practice of his predecessors in favor of such a proceeding.

When an attempt was made to levy this tax upon Hampden, he utterly refused to pay it; and such were the habits of submission to the king, that his resistance was looked upon by many people with horror. Charles himself thought his conduct very wicked. Hampden was sued and taken to court; but he defended himself with wonderful force and talent. The cause was on trial for twelve days; but the judges, being appointed by the king, decided in his favor, and against Hampden. But the people judged the matter the other way, and accordingly King Charles lost ground, and Hampden gained great favor.

The state of things was very bad for the people; and such was the despotism of the king, that many people emigrated to America. Among others, Oliver Cromwell and Hampden actually entered a ship, and were about to go to New England, in order to enjoy liberty of conscience, when the vessel was stopped by order of the king. Thus Cromwell was kept in England, and afterwards brought the monarch himself to the block!

The contest between the people and the sovereign continued for some years, when at last it broke out in open war. Hampden now took command of a regiment of horse, and seemed to show the same capacity for war that he had done for politics. But in a skirmish which soon took place, while in front of his men, he received a mortal wound, and died in four days after, January 24, 1643.

The character of Hampden cannot be appreciated without taking into consideration the state of things under which he acted. The people of England were oppressed by a galling tyranny, sanctioned by time, and intrenched in the prejudices and prepossessions of the nation. It required a man of great boldness to contend with such a power, and to breathe forth a spirit of noble and fearless liberty, which might break the fetters which chained the bodies and souls of the people. But such a man was Hampden; and no doubt the freedom which we enjoy in this country is, in part, the fruit of seed sown by his speeches and his example.

Entrance to an Egyptian Temple.

Egyptian Architecture.

EVERY traveller who has visited Egypt, and looked upon its ancient ruins, appears to have been deeply impressed with certain characteristics of its architecture. One of these, which, indeed, is manifest in the common pictures of their temples and monuments, is their massy and imposing grandeur. They seem to imitate and emulate the hills and mountains, in respect to their stability and solidity. The pyramids, apparently modelled after the mountains, are actually as enduring as the works of Nature herself; and even the temples have an aspect which seems to remind us of caverns and grottoes, wrought in the everlasting rocks by the same hand which fashioned the hills and the valleys.

There is also, in this architecture, a look of solemn repose, befitting the gigantic outline of the structures to which it was devoted. The figures of men and animals, with which it is embellished, have forms and countenances which bespeak a kind of awful tranquillity, as if they embosomed some profound mystery, which it was their destiny to hold in unquestioned secrecy and silence.

It would seem that there must have been something very peculiar in a people whose tastes, thoughts, and feelings found imbodiment in such edifices; and we cannot but feel the deepest and most curious interest to penetrate the mystery which the lapse of ages has thrown over them. It is, perhaps, for this reason that so many scientific men have devoted themselves to the illustration of Egyptian antiquities, and whose works have at least partially removed the obscurity in which, for thousands of years, they have been shrouded. By means of the

sculptures upon the temples, and the pictures in the sepulchral chambers, we have been made acquainted with the familiar manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, in many respects. We know how they danced and sang; how they got tipsy and made love; how the children had dolls, and played at ball; how the men fished, and hunted, and made war; how the ladies danced and played on the harp; how the affairs of the kitchen were conducted; and how the cook roasted, and fried, and broiled meat, as is the custom of the present day.

These and many other things respecting the habits of a people who lived three thousand years ago, are now understood; but there is still a mystery hanging over the religious opinions of the ancient Egyptians, which seems to have been connected with their temples and monuments, and which no antiquarian has yet been able to fathom. The profounder feelings — all that belongs to the higher characteristics of man — are either entirely hidden from the view, or partially veiled in uncertainty.

Early Associations. — It is said that, at that period of his life when the consequences of his conduct had developed themselves in unforeseen reverses, Napoleon, driven to the necessity of defending himself, within his own kingdom, with the shattered remnant of his army, had taken up a position at Brienne, — the very spot where he had received the rudiments of his early education, — when unexpectedly, and while he was anxiously employed in a practical application of those military principles which first exercised the energies of his young mind in the college of Brienne, his attention was arrested by the sound of the church clock.

The pomp of his imperial court, and even the glories of Marengo and Austerlitz, faded for a moment from his regard, and almost from his recollection. Fixed, for a while, to the spot on which he stood, in motionless attention to the well-known sound, he at length gave utterance to his feelings, and condemned the tenor of all his subsequent life, by confessing that the hours then brought back to his recollection were happier than any he had experienced throughout the whole course of his tempestuous career.

Memory. — Dr. Rush, a celebrated physician, relates a pleasing instance of the freshness with which the memory preserves the rural scenery of early life. When he, at one time, visited a sick woman whom he had known in childhood, she was lying ill of the typhus fever, and all hope of her recovery was nearly past. Two little words, like a fabulous talisman, seemed to bring back her wandering thoughts. "The eagle's nest!" was the brief exclamation of Dr. Rush. The tree had grown upon her father's farm, and all the scenery of her youth came before her at the mention of it. From that moment she began to recover.

"I am rather old, and very tough — that's one consolation!" as the aged turkey remarked, when the farmer was carrying him to market.

Manners often make fortunes.

Robert Fulton.

Robert Fulton, the celebrated engineer, was born in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, in 1765. In his infancy he was put to school in Lancaster, where he acquired the rudiments of a common English education. His peculiar genius manifested itself at a very early age. In his childhood, all his hours of recreation were passed in the shops of mechanics, or in the employment of his pencil. At the age of seventeen years, he painted portraits and landscapes, in Philadelphia, where he remained till he was about twenty-one.

In his twenty-second year, he went to England, and was received with great kindness by his distinguished countryman, Mr. West, who was so pleased with his promising genius, and his amiable qualities, that he took him into his house, where he continued an inmate for several years. After leaving the family of West, he appears, for some time, to have made painting his chief employment. He spent two years in Devonshire, where he formed an acquaintance with the Duke of Bridgewater, so famous for his canals, and Lord Stanhope, a nobleman celebrated for his love of science, and particularly for his attachment to the mechanic arts.

In 1793, we find Mr. Fulton actively engaged in a project to improve inland navigation. Even at that early period, he had conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam; and he speaks, in some

of his manuscripts, with great confidence of its practicability. In May, 1794, he obtained from the British government a patent for a double-inclined plane, to be used for transportation; and in the same year, he submitted to the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce an improvement of his invention of mills for sawing marble, for which he received the thanks of the society and an honorary medal. He also obtained patents for machines for spinning flax and making ropes.

In 1797, he went to Paris, and, while there, projected the first panorama that was ever exhibited there. He also planned a *submarine boat.* In 1803, he completed his first steam-boat, which was tried upon the Seine, and proved completely successful. He now proceeded to New York, to carry his ideas of steam navigation into practical effect, and, in 1807, his first steam-boat ascended the Hudson. Thus this great man brought to a successful issue his long-meditated invention, and determined the possibility of applying steam to navigation.

Several steam-boats were soon after constructed under Mr. Fulton's directions, and also a steam-frigate.

He continued to make various experiments till his death, which occurred in 1815. In person, Fulton was tall and slender, with large, dark eyes and a projecting brow. His temper was mild, his disposition lively, and his conversation fluent and original. But his principal characteristic was his constancy, industry, and perseverance, which enabled him to conquer the difficulties in his way.

Better lose a jest than a friend.

A False Alarm.—During the French revolutionary war, when the English were expected to make a descent upon St. Domingo, a negro, having perceived, at the distance of some miles in the direction of the sea, a long line of flamingoes, ranked up, and preening their wings, forthwith magnified them into an army of English soldiers. Their long necks were mistaken for shouldered muskets, and their scarlet plumage for a military costume. The poor fellow accordingly started off for Gonaives, running through the streets, and vociferating that the English were come!

Upon this alarm, the commandant of the garrison instantly sounded the tocsin, doubled the guards, and sent out a body of men to reconnoitre the invaders; but he soon found, by means of his glass that it was only a troop of red flamingoes, and the corps of observation marched back to the garrison, rejoicing at their bloodless expedition.

The Raven: a Fable.—The raven saw that the eagle brooded thirty days over her eggs. "This is what makes the young eaglets so strong and far-sighted," said she. "Good; I will try it myself." And, ever since, the raven broods over her eggs thirty days, but they never produce any thing better than ravens!

Every man will be thy friend,
While thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

The best and fairest house to me
Is that where I love best to be.

Public Works of Great Britain.

England.

It is not easy for any person, who has not been in England, to conceive of its beauty, wealth, and magnificence.

In passing through the country, the traveller is struck with the neatness, finish, and completeness, of every thing. The roads are as nearly perfect as possible; and it is very common for a highway to be laid out as straight, and have its sides as neatly cut and turfed, as those of a well-kept garden.

The fields are tilled with the utmost nicety. In ploughing, the furrows are perfectly straight, and as even as if laid out by square and compass. The cattle and sheep appear to be all in good condition; the hedges are always carefully kept, and have a very pleasing effect upon the landscape.

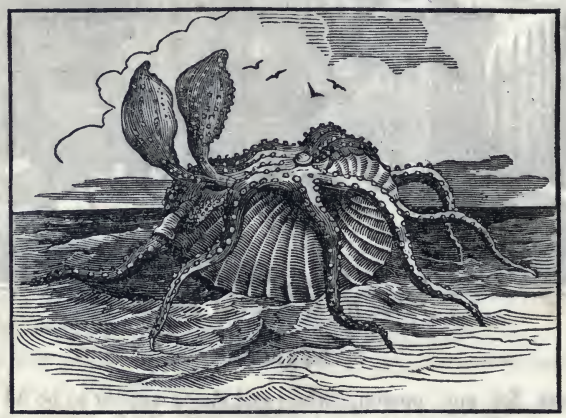
The country-seats are often splendid and the number of them is astonishing. Town after town crowds, at short intervals, upon the notice of the traveller. As you approach London, the whole country, for miles around, seems dotted over with villages, country-seats, and splendid country-mansions.

The railroads surpass any thing of the kind in the world. They are finished, in every respect, with the greatest care. The banks are all turfed, and often orna-

mented with groups of garden-flowers. The depots, or stations, are generally fitted up with great architectural taste; and in some instances, as at the termination of the Birmingham railroad, in London, the architecture is truly magnificent.

The bridges are often objects of interest, from the beauty of their design and the admirable skill with which they are executed. Chain-bridges are not uncommon, and it is at once delightful and startling to ride over them, as if upon a line in the air!

Of London—the metropolis of Great Britain, and indeed of the world—we have not room now to speak, further than to say that it is all that might be expected of the great centre of British commerce, art, wealth, money, rank, and fashion.



The Nautilus.

There are few objects in nature which have more frequently excited the admiration of the wise, as well as the simple, than this. Its shell is often met with in collections of the conchologist; but to understand the real nature of the animal, it should be seen in its own element. Its home is on the sea, and it launches forth upon the briny element as fearlessly as a man-of-war!

It is said to spread a sail, on particular occasions, and thus to move before the wind like a ship; and it has even been supposed to have first suggested the idea of propelling vessels by means of sails.

There is one curious question in respect to the nautilus which remains unsettled among naturalists,—and that is, whether the creature grows to his shell, as an oyster or a clam to his, or whether he only carries it on his back, as a snail does his—taking it off and putting it on at his pleasure.

Spring in the City.

"WHAT are you gazing at, Grace? and what are you thinking of?"

"I am looking at the fresh, soft, green leaves, that are coming out on the old willow, by Columbia College; and I am thinking of home."

"And how lovely that home appears, now that spring is smiling on it — hey, Grace?"

"Yes, and how disagreeable it is to be shut up in a city, where spring never comes! — spring, with all its sweet sights, sounds, and odors."

"Do not say so, Grace. There is a breathing of spring even here, in this spacious and compact city. The town is not all buried in smoke and noisome damp. These two hundred thousand inhabitants of our great city are not quite deprived of the joyous influences of the season. Let us put on our hats, and walk to the Battery, and see if we cannot find some witnesses for nature — some intimations of the coming-on of gentle spring. How soon we are equipped! No India-rubbers nor wadded shoes to be put on; no heavy cloaks, nor fur tippets. Your straw cottage-hat, green ribbon, and pink muslin, are the colors of the flushing year; and, my most ungracious Grace, you, who say that spring never comes in the city, just have the goodness to look over the way, upon our sable West India neighbors. How often we pitied them in the winter, when we saw them open a crack of the door to receive the milkman and the baker; and now mark the change! Doors and windows are all wide open. The old man is resting his gray head on the window-sill, fast asleep; the old woman sits by, fondling her lapdog; and their little trig granddaughter, playing on her Jew's-harp, and keeping time with her pretty head, which has such a piquant turn, with its graceful Creole turban. See, she has a bouquet of daisies and daffodils at her belt. Ask her if it is spring! But come along, Grace. We must begin our walk."

"I am ready. O, if it were only a walk with Miss Mitford, in her green lanes beside her hedgerows! I positively take more pleasure from reading her descriptions of them than from any walk in the city."

"Have the goodness, my dear young lady, to dismiss Miss Mitford, and her delicious descriptions, from your mind, or your walk and your humble companion will have as little interest for you as had the prison-walls of Baron Trenck, and the society of his little mouse, when his imagination was filled with green fields and the voice of home. Burns and the baron have taught us that there are positions in life where much may be made of a mouse. It is a great art to observe, and make the most of, those blessings that are commonly overlooked; and if, as the political economists say, he is a benefactor to mankind who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, he who enriches the harvest of innocent pleasures deserves our gratitude. Try your powers, my dear Grace, at this kind of *doing good;* quicken your wits, and spy some beauties that you have hitherto passed unnoticed."

"I will do my best. This delightful day ought to inspire me. It must have been such a day, and such an atmosphere, as this, that Thomson describes: —

'The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold·
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o er all surrounding heaven.'"

"Very happily quoted, Miss Grace. I give you credit for spreading the poet's sky over the city. But allow me to remind you that it is the same sky — the same scene at which you looked with such a disconsolate eye half an hour since. The image in the mind does not depend so much on the outward view as on the disposition of the lights within. Forgive me, Grace."

"I will not *moralize*, and will be *heard*. Look up at Mrs. M.'s; see how the plants are actually bending to the open windows, to breathe in the genial air. That camellia is superb; it sits on its stalk in all its pride of beauty, amidst its polished green leaves, like a queen in her court. That cala, too, and the laurustinus, are magnificent. How proudly they overshadow the sweet flowers that are placed beneath them — the hyacinths, pink, purple, and white, and the wall-flowers! and yet these fragrant flowers, like humble devotees, send up their odors as incense to idols. A flower without fragrance is, after all, but an unlovely beauty. As E. happily said, 'it is like beauty without grace.' It is even worse, — 'faith without works;' for are they not the effluence and sweet odor of virtue, that blesses and delights far from the unseen and unknown source?

"There is my friend Sophia's canary. He has heard the signals of spring, and struck into the general choir. He sings as merrily as if he had the freedom of the world. I suspect he has taken a lesson in moral harmonies from his sweet mistress, who never yet responded a discordant note, though sometimes struck roughly enough by the chances and changes of this life. Do you not think that birds may be gifted with imagination, and that these little canaries that are hung out at every window, — as they warm and kindle in the beam of the 'golden day,' and inhale the odor of the flowers that are considerately placed near them, — do you not think they may fancy themselves in their own sunny and fragrant isles?"

"It may be; and if so, what delightful visions this mocking-bird must have of the wild woodlands and their various tribes! He seems to be sending forth a greeting to each and all of the feathered race, and to each in his own note. What a little polyglot it is! His spirit is in ecstasy with the joy of the season. But, poor fellow, he seems to possess a mysterious sympathy with the vegetable kingdom: when that dies, he becomes mute, and is silent and dreary, till he, with nature, is waked by spring. Sing on, sweet bird; and, when summer comes, I will (as I have done) keep many a vigil, to listen to the endless variety of notes that your magical throat pours on the still air.

"What is it, Grace? Ah, you may well say, 'Spring, spring!' and point to that sweet-brier. How vigorously the leaves have put forth! and how its perfume exhales with the moisture of the last shower! In a few weeks more, it will interweave with the honeysuckle, and form a leafy drapery, to hide this ugly wall. Here we are at Madame

Amand's — and here is Monsieur Jackoo, her noisy parrot, chattering his French and Spanish; indemnifying himself for his winter's seclusion by talking as fast as a city gossip after a summer's recess at a country-seat, or a country gossip after a visit to town. '*Printemps! printemps!*' As I live, Jackoo is prating of spring. Let us go on, Grace, or Jackoo will shame me out of my enthusiasm."

"Here we are in gay, beautiful Broadway, always thronged in a fine spring afternoon. What a contrast to three months since! when this same street was piled with masses of ice and heaps of snow, blackened with coal-dust; when old age was cowering at the fireside, and childhood pent in nurseries; when the fine lady, for very delicateness, dared not touch her foot to the icy pavement; and the dandy, his hair *en papillotes*, was preparing for the evening rout; and now, see! the snow has disappeared, and with it cloaks, furs, velvets, feathers, boas, muffs, and all the livery of winter; and, in their place, see the light hats, chip, silk, cottage, and woodland-lawn, (their very names are *seasonable!*) decked with flowers

'beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes.'

"See rainbow silks, Adelaide ginghams, and painted muslins. The French do not only weave their poetry in 'fancy's loom,' but they absolutely make warp and woof of it, and send it out to us in 'spring goods.'

"Ah, there are the beautiful cousins — the Misses ——. Those flowers seem to have grown in their hats; they are so fresh and natural, that you expect to see them droop in this warm air. How well the bright cheeks and sparkling glances of these young beauties harmonize with this season of all hope! What a pretty group of children there is — fragrant buds of promise! and see even our old friend Mr. —— is out again. The frosts of his eighty winters soften at the touch of spring; the genial air freshens the color in his withered cheek; and there is something in the calm, elevated, grateful expression of his raised eye that speaks of a coming spring, of which this of nature is but the type.

"Here is my friend Miss ——, the same at all seasons. No feathers in winter, no artificial flowers now; her dress suits her character, and is emblematical of it, — purity, simplicity, delicacy, elegance, and refinement; every thing harmonizing with her lovely face and person, and nothing to distract attention from it. It would be indeed difficult to allure the eye once rivetted to that face. Will she always remain thus unspoiled, untouched, by fashion? It is a furnace; but a celestial nature may pass through it unharmed.

"Here we are at the Park. Into what graceless and unmeaning shapes this pretty plot of earth has been cut; and yet the touch of spring has invested it with beauty. The leaf-buds of the most tardy trees are swelling; the horse-chestnut has unfurled its broad leaf; and the grass looks fresh and sturdy. What a luxury are these open breathing-spaces to the pent citizen; and what a pity that more such places of refreshment, for body and mind too, are not provided for the dense population of this city!"

"'Cross over at St. Paul's,' you say

Grace. Ah! you little Episcopalian, you like to pass under the sacred droppings of the church. The English is the mother-church of our city; and there is a maternal regard to its honor, as well as to its spiritual edification, in the beautiful edifices it rears, and in the care it takes of its consecrated burial-grounds. This of St. Paul's is beautifully sheltered by old wide-spreading elms, sycamores, and the weeping-willow, that now, in the spring-time, drops its soft, silken wreaths so tenderly over the monuments. Trinity churchyard is, I believe, much older than this; for you know aunt S—— says that when St. Paul's was built, there was a general exclamation against placing a church so far out of town.

"I do not dislike a burial-place in the heart of a large city. Where there is so much life, there should be some memorial of death. There is, in its repose and its expressive silence, a contrast to the surrounding bustle, to the worldly pursuits and absorbing interest of the passing throng, that speaks to the thoughtful mind. Were all these mouldering bodies once as active, as occupied with importunate trifles, as absorbed in transient feelings, and engrossed with perishing objects, as we are? What are they now? What ought we to be? What are we?

"I believe Trinity churchyard is one of the oldest, and certainly the most populous, in the city. There is a monument here that pleases me particularly, bearing only the simple and affecting inscription, '*To my mother.*' What a contrast to the common monumental blazonry of virtues, that would make you believe, if you credited the record, that the frail creatures below were saints and angels!

"These are fine houses that we are passing; but what are piles of brick and mortar compared with the humblest flower that blossoms in one of their windows? Do not smile, Grace. I do not mean that the queen of flowers, even, is to be preferred to a good mansion. But those who can never get the one have the other within their reach. At any rate, we have more pleasure from looking at a stranger's flowers than at his house. The one is exclusively his; the other is a common blessing. Providence has given us a property in it, and it liberally parts with its treasure of sweets to us. Flowers are the cheapest and most attainable of all luxuries, and should be universal. Do you not feel an involuntary respect for the proprietor of any kind of vegetation on which care and taste has been expended? — *Juvenile Miscellany.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW. — This bird usually constructs its nest in the shaft of a chimney. But it has been known to select some other, and sometimes some very curious, situation for its nest. A pair of swallows built on the upper part of the frame of an old picture at Camerton Hall, near Bath, England, coming into the room through a broken pane in one of the windows. They came three years successively, and in all probability would have continued to do so, if the room had not been put in repair, which prevented their access to it.

ONE enemy is one too many.

The little Lord and the Farmer.

A LITTLE lord, engaged in play,
Carelessly threw his ball away;
So far beyond the brook it flew,
His lordship knew not what to do.

It chanced there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy;
His frock was patched and his hat was old,
But the farmer's heart was very bold.

"You little chap! pick up my ball!"
His saucy lordship loud did call;
He thought it useless to be polite
To one whose clothes were in such a plight.

"Do it yourself, for want of me!"
The boy replied right manfully;
Then quietly he passed along,
Whistling aloud his favorite song.

His little lordship furious grew—
For he was proud, and hasty too.
"Ill break your bones!" he rudely cries,
While fire was flashing from his eyes.

And heedless, quite, what steps he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook;
And, as he fell, he dropped his bat,
And next he lost his beaver hat.

"Come, help me out!" enraged he cried—
But the sturdy farmer thus denied:
"Alter your tone, my little man,
And then I'll help you all I can.

"There are few things I would not dare
For gentlemen who speak me fair;
But for rude words I do not choose
To tire my feet and wet my shoes."

"Please help me," then his lordship said;
"I'm sorry I was so ill-bred."
"'Tis all forgot," replied the boy,
And gave his hand with honest joy.

The proffered aid his lordship took,
And soon came safely from the brook;
His looks were downcast and aside,
For he felt ashamed of his silly pride.

The farmer brought his ball and bat,
And wiped the wet from his drowning hat;
And he mildly said, as he went away,
"Remember the lesson you've learned to-day.

"Be kind to all you chance to meet,
In field, or lane, or crowded street;
Anger and pride are both unwise,
Vinegar never catches flies."

Juvenile Miscellany.

IN the *pitcher-plant* of New South Wales there is a lid, with a hinge with which it opens and shuts. It is generally half open, and contains fluid, in which ants and flies get drowned. The pitcher is attached to the footstalk, and is supposed to be the means of nutriment, instead of the root.

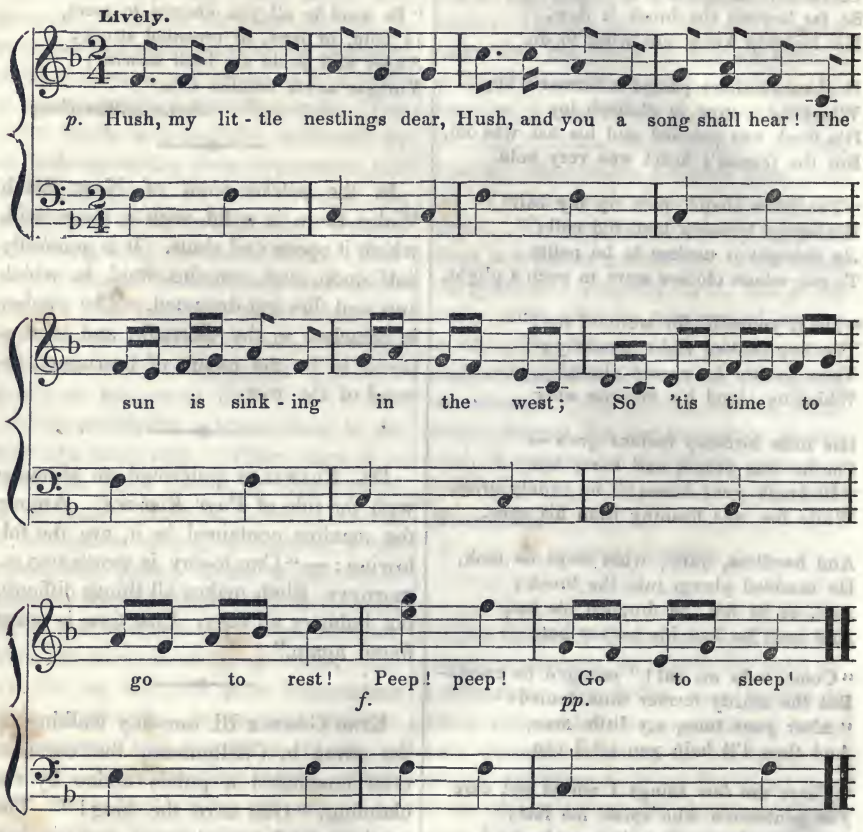
DR. FRANKLIN published an almanac with the title of *Poor Richard.* Among the maxims contained in it, are the following:—"One to-day is worth two tomorrows. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy. Lost time is never found again."

KING GEORGE III. one day walking up the street in Cheltenham, the common crier concluded a public notice by exclaiming, "God save the king!" The good monarch turned round, and emphatically replied, "God save the crier and the people!"

HE that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in endless wishes, and regret, in his last hours, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

The Robin's Lullaby.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



Go to rest, for nought is near,
Owl or hawk, to waken fear;
The noisy jay is in his nest;
So, my birdies, go to rest!
Peep! peep! Go to sleep!

Go to rest, nor fear the storm;
There is One will keep thee warm;
And though the tempest rock thy bed,
He is watching o'er thy head!
Peep! peep! Go to sleep!

Go to rest, nor think of fear!
Father — mother — both are here.
Dream of joys that come with light,
Cherries red, and berries bright.
Peep! peep! Go to sleep!

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. IX. JUNE, 1845. No. 6.

The Woodpeckers.

It is now June, as you may see by the red-headed thief in the picture, who has stolen a cherry, and is carrying it to his young one; though we must say, by the way, that such scenes as this do not usually take place in New England till near the close of the month. In Pennsylvania, the cherries are ripe three weeks earlier than in Massachusetts.

Well, it is June — the fairest of the twelve months; a time when it is neither too hot nor too cold; when the vegetation is still young, and fresh, and fair; and when every thing around seems to speak of youth, and health, and happiness. Let us all enjoy it as much as we can. Girls and boys, take old Merry's advice; run, scamper, shout, play, frolic — be as happy as you can. I will not insist that you look into the Museum during the bright days of joyous June. Lay it by upon the shelf for a wet day, and make friends of the brooks, and hills, and flowers, and forests. You need not even look at the song at page 192; for, though it is a pretty good one, the robins, and thrushes, and sparrows, and finches, and larks, will sing you many better ones.

When June is over, and you begin to get a little weary of out-door sports, you

may perchance wish to hold a little discourse with your old friend. Then you may take him down from the shelf, and, between the two red covers of the Museum, you will find his usual supply of rhyme and reason, song and sentiment. The first thing that I shall commend to your attention is the following piece, entitled

THE COUNTRY CHILD.

CHILD of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the may-flowers, like the bee;
Nursed to sweet music on the knee;
Lulled on the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mid the woods in June.
I sing of thee; 'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April, while she nursed her young;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins, the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee, like the bounding fawn;
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams;
Now groping trouts in lucid streams;
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round;
Now hunting echo's empty sound;
Now climbing up some tall old tree,
For climbing's sake; 'tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Fly from the town, sweet child, for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth:—
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Spring in the City.

[Continued from page 158.]

"How fresh and bright our bowling-green appears!—a fit and graceful circle for a fairy-dance. But alas! the *little people* have never visited our western shores; and besides, they can no more endure a city's bounds than a spirit can walk in daylight. Here we catch the first glimpse of the sparkling bay, the parent and pride of our city. We feel new life as we enter on the Battery, as our feet press the unpaved walk, as we scent the fresh vegetation, and feel the sea-breeze, the messenger of old ocean, saluting us. Does your imagination, Grace, ever recur to the period when the Indian was startled from his indolent repose, on this very ground over which we are treading, by the approach of what seemed to him the lord of the element on which it moved, and what was in reality the little Dutch vessel of Mynheer Hudson? Since then, what changes! The Indian and his forests have disappeared, and here we take refuge from the din of one of the busiest and most prosperous commercial marts in the world. And here, in this comparative quietness, what variety, spirit, and

activity! Ships departing for distant ports; vessels arriving from Europe, fraught with news, and new goods—tidings of revolution in empires, and changes in fashion—the falls of kings, and the lengthening of waists! Even here, Grace, on these unconscious waves, we see that spring has come. Every little harbor on our rivers, released from its winter thraldom, has sent its small craft to the city. See those sloops in their homeward course—'Patron, of Albany;' 'Ida, of Troy;' 'Minerva, of Athens,' &c. And here is the peerless 'President,' the Providence boat, moving round to the East River. There comes the 'Swan, of Philadelphia,' pattering through the water; she touches the pier, and her daily duty is done; and see, across there, the steam ferry-boat, just parting from the Jersey shore, freighted with citizens, their wives, nurses, and children, returning from a delicious stroll in the romantic walks of Hoboken. How gracefully that barge glides over the water, from the revenue cutter to Governor's Island, which appears, in its fresh spring dress, like an emerald dropped on the bosom of the bay! Ah, here come the Whitehall boys—a boat-race! There they go under the bridge. And we must go too, Grace. I am going round by Broad Street, to inquire at Ross, the glover's, about little Lucy Wendal."

"Lucy Wendal! who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling, that looks like a crack, or a seam, between the great houses on each side of it. She lived with her grandparents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been out-bargained, and out-witted, till they were reduced to this tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy—a pretty, fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we removed to —— Street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva—the goddess of wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly, from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday; the steps were scoured daily; and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say it must be hard for her to think of 'turning to *dust*.' Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the *stoop* every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the crabbed, bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity, however, was misapplied; and I felt it to be so, when I looked in her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the

duties Providence has allotted to you; and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures, beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendal's. At last, there came to this obscure family, what comes to all — death, and its changes. The old man and his wife died, within a few days of each other, of the influenza, that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; for though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods; those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and craft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and, on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

"In a few days, she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place; and since, I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reprovingly, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's, to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop —'John Ross, glove manufacturer.' This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window: that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might be sure such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast as it would. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman — but here he is, an honest, thriving glover, and that, perhaps, is just as well; nothing truer than the trite old couplet, —

'Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part; there all the honor lies!'

"The old man looks as if he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy.

"The only customer is coming out. Now we have a clear field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same, ma'am."

"I called, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman, who came to live with you a year ago, last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. "Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendal."

"Ay, Lucy Wendal did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression in Ross's face, at the mention of her name, that I did not clearly comprehend. It might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. "I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given you satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendal, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so; but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and inter-

ested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents." Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter; then tied up the bundle, and laid it on the shelf. "You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about beginning a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know, when Lucy Wendal came to me, she was a little demure thing — not a beauty, but so comely, and tidy, that she was a pretty resting-place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the workshop, as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning till night, like forty thousand chimney-swallows. Lucy was every way different; she made herself neat and trig in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon, when the 'prentice boys were coming in to dinner, twitching out curl-papers, and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions — and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master-workman with her needle. I have never had a match for her since I first began business; *but* — you know, ma'am, there's always a *but*, in this life — she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross — a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I had set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bunce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I know that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found, when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted the money for, he looked sheepish, and made me no answer. I thought it prudent, before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children: to be sure, I have taken care, for the most part, they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful — I own it; but it's young folks' business to mind; and 'children, obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and nature. So I told John. I did not hint any suspicion about Lucy; but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection to; what I had long fixed my heart on; and

what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down; but he saw I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound; the upper part of the door is set with glass. I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves; my son was standing by her; it appeared they were for him, and he insisted on her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble — the glove would not go on; but it came off, and their hands met *without gloves*, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me; and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me. He had given his heart, and promised his hand, to Lucy, and she owned she loved him — him, who was not worthy of her love; he said, too, something of my having, hitherto, been a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this; but you know that anger is said to be a short madness; and so it is! and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason, and true feeling, as the stinging sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper; and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house; and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

"The next morning they had both cleared out; and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had all day been seeking Lucy in vain; that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her; and when I answered, 'So much the better!' he accused me of cruelty; and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, ladies; but hear me out. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong; he begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bunce. 'I give up Lucy, father,' he said, 'but I cannot marry any body else.' I forgave him — from the bottom of my heart I forgave him — and I longed to ask him to forgive me; but I had not come quite to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him — but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there would be no sin left in the world. She said, they had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and kindest of masters; then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent; said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told

him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom; but saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me. I found her that very night, and, without loss of time, brought her back to my house; and then," he added, walking hastily to the farther extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and the short of it!"

And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend become a wife and mother! her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face! Such should be the summer of happiness, when the *spring* is consecrated to virtue.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

Filial Affection of the Chinese.

The Chinese are remarkable for the extraordinary respect which they pay to their parents. A great number of instances have been recorded, by writers, of wonderful filial piety. Among others is the following:—

A boy, eight years of age, gave a very touching proof of affection for his parents. They were so poor, that they could not afford to buy a kind of curtain which is commonly used, in hot countries of the East, to defend persons in bed from the well-known insects called mosquitoes, and which is hence called a mosquito curtain. The poor boy strove in various ways to protect his parents from the tormenting bite of these insects, but in vain. At length, he hit upon a contrivance, which shows that no sacrifice is too great for real affection. When his parents had retired to rest, he seated himself by their bed, stripped off his clothes to the waist, and suffered the musquitoes to settle upon him, without driving them away. "When they have filled themselves with my blood," said he, "they will not disturb my parents."

Epithalamium.

The following epithalamium, or wedding song, was written by the late J. G. C. Brainard, of Connecticut.

"I saw two clouds at morning
  Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
  And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

"I saw two summer currents,
  Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
  In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpled eddies played between.

"Such be your gentle motion,
  Till life's last pulse shall beat
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream
  Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sky, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace."

Keep no more cats than will catch mice.

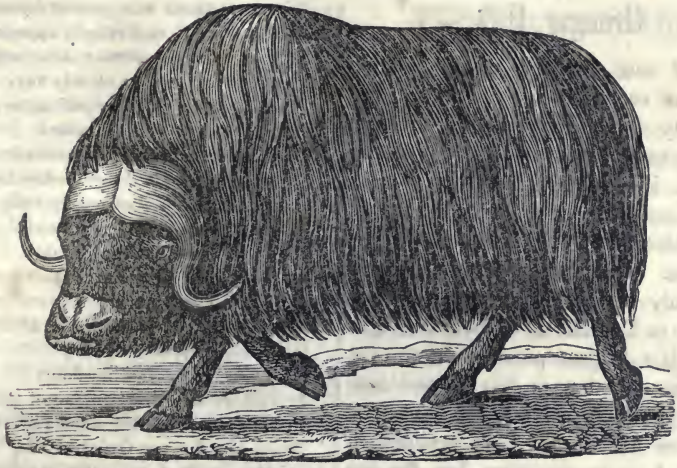
The Summer Duck.

THE nest of this bird is usually placed in the inside of some hollow tree, generally quite near the ground. But Wilson informs us that instances have been known in which it was constructed of a few sticks laid on the fork of the branches.

"On the 18th of May," continues Wilson, "I visited a tree containing a nest of a summer duck, on the banks of a river in New Jersey. It was an old, grotesque white oak, whose top had been torn off by a storm. In this hollow and broken top, and about six feet down, on the soft, decayed wood, lay thirteen eggs, snugly covered with down, doubtless taken from the breast of the bird.

"The tree had probably been occupied for four successive years by the same pair. The person who gave me the information, and whose house was within twenty or thirty yards of the tree, said he had seen the female, the preceding spring, carry down her young, one by one, in less than ten minutes. She caught them in her bill by the wing, or back of the neck, and landed them safely at the foot of the tree, whence she afterwards led them into the water. Under this same tree, at the time I visited it, a large sloop lay upon the stocks nearly finished. The deck was not more than twelve feet distant from the nest; yet, notwithstanding the presence and noise of the workmen, the ducks would not abandon their old breeding-place, but continued to pass out and in as if no person had been near. A tame goose had chosen a hollow space at the foot of the same tree, to lay and hatch her young in."

FORCE OF TRUTH.—Some years ago, a motion was made in the house of commons, in England, for raising and imbodying the militia, and, for the purpose of saving time, to exercise them on the Sabbath. When the resolution was about to pass, an old gentleman stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to make to this, which you will find in an old book called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped.



The Musk Ox.

This curious beast has its home in the cold, polar regions of North America, and there only is it to be found. It is about half the size of the western bison, and of our common ox. It is covered with long, matted, brown hair, curled on the neck and shoulders, and hanging down below the middle of the leg. The horns are large, and, curving downwards, turn up in a semicircle.

It frequents the barren lands near the Arctic Ocean, where the country is rocky and destitute of wood. It feeds on grass and lichens, and goes in herds of twenty or thirty. It runs very fast when pursued, and climbs lofty cliffs with great activity.

Dr. Richardson thus describes the hunting of the musk ox. If the hunters keep themselves concealed when they fire upon a herd, the poor animals mistake the noise for thunder, and, forming themselves into a group, crowd nearer and nearer together as their companions fall around them; but, should they discover them by sight, or by their sense of smell, which is very acute, the whole herd seek safety by instant flight. The bulls are very irritable, and, when wounded, will often attack the hunter, and endanger his life, unless he possesses activity and presence of mind. The Esquimaux, who are well accustomed to the pursuit of this animal, sometimes turn its irritable disposition to good account; for, having provoked a bull to attack him, an expert hunter wheels round it more quickly than it can turn, and by repeated stabs in the belly puts an end to its life.

The flesh of the musk ox, as its name imports, is highly flavored, and smells strongly of musk; but when the animal is fat, it is said to be well tasted. The hair is very fine, and would be useful in the arts, if a sufficient quantity could be procured.

Grongar Hill.

One of our youthful correspondents seems very much struck with the beauty of Dyer's poem of Grongar Hill, and asks us to insert it in the Museum. It has always been regarded as a charming composition, and, indeed, is the foundation of the author's poetical reputation. We cheerfully give it a place, only remarking, that the author was born in England in 1700, and died in 1758. His longest poem was entitled the "Fleece;" but it has passed into general forgetfulness, and the name of John Dyer had hardly been retained in the list of men of genius, but for the lines which we here quote.

"GRONGAR HILL.

"A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud, the mighty have,
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.
"See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,—
So little distant dangers seem.
"So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass,
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough, appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.
"Oh, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul!
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
"Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door;
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain ye search—she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care;
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads.
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often by the murmuring rill
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill."

THE LITTLE STEP-SON.

I have a little step-son, the loveliest thing alive,
A noble, sturdy boy is he, and yet he's only five;
His smooth cheek hath a blooming glow; his eyes are black as jet;
And his lips are like two rose-buds, so tremulous and sweet.
His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter, and in song,
As careless as a summer rill, that sings itself along.
For like a pretty fairy-tale that's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one, that's only five years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch before the day grows dark;
He's up with morning's rosy ray, a singing with the lark;

Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er the grass is green,
With light locks waving on the wind, his fairy form is seen.
Amid the whistling March winds, amid the April showers,
He warbles with the singing birds, and prattles to the flowers;
He cares not for the summer heat, he cares not for the cold, —
My sturdy little step-son, that's only five years old.

How touching 'tis to see him clasp his dimpled hands in prayer,
And raise his little rosy face with reverential air!
How simple is his eloquence! how soft his accents fall,
When pleading with the King of kings to love and bless us all!
And when from prayer he bounds away, in innocence and joy,
The blessing of a smiling God goes with the sinless boy:
A little lambkin of the flock, within the Savior's fold,
Is he, my lovely step-son, that's only five years old.

I have not told you of our home, that, in the summer hours,
Stands in its simple modesty, half hid among the flowers;
I have not said a single word about our mines of wealth;
Our treasures are — this little boy, contentment, peace, and health;
For e'en a lordly hall to us would be a voiceless place
Without the gush of his glad voice, the gleams of his bright face;
And many a courtly pair, I ween, would give their gems and gold
For a noble, happy boy like ours, some four or five years old.

WELCOME is the best cheer.

The Captain's Pudding.

THE following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate: —

"Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next the captain.

"The captain no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned towards him, than, picking up the dish, and turning it round as if to examine the china, he said, 'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,' and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself.

"'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish; 'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling;' and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself.

"The captain looked at the mate; the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed; the mate laughed.

"'I tell you what, young one,' said the captain, 'you've found me out: so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.'"

A GIGANTIC MOTH. — A moth was once caught at Arracan, which measured ten inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, both being variegated with the brightest colors.

The Wild Turkey.

This beautiful bird is abundant in the wooded and uncultivated parts of the Western States, and the vast forests of the great valley of the Mississippi.

In the fall of the year, it spreads itself through the country in search of food, upon which its migrations depend. (This period is called by the Indians the *turkey months.*) These are made entirely on foot, till the turkeys reach a river. They then ascend to the tops of tall trees, and, at the cluck of their leader, fly to the opposite bank, the young ones sometimes falling into the water and drowning. Their speed is very considerable, and, when molested, they run with the velocity of a hound. After long journeys in frosty weather, they sometimes associate with the poultry near farm-houses, and enter the barns for grain. During this season, great numbers are killed by the inhabitants, who preserve them in a frozen state and transport them to a distant market.

The female lays her eggs in April, in a hole slightly scratched in the ground, and covered with withered leaves. These she studiously conceals, and seldom abandons, and hatches from ten to fifteen young birds. The care and tenderness of the parent is now evinced by watching for the slightest danger, and resorting to places where there is the best supply of fruit and berries.

As the flesh of the turkey affords delicious food, they are attacked by both men and animals. The wild-cat frequently seizes them, by concealing itself, and springing upon its unsuspecting prey. When the hunter approaches them by moonlight, they are readily shot from their roosting tree, one after another, without any apprehension of danger. In the spring, a whistle is made of the second joint of the wing, which produces a sound similar to the voice of the female; and the cocks, on coming up to this call, are then easily shot. They are also caught in pens made of logs.

On the banks of the Missouri, the feathers of the wings are used by the Indians for pluming arrows, and form an article of commerce among them.

Conduct before the King and Queen.

Madame d'Arblay — Miss Burney — the author of "Cecilia," who held some place about the court of George III., gives the following directions in one of her letters: —

"In the first place, you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke — you must not cough.

"In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel, but not sneeze.

"In the third place, you must not, on any account, stir either hand or foot. If by chance a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out; if the pain is very great, you must bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter; if the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it."

Lines to a Hen.

Thou art a "bird," a pretty bird, thou amiable hen,
And a "spirit" too — thou hoverest about the barns of men;
A meek and quiet spirit, thou art rather seen than heard,
And I love thee for thy gentleness, thou sweet domestic bird.

A child of industry and peace thou dost appear to be,
And scratching round the world for food, is world enough for thee;
There's judgment in thy countenance, there's shrewdness in thy air,
And the innocence of chickenhood is ever dwelling there.

Thy voice is somewhat clamorous; but while most other birds
Pipe out their soft and lovelike notes to sentimental words,
Thy cackling note, statistical, in business style is made,
To proclamate to all around when thou an egg hast laid.

I grant it lacks in sentiment, and possibly might seem
A little ostentatious too; but in this age of steam,
When self-display is "all the go," and "statistics" are "the rage,"
It surely is in keeping with the "spirit of the age."

And thy gentle voice, too, oft is heard, entreating, from the mud,
For thy chickens, some of them to come and light upon a bug;
And at eve thy private "curfew bell"—thy clucking tongue—is loosed,
To bid thy chicks forsake the world, and go with thee to roost.

Thus calmly dost thou pass thy days, thou amiable hen,
Renouncing woods and poetry, for the bustling haunts of men;
The lark may sing, the eagle soar, the vulture joy in strife,
'Tis glory enough for thee to be domestic in thy life.

And now farewell!—be thou with joy and corn abundant blest,
And be thy last declining days thy brightest and thy best!
With this I cease, and my harp I hang, like Jews, on Babel's stream,
No more thy praise to warble forth, bird of my sweetest dream.

A Chapter on Proverbs.

The herring is a delicate fish, which is killed by a very small degree of violence. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak, and immediately expires; hence arises the proverb, *as dead as a herring*.

To *bear the bell*, is to surpass others, or to be the first in merit; alluding to the cow which bears a bell, and is followed by the whole drove; or the first horse in a team, which has bells on his collar.

The affair being *on the tapis*, or carpet, is borrowed from the House of Peers, where the table is covered with a carpet.

Tit for tat, is only another dialect for *this for that*.

A beetle is thought to be blind, because in the evening it will fly with its full force against a man's face, or any thing else which happens to be in its way; therefore the saying has arisen, *as blind as a beetle*.

Under the rose, means privately or secretly. The rose was, it is said, sacred to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and therefore frequently placed on the ceilings of rooms destined for the reception of guests, and implying, that whatever was transacted there should not be made public.

To give a *Roland for an Oliver*, is to give an equivalent: Roland and Oliver were two knights, famous in romance; the wonderful achievements of one could only be equalled by those of the other.

The expression *piping hot*, is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe or horn, in villages, to let the people know that his bread is just from the oven, and consequently, hot and light.

Nothing is impossible to a willing mind.

Justice requires that those by whom we are most benefited should be most honored.

He that stays in the valley will never get over the hill.

The Alligator.

THIS formidable reptile resembles the crocodile of the eastern continent. There are four species, which are natives of the warm parts of America.

Alligators are ugly animals, but they are not naturally ferocious; they kill only to eat, and only one animal at a time. They swallow their prey nearly whole, breaking the bones by the pressure of their jaws. They are indolent animals; for, though they can walk tolerably fast, and swim faster, the greater part of their time is spent in inaction. During the heat of the day, they lie stretched out on the banks, or in the mud of the rivers, and capture no animals but such as wander near them. When evening comes, however, they begin to move, and the roaring of the larger ones is terrific. It is a compound of the sounds of the bull and the bittern, but far louder than either; and it grates and shivers on the ear, as if the ground were shaking. This is the common noise of the reptile, whether in love or hate.

Alligators are oviparous, and deposit their eggs in holes of the banks above the water-mark, which they excavate with their paws and snout, and cover again after the eggs are deposited. The eggs are not larger than those of a goose, and, though rather musky, are considered palatable.

During the floods in the spring, the rains beat many animals down the rivers — birds, reptiles, fish, &c., are all the same to the palate of the alligators, which, at this season, have a great feast, and grow very fat for a period of eight or ten weeks. The rest of the year, they need very little food.

The pike-headed alligator is the most

ferocious and dangerous of the species. It has a head two feet long, armed with large, irregular teeth. It easily masters the larger animals, while quenching their thirst on the shore of the rivers. It swims slowly toward one, and, when within reach, seizes the upper lip and nose; at the same time turning its body round, it inflicts a heavy blow with its tail. The creature now falls down helpless, its cruel enemy holding its head under water, till it expires from suffocation. When it preys on fishes, it gets below them, jerks them out of the water, when it catches and swallows them. It performs the same process with the water birds.

Capturing the Petrel.

It is a popular opinion, among sailors, that the petrels carry their eggs under their wings in order to hatch them. But this is obviously impossible. On the contrary, they breed on rocky shores in numerous communities, like the bank-swallow. Their nests consist merely of a few pieces of dried grass and a feather or two, barely sufficient to prevent the eggs from rolling or moving on the rock.

Mr. Drosier persuaded one of the natives of Foula, for a trifling remuneration, to traverse the face of the rock, and take some of these birds, with their eggs, out of its fissures. The following is his account of the adventure: —

"Accordingly, accoutred with a rope of hemp and hog's bristles, coiled over his shoulders, he proceeded to the cliff. Having made one end fast by means of a stake, he threw the coil over the face of the rock, and gradually lowered himself down, but with the utmost caution and circumspection, carefully pressing his foot hard upon the narrow ridges before he at all loosened his firm grasp of the rope, which he never altogether abandoned.

"I had previously thrown myself upon my chest, to enable me to have a better view of him, by looking over the cliff; and certainly, to see the dexterity and bravery with which he threw himself from one aperture to another was truly grand. The tumbling roar of the Atlantic, foaming many hundreds of feet beneath, and dashing its curling, cream-like surge against the dark base of the cliff, in sheets of the most beautiful white, — while the white and black-backed gulls alternately swept past him, almost within reach of his arm, uttering their discordant notes, — threw a peculiar wildness into the scene.

"This, however, he appeared entirely to disregard; and, continuing his search, returned, in about half an hour, with seven or eight of the birds, tied up in an old stocking, together with their eggs. The birds, he said, he had no difficulty in capturing."

Wit. — A man with one eye laid a wager, with another man, that he could see more than the other could. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," said the first. "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can only see one in mine."

Sincerity and insincerity are other names for truth and falsehood.

An interesting Passage in Napoleon's History.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at a hotel. He found himself very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expenses of his illness. The hostess, untouched by his destitute condition, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a mattress and a chair, and all the sustenance she provided was a little barley-water. She refused to call a physician, fearing that she should be expected to defray the expenses.

It happened that the first floor of the hotel was occupied by two ladies of Geneva, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiee, who were visiting Lyons for the benefit of the air. They were both advanced in

years, the latter being nearly fifty. These two ladies were agreeable and well informed. The fate of the young soldier interested all the servants of the hotel; and the particulars of his friendless condition soon reached the ears of the younger lady, through her maid, who informed her, at the same time, of the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital.

The servant succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would defray all expenses, and that it was her pleasure that the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane waiting-maid, meanwhile, never quitted the room of the invalid in whom she had taken so much interest.

Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment,—so that, when he recovered his senses, he was so greatly astonished at finding himself in a well-furnished chamber, that he thought he must be dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question; but she contented herself with replying, that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended to.

Days, and even weeks, passed thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something which commanded respect — which, perhaps, even excited fear. The maid then named her mistress, and with all possible delicacy related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiee, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude. He was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life.

Mademoiselle Agiee consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him a visit. She remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read to him till he should no longer be forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted the proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. She spent some hours of every day with the convalescent, who listened to her eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking.

He did not seem easily inclined to confidence; and it was not till some time had elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardor it was impossible for him to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiee, who smiled, as she listened to him. "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall, one of these days, see you a colonel."

"Colonel!" replied he, in a tone of indignation; "I shall be a general, and *perhaps* —" But he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say.

"Until now," said his kind friend, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your family or your country. By your accent, I conceive

you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment."

"I am a Corsican," replied the young soldier; "and my name is Napoleon Bonaparte."

Mademoiselle Agiee became every day more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. You will hear of me." He departed, and his friend returned with her mother to Geneva.

The name of Napoleon soon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiee, in reading the papers, exulted in the success of her *protégé* who, meanwhile, seemed entirely to have forgotten her.

Years passed thus away, when, some time before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town in the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, where he was to stop a few hours on his way to Italy. He sent an aid-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady named Agiee, very old and ugly, and to bring her to him. The aid-de-camp soon succeeded in finding her. She had become nearly blind, and seldom quitted her own house; but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger.

Bonaparte was impatient, and went to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff. As soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her; and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiee, on this rencounter, may be more easily imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, turning toward his suite, "you see my benefactress—her to whom I am indebted for life. I was destitute of every thing, when she succored me; and I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and shall never forget it." Napoleon passed two hours with her, when he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons: "You will hear of me."

From that hour to the epoch of Napoleon's coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before that event, General Huelin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiee. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory. She was permitted to take nothing more with her than was indispensable during the journey, and in spite of her age and infirmities, she set off the day after the general's arrival.

On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Carrousel, opposite to the palace of the Tuileries. There she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte: in short, a completely-furnished mansion, and a well-stocked wardrobe, had been prepared for her. Bonaparte had recollected even her favorite colors, and had omitted nothing that he imagined could give her pleasure. She had a long audience with Napoleon, and he assigned her, beside a house, carriage, and domestics, at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs.

On the fall of Bonaparte, she lost the house and other advantages he had conferred on her; but her pension was regularly paid by his agents till her death, which took place in the year 1822, in a hotel in Paris.

God in the Storm.

"Did you hear the storm last night, my child,
As it burst o'er the midnight sky,
When the thunder rattled loud and wild,
And the lightning flickered by?"
"I heard no tempest, mother mine!
I was buried in slumber sweet;
Dreaming I stood in the soft moonshine,
With flowers about my feet."

"Can it be, my child, that you did not hear
The roar of the tempest's breath,
As it scattered the rent leaves far and near,
In many an eddying wreath?"
"No, mother; my happy sleep was full
Of gentle and holy things—
Shapes that were graceful and beautiful,
And the music of angels' wings."

"Yet the storm was hard, my darling child;
There was death on the hurrying blast;
And vapors dark overhead were piled,
As the hoarse wind bellowed past."
"I thought not of clouds, my mother dear,
When I rose from my nurse's knee;
You taught me that God is ever near,—
So what danger could I see?"

Anecdotes of Bees.

A curious instance of the sagacity of bees is thus related by a farmer of Pennsylvania. "My bees, above all the other tenants of my farm, attract my attention and respect. Unfortunately, the king-bird destroys great numbers of them. At the time of swarming, flocks of these birds fix themselves on the neighboring trees, to catch the bees that return loaded from the field. On one occasion of this kind, a bunch of bees, as large as my fist, issued from one of the hives, rushed on one of these birds, and probably stung him, for he instantly screamed and flew away. The bees followed him to some distance, and then returned to the swarm. The bird then returned, and snapped up as many as he wanted. I killed him from curiosity, to see how many of my poor bees had fallen victims to his rapacity; and, opening his maw, I took from it one hundred and seventy-one! I laid them all on a blanket in the sun, and, to my great surprise, fifty-four returned to life, licked themselves clean, and joyfully went back to the hive, where they probably informed their companions of such an adventure and escape as had never happened before to American bees!"

In Switzerland, the traveller often sees a man trudging up the mountains with a hive of bees on his back. The people move the bees, because change of place is considered good for them. In France, the bee-hives are put into a boat,—some hundreds together,—which floats down the stream by night, and stops by day. The bees go out in the morning, return in the evening, and when they are all quietly at home, the boat floats on.

One day, a horse, belonging to a farmer in England, strayed from his yard into an adjoining garden, and threw down a hive of bees, who instantly attacked him with great fierceness. The poor horse kicked and plunged violently, and a man went out to his rescue. He succeeded

in getting hold of the horse; but had scarcely done so, when the bees attacked him, covering his head, and face, and every exposed part of his body. It was in vain that he strove to beat them off. Wet clothes were thrown over him, and other means were resorted to, but it was a long time before the enemy left him. He expired on his way home, and the horse died the next evening.

An author upon India gives us the following curious account: "A large swarm of bees having fixed their abode on the ceiling of a veranda, we wished to collect the honey. Hearing of a man who had a peculiar art in obtaining it, we sent for him, and desired him to bring down the honey. He took some of the plant called *toolsy*, and rubbed it over his face, body, arms, and hands; he then chewed a little, and held a small sprig of it in his mouth. With no other than this apparently slight defence, he mounted a ladder, with a large dish in one hand and a sharp knife in the other; and though as thinly clad as his class usually are, with thousands of bees swarming round his naked body, with the greatest *sang froid* he cut through the upper part of the comb, where it was suspended to the roof, and receiving the whole of it in his dish, brought it down, without suffering a single sting!"

The Scots' Magazine, for 1776, mentions a curious instance of power over bees. "A Mr. Wildman gave notice to Dr. Templeman, of Plymouth, that he would pay him a visit, on a certain afternoon, in his bee-dress. Several ladies and gentlemen, hearing of his intended visit, assembled on the appointed day at the doctor's house. About five o'clock, Mr. Wildman came, brought through the city in a chair, his head and face almost covered with bees, and a most venerable beard of them hanging down from his chin. The company were soon convinced that they need not be afraid of the insects, and therefore went up familiarly and conversed with Mr. Wildman. After some time, he gave orders to the bees to retire to their hive, which he had brought with him; and this they did with the utmost precipitation.

"On one occasion, when covered with his friendly bees, Mr. Wildman desired that three fierce mastiffs should be set at him. Accordingly, as one of them advanced upon him, he detached two bees from his dress, which immediately stung the dog on his nose and flank — the dog retiring very much daunted. The second animal was received and discomfited in the same manner; while the third, seeing the ill success of his predecessors, slunk away with his tail between his legs."

The humble-bee is tormented by a kind of mite, which is sometimes found upon them in great numbers. They have recourse to a most amusing contrivance to get rid of them. A bee, thus annoyed, will go to an ant-hill, and then kick and scratch till the ants come out to see what is the matter. Before they drive their noisy visitor away, the ants seize upon the mites and carry them off as a prize; and the bee, as soon as it is set free from its enemies, flies away contented.

He who rises late, never does a good day's work.

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.

The President's House at Washington.

The President's House,

AT WASHINGTON.

THIS is a large and lofty edifice, situated on the northern bank of the River Potomac, a mile from the Capitol, the building where Congress meets. Near it are four buildings, devoted to the departments of State, War, Navy, and Treasury. It stands on a slight elevation, and commands a fine view of the Potomac and its banks. The grounds around are pleasantly laid out, and are ornamented with trees, shrubs, and walks.

The rooms in the house are large and lofty, and appear very handsome. The President resides here: here he receives foreign ministers; and here he holds council with the members of his cabinet. His large evening parties are called *levees.*

The President's House is, on the whole, handsome and agreeable, though it is very inferior to the palaces of kings and princes of Europe. When foreigners come to this country, and compare the residence of our chief magistrate with the dwellings of their own sovereigns, they think it quite mean. But when we consider, that the object of government is to make the people happy, and not to pamper the pride of kings, we may be rather gratified than annoyed at the comparisons of those who are brought up to admire and worship royalty.

DON'T value a gem by what it is set in.

Rule the appetite, and temper the tongue.

Look twice ere you determine once.

Alexander the Great.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, on being asked how he had been able, at so early an age, and in so short a period, to conquer such vast regions, and establish so great a name, replied,—

"I used my enemies so well, that I compelled them to be my friends; and I treated my friends with such constant regard, that they were unalterably attached to me."

He once degraded an officer of distinction, by removing him to an inferior situation. Some time after, he asked the officer how he liked his new office.

"It is not the station," said the officer, "which gives consequence to the man, but the man to the station. No situation can be so trifling, as not to require wisdom and virtue in the performance of its duties."

The monarch was so pleased with this answer, that he restored him to his former rank.

WIT.—A medical practitioner, in a country town in Scotland, undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another had been prescribed, but still the patient was shut out from hearing from his fellow-man. "I've just come ance mair to ye, doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye can gie John something better, for the last bottle ye gied him did him nae gude at a'!"

"Dear me," said the doctor, "did it no? I am surprised at that! But it matters little; for there's naething gauen worth the *hearing*, just now."

Alfred Poole.

THESE lines are inserted in compliance with the request of Alfred.

WHEN Alfred Poole
First went to school,
He was but scarcely seven;
Yet knew as well
To read and spell
As most boys of eleven.

He took his seat,
And wrote quite neat,
Nor ever idly acted;
And then, beside,
He multiplied,
Divided, and subtracted.

The master said,
And stroked his head,
"If thus you persevere,
My little friend,
You may depend
Upon a prize next year."

Scotch Degrees.

WHEN the University of St. Andrew's *sold* her honors, a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable, and more useful, if he possessed what the Germans call *the doctor*, had put fifteen pounds in his purse, and went to St. Andrew's to purchase for himself a good degree. His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honor. On his return, the "doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows: "Noo, Saunders, ye'll ay be sure to ca' me *the doctor*, and gin ony body spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll be ay sure to say, 'The doctor's in his study,' or 'The doctor's engaged,' or 'The doctor will see you in a crack.'"

"That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me *doctor* too."

The reverend doctor stared.

"Ay, its just so," continued the other; "for when I found that it cost so little, I e'en got a diploma mysel'. Sae ye'll just be good enough to say, 'Doctor, put on some coals,' or 'Doctor, bring me some whisky and hot water;' and gin ony body spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll be ay sure to say, 'The doctor's in the stable,' or 'The doctor's digging potatoes,' as the case may be!"

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.—Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's shop, near Charing Cross, in London, when one of them got out, leaving the coach standing across the pathway. Some gentlemen, wanting to pass over to the other side, desired the coachman to move on a little. The fellow was surly, and refused. The gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop-door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach door, and, with boots and spurs, stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed, that "if it was a thoroughfare, they had as much right as the gemmen," and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.

Jealousy.

A GENTLEMAN calling upon an old-bachelor acquaintance, in Berkshire, England, was kindly received, and invited to dinner. A stroll in the garden was proposed; and on returning to the parlor, the guest observed plates set for three. After conjecturing who was to be the third at the table, the dinner was served up; and when the host and his friend sat down, up jumped the cat from the hearth-rug, and took possession of the third chair. The bachelor helped his visitor, and had no sooner done so, than puss sprang at his face, and, in her fury, nearly scratched his eyes out. The cause of this violent attack was as follows: The gentleman and the cat had long lived the sole companions of each other; and a plate was always put on the table for madam puss, who, accustomed to be served first, was disappointed, and, jealous of the preference shown to the stranger, evinced her displeasure in thus clawing and wounding his unfortunate visage.

The Silk-Worm.

THE great care bestowed upon this creature, in China, is shown in the following extract from an old work: "The place where their habitation is built must be retired, free from noisome and ugly cattle, and all noises; as a noisome smell, or the least fright, makes great impressions upon so tender a breed. Even the barking of dogs, and the crowing of cocks, are capable of putting them in disorder when they are newly hatched. For the purpose of paying them every attention, an affectionate mother is provided for their wants; she is called Isaumon, mother of the worms. She takes possession of the chamber, but not till she has washed herself and put on clean clothes which have not the least ill smell; she must not have eaten any thing before, or have handled any wild succory, the smell of which is very prejudicial; she must be clothed in a plain habit without any lining, that she may be more sensible of the warmth of the place, and accordingly increase or lessen the fire; but she must carefully avoid making a smoke, or raising a dust, which would be very offensive to these tender creatures, which must be carefully minded before the first time of casting their slough."

During the first twenty-four hours of the silk-worm's existence, the patient Chinese feeds the objects of her care forty-eight times a day; during the second or third day, thirty times; and so on, reducing the number of meals as the worm grows older.

AN AGED INFANT. — An honest peasant woman lived, not long since, in the north of France, at the advanced age of a hundred years. She lost one of her children who had reached the age of eighty. "Ah!" said the old woman, weeping for her recent loss, "I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!"

DOGS wag their tails, not so much for *you*, as for your bread.

Empty vessels make the greatest sound.

Our Correspondence.

As we were very busy last month, we were unable to make due acknowledgment for the favors showered upon us by our little correspondents. We now sit down to discharge this agreeable part of our duty.

R. R. will find that we have complied with his request, and inserted "Grongar Hill," with a notice of its author. We add R. R.'s lines, entitled

"CANDOR.

"SWEET to the scent the smiling brier, —
Yet, touched, it gives us pain;
The streamlet we so much admire
Is oft distained with rain.

"The painting that delights the eye
To shade its beauty owes;
On the same shrub, conjoined, we spy
The thorn and blushing rose.

"No mortal ever yet was made
From imperfection free;
Angels, perchance, may have their shade;
Heaven wills it thus to be.

"Then mercy to the sinning show,
As you would be forgiven;
The best man's lot, alas! were woe,
Were mercy not in heaven."

The following is sent by a boy ten years old, and we cheerfully give it a place: —

THE ADVENTURES OF A SNOW-FLAKE.

WHEN I first became aware of my existence, I found myself floating in the air with a thousand of my companions. I gradually descended to the ground, and lay there some time, when a company of boys came out of doors to play; and having resolved upon a game at snowball, one of them, standing near me, caught me up, with a multitude of my companions, and rolled us up together. Away I was thrown through the air, and hit another boy's cap, where I stuck fast. But I had not been there long, when the sun struck upon me, and I melted away.

Then I have a faint remembrance of being drawn up into the air, and wafted about I hardly knew how or where. But after a time, I was rejoiced to find myself in my former condition, as pretty shaped a flake as you will ever see, going down gently to the ground. But, before I reached it, I chanced to alight on a gentleman's hat, as he was passing along. There I staid very quietly a little while, till the gentleman bowed to a friend, when down I fell with many of my associates. No sooner had I got fairly settled after my fall, than a giddy boy whisked one of the runners of his sled over my back, and gave me a terrible blow. But I contrived to keep together, though somewhat crushed; and soon a sweet little girl came along and picked me up, and said I looked very white and beautiful. I liked the compliment so well, that I clung to her glove, though she tried to throw me off. Presently, the little girl went into a school-house, where I was greatly amused with the boys and girls whom I saw coming in and going out. But pretty soon the little girl took off her cloak, bonnet, and gloves, and put them in a dark closet, where, before long, I was melted to a water-drop.

When school was dismissed, the boys and girls rushed into the closet to get their things — my little girl among the rest. I still stuck to her glove; but as soon as I got into the open air, I passed away in vapor. Again I made a long journey through the air; but after a while, I resumed my old snow-dress, and hastened away to the earth. It so happened, that a covered sleigh was passing where I intended to alight, — so I came to anchor on the top of the sleigh. But I had not enjoyed the ride long, before a jolt of the sleigh cast me plump on a sidewalk. There a little fellow seized me, to help make up a snowball, which he threw at another boy who

was coasting down a bank. The ball fell to pieces by the side of the track, and set me free. There I was till the warm weather of spring came, when I took my departure, and shall not put on my white robes again till another winter prepares them for me.

We are glad to hear about Taunton, from our friend D. W. H. I should like to visit the manufactories of brick, cotton, mouseline de laines, nails, tacks, Britannia ware, &c. I suppose it was the *Taunton River* in England, that was *so weak as not to be able to run down hill*, and not your Taunton River, D. W. H.? It must be pretty considerable smart water that can turn so many manufactories as you speak of!

I shall be glad to hear that the good friends to temperance have succeeded in reforming "Bend Hollow." Please let us know when the good work is done.

Our young correspondent from Charlestown will find a few simple lines, entitled Alfred Poole, which we have inserted for the pleasure of her brother Alfred, and of all other children, who, like him, have just learned to read. We intend each number to contain a few sugar-plums for such customers.

The youth who sends us the following bears a name justly honored in Virginia, and I hope he may live to add to its celebrity: —

Warrenton, Fauquier Co., Va., 1845.

My dear Mr. Merry:

As I find you encourage little boys to write you letters and send puzzles, I take the liberty of sending you two, and hope you will think them worthy of being admitted into your Museum. You will see, from the date of this letter, that I am a Virginian, and I will give you a short description of the place where I live.

It is near the beautiful village of Warrenton, which is surrounded by mountainous and picturesque scenery; where the society is very refined and cultivated, and where we have a large and admirable school, kept there by Mr. Richard M. Smith, who employs the best classical teachers; and we are blessed with health, and every opportunity for getting a good education. We are seven miles from the celebrated Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, which is a beautiful place, and a great resort for strangers during the summer season. And during our August vacation, I frequently have the opportunity of going there, and witnessing their amusements; among others, the tournament, where a number of knights, beautifully dressed and elegantly mounted, with long lances, ride at full speed, to carry off a ring which is suspended in the air. The knight who is successful enough to take off the ring three times in succession, places a beautiful garland of flowers on the brow of the lady whom he selects as the queen of love and beauty. At night there follows a fancy ball, in which a great many characters are well sustained.

I fear I have made my letter too long, and will not trespass longer upon your patience.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES P—— C——.

Puzzle No. 1.

Two thirds of a house where travellers eat;
Two fifths of that which all creatures must meet;
A thing that helps our minds to discover;
A place where wild beasts do frequently hover;
A letter that stands for a hundred alone;
Another, in use exceeded by none.
These, carefully joined, will show you, quite plain,
What my ancestors fought for and nobly did gain.

Puzzle No. 2.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 1, 3, 7, is what is used for punishment at sea.

My 10, 2, 9, 4, 12, 15, is a species of fruit.

My 3, 10, 4, 9, is the largest division of square measure.

My 2, 14, 12, 8, is the male of the deer.

My 10, 2, 14, 12, 8, is a table of reference.

My 2, 3, 7, is a part of a gentleman's dress.

My 9, 14, 12, is the organ of one of the senses.

My 4, 14, 7, is a quadruped.

My 7, 9, 3, is a refreshing beverage.

And my whole is the name of a celebrated French woman, whose history is published in Merry's Museum.

The following will be read with pleasure by all our young friends: —

Harvard, A. D. 1845.

My dear Sir:

My father takes the Museum for me and my sisters; and I like it very much. I like "Dick Boldhero," and every thing else in it. I am a boy ten years old, who has three sisters, and one brother. My name is Stephen B. F——, and I live in the town of Harvard, which is bounded on one side by the Nashua River.

I have studied a History of the United States, and Telemachus, and the Henriade, a poem, by Voltaire; all of them in French. I am now studying a history of the Ancient Philosophers, in French. This work is very interesting, and I will give you some specimens of it.

They relate that Epimenides' father one day sent him to find a lost sheep. Well, he, having found it, entered into a cavern, about noon, to shelter him from the heat, and slept there fifty-seven years. When he waked up, he looked around to find his sheep; but it was not there. He ran out, and found the face of Nature entirely changed. He proceeded to the place whence he had taken the sheep. He found that the house had changed its owner, and that no one knew what he wished to say. He went, all affrighted, to the city of his residence. Every where new faces met his eye. He entered his father's house, and there they demanded of him who he was, and what he wanted.

It was with much difficulty that he made his brother know him, who was a little boy when he went away; but now was an old man. Well, what do you think was the result of this? It was this: Epimenides was immediately thought the favorite of the gods. Those who did not know him supposed that he occupied these fifty-seven years in travelling to foreign countries, and in the acquisition of knowledge.

I will now tell the death of a philosopher named Empedocles. The story of this philosopher is related very differently. The most common opinion is, that, as he had a very extraordinary desire to make himself pass for a god, and as he saw some people disposed to believe him divine, he resolved to sustain this opinion to the end of life. It was for this that, when he began to feel burdened with old age, he wished to terminate his life by something miraculous. After having healed a woman of Agrigentum, named Pante, who had been abandoned by all her physicians as about to die, he prepared a solemn sacrifice, to which he invited more than eighty persons. To make them believe that he had disappeared, as soon as the feast was ended, and each had gone, some under the trees, others elsewhere, he mounted, without saying any thing, to the top of Mount Ætna, and cast himself into the flames!

This same philosopher believed in the transmigration of souls. He said he remembered having been a little girl, afterwards a fish, then a bird, and even a plant. I forgot to say that, as he always wore brass sandals, when he jumped into Mount Ætna, one of his sandals was cast out by the violence of the flames. Thus poor Empedocles, instead of passing for a god, was discovered to be only a cheat.

I will now make a quotation from the history of Aristippus. A certain man led to him his son, to be instructed, and prayed him to have great care of him. Aristippus demanded of him fifty drachms.

"What! fifty drachms?" answered the father of the child. "Why, that is enough to buy a slave!"

"Very well, go and buy one," answered Aristippus, "and you will have two."

I will now add a riddle, which has puzzled me a good deal: —

"I am long, and laid in lots;
I am short, and full of spots.
I am fat, I am lean,
Once was dirty, now am clean."

Your affectionate friend,
STEPHEN B. F——,
a constant reader.

Here is a long letter from the great, long, wide, far-off West! The writer will make a figure yet.

Galena, Illinois, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

Respected Sir,

I HAVE to-day received the January number of your very interesting and instructive work, combining, as my Latin Grammar has it somewhere, "*utile cum dulce*," which, I suppose, being interpreted freely, means the useful with the agreeable.

I look with pleasing anticipation to the arrival of each monthly number, and am always sure to be repaid for the perusal. I do wonder where you manage to pick up such a variety of interesting matter. I suppose it is all true, or nearly all: perhaps you may embellish it a little, but it is none the worse for that.

We are all locked up at present (not in jail but) by the ice and snow. By the way, it is not such a dreadful thing to be locked up in jail either, if it should be in the neighborhood of Mr. Stetson, and somebody else, who keep the Astor House in New York, particularly if New Year's should come round every month or so. But, Mr. Merry, what *do* you think of the *morality* of that proceeding of Mr. Stetson & Co., to send such a fine dinner to three people in jail, in New York, to make their time pass pleasantly, when they are put in jail for the very purpose of being punished because they will not or cannot pay their debts. Why did not the public authorities interfere?

But, to return: I suppose you have never seen Galena, Mr. Merry. Well, it is rather a curious-looking place, surrounded by some of the "everlasting hills" that we read of, and by a great many valuable lead mines, too. The prospect from some of these hills is very fine; but there is one circumstance, or peculiarity, connected with this place. In most other places, people seek the most elevated summits for a fine prospect; but the finest "prospects" here are underground, and some of them pretty deep too. In order to understand the wit of this, you must know, that the miners call their discoveries of minerals in the crevices, before they find the main body, a "prospect."

You know, Mr. Merry, that we are within a few miles of the Mississippi. Perhaps you have never seen this father, or, I may say indeed, this *grand*-father of waters. If you have not, then, with all your experience and learning, and opportunity of seeing the world and its wonders, I have the advantage of you; although you have some considerable rivers in your part of the world, as I learn from my geography. Yet, although this is a more newly-settled country, I doubt if you have any thing equal to the Mississippi; and it is a most fortunate circumstance, that it happens to run *right by* so many large towns; it is certainly a great advantage. It is the most tearing-downest river, certainly, that I ever saw. Somebody said once, "that the western rivers were frozen over one half of the year, and dried up the other half." He must have been a *monstrous little* man, to make such a remark, and *powerful weak* too, for it is not the fact; so far from it, the fact is quite the reverse!

I suppose we do have the weather a little colder here, in proportion to the population, than you have, and sometimes our rivers, in this region, *are* frozen over for some months; but it is not true of the Mississippi, that it is dry six months in the year, by some considerable.

I see you have a conundrum occasionally in your Museum, and I have amused myself in trying to solve them. Now, I will give you one, Mr. Merry, and see if somebody can solve it. "Why is a good loaf like the sun?"

Because it rises from the *yeast* (east)! This is not my own, but the solution is. The solution I saw given to it was, "Because it is light when it rises." Now do you not think mine is as good as this? I suppose you can keep these answers out (No, I cant. R. M.), and see if any body can guess them, if you think them worth the trouble.

My dear Mr. Merry, I do not mean to be impertinent, but will you allow me to inquire whether you are related to Mr. Peter Parley? He lived somewhere in your part of the country; and if you are not, whether you know him, and can tell me whether the old gentleman is yet living. His name and memory live, if he does not. I would go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, almost, to see that man; and, to my mind, you are a great deal like him, *only more so!* I doubt not, that I shall soon begin to think as much of you, particularly if you happen to be related to him.

Please set my mind at rest on these points without delay. Pray excuse me, Mr. Merry, for being so free with you; but you seem so free and sociable yourself, that, although I have never seen you, it appears to me you are like an old and familiar acquaintance. It is time we were acquainted, at any rate; and as I am not ceremonious, nor disposed to stand upon etiquette, and do not know of any body who can introduce me, I here offer you my hand, and introduce myself as one of your ardent and affectionate admirers and friends, by the name of

FRANKLIN B.

P. S. I had very nearly forgotten to say that I enclose one dollar, for my subscription for the coming year. If your Museum continues as good as it has been heretofore, I shall be satisfied. Don't make it any better: I couldn't stand it.

My father likes it very much. I never heard him say a word of disapprobation, except in regard to the article upon "whiskers." He thought that might just as well have been omitted; *some* folks might consider it personal, inasmuch as some people *do* wear them, and think they have a right to do so; and even think — some folks do — that it improves their appearance. My father wears whiskers; but that, of course, has nothing to do with the propriety of publishing that article. He would have thought just the same about it, but *might not* have said any thing. To be candid with you, my mother could not see much wit in it, and spoke rather disparagingly of it. I may observe, that I have heard my mother speak rather admiringly of my father's whiskers, — but that's neither here nor there.

Mr. Merry, I shake hands with you, sir. I am proud of your acquaintance, and have been very much profited by reading your Museum, and I feel greatly obliged to you. I am but a boy now; but I am growing up rapidly, and in a few years, if I live, I shall be a man; and I hope to be a useful member of society. And I mean to try to secure a name that will not make my father blush to hear, nor my children either, if I ever have any. Good by, and God bless you.

F. B.

Our thanks are due to the lady from whom this pleasant ballad comes; not for this only, but for other good stories that have formerly enlivened the pages of the Museum.

Lancaster, Mass., March 9, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

MY little girl (who is one of your readers) was so much amused with the following story in prose, I "thought it would tell pretty nearly as well" in rhyme; and, moreover, that some other of your numerous juvenile readers might like to read it. Perhaps it is too long for insertion: if so, please throw it aside. A FRIEND.

JAMES THE FIFTH AND FARMER JOHNNY.

'TIS said by Scott, the famed Sir Walter,
Whose "tales" no pen would dare to alter,
That James the Fifth, devoid of censure,
Once had a very queer adventure.

He laid aside his costume regal,
(Whatever *kings* may do is legal;)
And leaving, for a time, things royal,
He went about like subject loyal.

One day his majesty was walking,
And met a band of gypsies, talking,
Who, with their gibbering nonsense, ruffled
His temper, till they fairly scuffled.

A farmer, who some grain was pounding
Within his barn, heard noise astounding,
And, stopping his unmeaning clatter,
With flail in hand sought out the matter.

He saw at once what moved his pity, —
The lawless, vagabond banditti
An unprotected man abusing;
He seeking mercy, they refusing.

The farmer's eyes flashed indignation,
To see the stranger's perturbation;
And, heeding not the gypsies' railing,
He gave them a tremendous flailing.

The king admired the farmer's spirit,
And, feeling he must surely merit
Thanks for this well-timed flagellation,
He entered into conversation.

Finding the farmer's great ambition
Now was, to better his condition,
And own the farm he then was tilling,
Nor owe for it a single shilling, —

The king replied, with thanks most fervent,
Being the king's most trusty servant,
Within the palace, Farmer Johnny,
If he would come, should see sights "bonny."

We hope it was the following Monday,
Tho' Scott affirms it was on Sunday,
Johnny set forth in gay attire, —
Who e'er had expectations higher?

Disguised, as for his daily travels,
(For thus the story here unravels,)
King James stood at the postern's centre,
Greeted his friend, and bade him enter.

The farmer saw surprising wonders,
And made, alas! some grievous blunders.
At length, his majesty inquired
"If John to see the king aspired."

"He surely did; but how in nature
Was he to know by form or feature,
Which, in the room as they were seated,
Would be the *king?* John might be cheated!"

The king replied, "if John was daring,
And looked around him without staring,
He'd see a *hat* on him he dreaded;
But all the rest would be *bareheaded.*"

The nobles, who had heard a rumor
Of John's arrival, sat with humor,
But with the gravest, judge-like faces,
Watching the rustic's queer grimaces.

At last his majesty said slyly,
"Which is the king?" John answered dryly,
"Why you or me's the king." "Well done, John!
For we two only have got hats on."

Scott says that John, the home-bred rustic,
Made a reply so shrewdly caustic,
The king laughed loudly, shook his hand,
And made him owner of his land.

East Bridgewater, April 10, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

THIS year, I subscribed for your Museum for the first time, and think it to be the most interesting work I ever read. It is so replete with wit, anecdote, and pleasant stories, that I do not think I shall pass a year without it while it is continued. I have found out the answer to the puzzle from Bath in the last number, and send the answer in verse.

Answer to the Puzzle in your last.

My dear Mr. Merry, your puzzle is a thing
That relates to a good old ship-carpenter king;
Among the brave monarchs of Russia's proud state,
There is none can compare with good *Peter the Great.*

Medford, February 10, 1845.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I AM so much interested with your pleasing stories in the Museum, that I con-

cluded to write to you, and send you the answers to the puzzles in your last number. The answer to the first is "Thanksgiving," and that of the second is "Happy New Year." As puzzles are very amusing to me, as I suppose they are to many of your subscribers, I now take the liberty of sending you one, which, if you consider trifling, please pay no attention to it.

I am composed of nine letters.

My 4, 8, 1, 4, is a church in Scotland.

My 2, 7, 1, is a pronoun.

My 6, 7, 8, 3, 4, is living flesh.

My 9, 8, 1, 4, is an implement of war.

My 3, 2, 1, 4, is the name of a tree and its bark.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 9, is a fish.

My 5, 8, 1, is a word of respect in compellation.

My 9, 7, 3, 4, is a word of fondness.

My whole is an animal capable of sailing, swimming, flying, and creeping on the earth.

From your affectionate subscriber,

D. W. L*******.

We acknowledge the receipt of letters from E. B. of Boston; W. W. of Bath; and one without a name from a subscriber at New Orleans. We have also received a foolish note from this latter place, taxing us with twenty-five cents postage. It was designed as a hoax; but does not the unhappy writer know that this kind of wit indicates great meanness of spirit, and, as it takes away my money against my will, is an act of positive *theft?* If he does not know these things, then he is without a conscience; and if he does know these things, then he has not an honest or enlightened conscience.

The lengthened favors of our correspondents have crowded out our music for June. We beg them to take the following songs of Summer in their place, till next month: —

Summer.

Sister, there is no season
  Like *summer* time to me;
O, were it always summer,
  How happy should I be!

I love among the meadows
  To see the flocks and herds,
And in our woods and gardens
  To hear the song of birds.

I love to tend the flowers,
  When gardens are in bloom
I love to see their colors,
  And smell their sweet perfume

'Tis pleasant round the country
  To ramble far and wide,
With little brother Francis,
  Or Richard, at my side.

Then, in such pleasant weather,
  Not e'en the poor and old,
Though they have little clothing,
  Can suffer from the cold.

We then play through the meadows,
  Or bathe us in the sea;
O, were it always summer,
  How happy I should be!

The Rose.

"Dear mother," said a little boy,
  "This rose is sweet and red;
Then tell me, pray, the reason why
  I heard you call it dead.

"I did not think it was alive;
  I never heard it talk;
Nor did I ever see it strive
  To run about and walk."

"My dearest boy," the mother said,
  "This rose grew on a tree;
But now its leaves begin to fade,
  And all fall off, you see.

"Before, when growing on the bough,
  So beautiful and red,
We say it lived; but with'ring, now,
  We say, the rose is dead."

ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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Fire.

As this is the hottest month of the year, we propose to give an article upon *fire;* and, as we have a serious application to make of our subject, we hope the *feelings* of the reader will make the lesson which we desire to enforce sink deeply into his mind.

There is an old adage which says that "fire is a good servant, but a bad master." That this is true, will appear from the facts we are about to state.

Fire is the result of an element diffused through all substances, called *heat.* If you strike a flint against a steel, sparks of fire fly out; which shows that a great deal of heat exists even in cold metal. So there is heat, though in a latent or hidden state, in the stones, the ground, the trees, the clouds, and the very air. Even in ice there is a great deal of this hidden heat. Thus all things are imbued with it more or less.

But the most wonderful thing in respect to heat is this — that learned men believe that the whole internal mass of our world is a red-hot, melted mass of stones, earths, and metals! They suppose, indeed, that the earth we live upon is a vast ball of red-hot matter, like volcanic lava, with a shell or rind on the outside, just cool enough for animals and plants to live upon!

The reasons for this belief are — *First,* that volcanoes, in different parts of the

earth, frequently send out red-hot lava, which seems like a liquid pouring out of a bottle; and it is supposed that this lava is only a part of the burning bowels of the earth, which is pressed out at the opening in the mountains: *Second*, that the deeper we dig into the earth, the warmer it grows. Men have sunk mines one fourth of a mile into the earth; and, at the bottom of these, they find it so much hotter, that, according to calculation, they would get to melted stones at the depth of less than a hundred miles. So it is thought, by some, that our earthy crust is only about a hundred miles thick! Besides all this, it appears that many of the present rocks and mountains of the earth were once melted so as to flow almost like water. If any of our readers have seen the *pudding-stone*, at Roxbury, near Boston, they have remarked that it was a vast mass of rocks, looking like pudding, in which the plums consisted of millions of rounded pebbles, of various sizes. Near my present residence is one of these rocks, forty feet high, and big enough to feed fifty thousand giants, even though they had all a digestion suited to such delicacies. If any of my little friends doubt the fact, let them come and see me, and I will make the rock speak for itself upon this point.

Well, these pudding-rocks have all been melted; and the supposition is, that they were once deep down in the earth, where they were liquefied by the intense heat; but they have been thrown up to the top by the turmoil of the elements, and become cool and hard. In all parts of the earth, there are similar evidences of the effect of fire. In the north of Ireland, and west of Scotland, there are whole acres of ground covered with rocks which have evidently been melted, and, when cooled, they were formed, by a process of crystallization, into regular five and seven-sided pillars. Such facts as these serve to show that, in long-past ages, nearly every part of the present land-surface of the globe has been steeped in an ocean of lava, from which it has been thrown up, and, by parting with its heat, or caloric, has become cool and hard.

These are some of the reasons for supposing that we inhabit a mighty world of melted matter, which is only skinned over by a rind of earth and rocks — just as a cocoa-nut has a milky fluid, enclosed by a hard shell.

Now, this idea is a fearful one, if we fail to consider that we are all in the hands of a benignant Father, who has built this house for us, and appointed it as our dwelling-place. If we have no faith, no confidence, no trust, in that Father, how terrific is the thought that we dwell upon the shell of a volcanic abyss, and that a hundred miles beneath our feet is an unfathomable mass of liquid fire! If this be so, we may talk of the everlasting hills, and the eternal mountains, but such language is vain; for the hills and the mountains themselves have been deluged, not by water only, but by raging seas of lava; and what has been may be again.

If, however, we look to the providence of God, and study his ways aright, then, though we shall feel our own insignificance, we shall be impressed with the benignity and wisdom of the Creator, even in view of this doctrine of central fire. Heat, we know, is the great instrument of life. By this, the trees, the shrubs, and the plants, spring into existence. Banish heat, and the whole vegetable kingdom perishes

from the face of the earth. The same is true of animal life; heat is the power by which it exists. The elephant and the lizard, the whale and the minnow, the bird of the forest and the insect of the breeze, alike live through the power of heat. Without it, every thing that moves would sink into everlasting silence and death.

We regard the sun, generally, not only as the fountain of light, but as that also of heat. When, during the winter months, it retires to the south, summer vanishes, the flowers die, and every thing seems rushing into a state of desolation. The whole vegetable kingdom is laid to repose; and from this it would never awake, but for the return of the sun, which chases back the frost and the tempest, and restores the soft, flowery dominion of spring.

But although the sun is, in some mysterious way, connected with the production of heat, it is thought that, but for the supply also derived from the great bonfire in the bowels of the earth, our planet would be covered with everlasting snows, and, in short, be as little habitable as a big lump of ice!

These are some of the speculations of wise men, and there is little doubt that they are founded in truth. What a beneficent, yet fearful thing, in this view of our subject, is fire! How terrible the thought that we dwell on a vast burning coal-pit! yet how admirable that it is so gauged and so managed by the Creator as to be the beneficent source of the endless beauty and unspeakable bliss scattered over a world peopled with myriads of living, breathing, feeling beings!

If we were to leave these theories, and tell the story of fire as recorded in history, we should still come to the conclusion that, as a master, it is terrible, though exceedingly useful as an instrument of our necessities. How many cities have been laid in ashes by fire, when it has gained the ascendency! There is scarcely a great city in the world that has not again and again been made desolate by this terrible element. Within the present year, and in our own country, how many of our towns have been visited by the devouring flames!

And yet, fearful as are its ravages, what could we do without fire? Even if we could keep our fingers and toes warm in winter, still what should we do for food? If we could eat raw flesh, like savages; if we could forego pies and puddings, toast and tarts, pastry and preserves,—still what should we do for bread, the very staff of life? And what should we do for our tools, if we had no fire by which to forge them? We should be mere savages without knives, axes, saws, files, planes, hammers, or nails, and of course should have no ships, no framed houses, no books,—nothing that belongs to an enlightened and civilized people.

Thus fire is an admirable servant, and no wonder that so many contrivances should have been resorted to by mankind to produce it. Among savages, they light a fire by rubbing two dry sticks together very swiftly. Formerly it was the custom to light a fire by sparks struck from steel, with a flint, into a box of tinder. Of late, friction matches have been invented, and any body supplied with them can light a fire at will. Though this invention is very convenient, yet I fear that it is the source of many of the conflagrations which have recently spread terror and desolation mong many of our towns.

It is a sad thing to reflect that every thing good is often turned by mankind to the purposes of evil. Fire, which is meant to be the benefactor of mankind, has frequently been used for the most wicked purposes. History tells us that men, women, and children, have been tied to a stake, and burned to ashes, because they did not and could not believe in certain religious doctrines! History tells us of a church whose priests and ministers, for hundreds of years, burned to death unbelievers in their doctrines, holding this to be agreeable to Christianity and pleasing to God!

It is probable that these facts will strike most of our readers with horror; but I must say one thing more, which is hardly less shocking. We know that around us, on all sides, there are persons so lost to all sense of humanity, as to set fire to buildings, for the purpose of having opportunities to plunder during the period of the conflagration. Nay, it is clear that *boys* have lately set fire to buildings, and consequently reduced hundreds of dwellings to ashes, only for the *fun* of it! One thing more still. Some children have been so *careless*, of late, that many houses have been reduced to ashes, and the people who lived in them have been made houseless and homeless.

Now, my young friends, I have some practical lessons to draw from this long story about fire. It is a good servant, useful in a thousand ways, if properly employed; but it is a terrible scourge, if turned to the purposes of destruction. It is given to mankind for good, but man has often made it the instrument of evil, either by design or carelessness.

Fire is now at the command of every one who can buy or beg a friction match; *every boy may now carry a conflagration in his pocket.* This state of things calls upon us all for new rules of caution. Thousands of houses have been burned within the last year, either through carelessness or by design, in consequence of the facility of kindling fire by friction matches. Let every one, young and old, therefore, be more careful in future; and let us all inculcate a sense of humanity which may render it impossible for any one to grow up among us so wicked as to set fire to another's dwelling. If we shrink with horror from those dark ages in which man burned his fellow-man for his religious faith, surely we ought also to shrink with fear from the carelessness or the design which would burn down the house, and perhaps consign its inmates to destruction. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" It is said that the late conflagration at Pittsburg, which consumed a thousand houses, and ten millions of property, was caused by the drunkenness of an old woman; and intemperance has often been the occasion of similar evils. Let every one beware of a condition in which he may thus injure his fellow-beings; for drunkenness cannot excuse the mischief to which it leads.

ANECDOTE. — When Napoleon was an officer of artillery, a Prussian officer said in his presence, with much pride, "My countrymen fight only for glory; but Frenchmen fight for money." "You are right," retorted Napoleon; "each nation fights for what it is most in want of."

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER I.

After my return to Boston from my travels in Italy, of which I have given an account in the early volume of Merry's Museum, I made a journey across the American continent to California, by which I acquired considerable information, though my trading speculations did not turn out quite so profitably as I could have wished. Of my adventures on this expedition, I may some time or other give an account. I got home again, after escaping many perils from Indians, Spaniards, bears, and buffaloes; but growing uneasy, like Robinson Crusoe, at home, in a short time I began to wish myself again on my rambles. Just about this time, Captain Scudder, with whom I sailed on my first voyage, had bought a new, fast-sailing brig, and was loading her for Constantinople. It came into my head that I could not do better than to sail with him to that famous city, and then make an excursion into the country, in order to discover, as the Yankee captain said when he steered up the Thames to London, what sort of people lived there. So, without more ado, I purchased a number of bales of Lowell cottons, as an adventure for speculation among the Turks, and took passage with Captain Scudder, in the brig Joyful, for Constantinople.

On this occasion, I shall omit my sea adventures, of which I gave a pretty copious chapter in my former narrative. The Joyful had a prosperous passage; and the sail up the archipelago, among the Greek islands, and through the Hellespont, was delightful; but I cannot stop to give particulars. Constantinople presents a most magnificent view from without, and its harbor is the noblest in the world. The city looks larger than Paris or London, although, in reality, it is smaller than either; but its peculiar situation makes it show to the best advantage. Within, the aspect of the city is not equally favorable; the streets are narrow, crooked, and wretchedly paved; in a great many of them, there is hardly room for two persons to pass each other. The buildings are generally of the Moorish character, with very little variety. They have large projecting roofs, and great jutting wooden porches over the doors and windows. Nearly all of them are built of wood and badly-burnt brick.

The dense crowds of people, passing all day long through the streets, indicate a very great population. Notwithstanding these constantly-moving multitudes, the streets and passages of every description are choked up with all sorts of encumbrances, but chiefly with stalls and baskets, behind which the Turks sit in squatting postures, selling eatables for men and dogs. The human customers are regaled with sweetmeats, fruits, confectionary, and various sorts of pastry. The dog dishes consist of what we Yankees call turnovers, stuffed with materials fit to comfort a dog's stomach, but which I need not describe more particularly. Anecdotes laughable enough are current concerning these bow-wow delicacies. A crew of English sailors once boarded a

tray-full of them, and devoured them all for good Christian pies. They soon discovered the character of the dainty mess which they had swallowed, and the consequences are not to be described by any one but a dog-doctor. We may guess how the Turks laughed at the joke, or rather how they *would have* laughed, were they not of too grave a character to indulge in such levity.

On the subject of dogs, I must say that all the cities I have ever seen must yield the palm to Constantinople. It ought to be named *Dogtown*, for the dogs constitute a regular class of its citizens, and actually give a distinctive tone to the place. Regular squadrons and battalions of them occupy the several quarters of the city, living on the offal and filth of the streets, acting as public scavengers, and keeping up a constant yelling and howling, to which the cries of London and Paris, and the hubbub of Naples, are very small singing. It would really seem as if these animals had a regularly-organized police established among themselves; for no dog, except by accident, goes out of his own district; and whenever any one of them, by an extraordinary cause, leaves his allotted territory to scout elsewhere, the alarm is instantly given in the quarter invaded, and a general barking and growling announce an intruder upon the premises.

The dog population of Constantinople is a great nuisance to the stranger who walks the streets. In the daytime they come swarming around you, — great gaunt-looking tykes, black, brown, red, white, yellow, and gray, indescribably hideous in shape and countenance; and you must look out for your steps, or you will stumble over them to your cost, though they will sometimes crouch, fawn, and slink out of your way. But at night they are really formidable, attacking the passengers with the ferocity of wolves; so that no one need think of venturing abroad without a stout bludgeon or other effective weapon. As to sleeping, in Constantinople, it seems out of the question entirely to a stranger; for the incessant nightly yelling and howling are enough to drive a nervous man mad; but the Turks, who are accustomed to this noise from their infancy, mind it no more than a sailor does the babbling of the waves.

Nothing is more striking than the appearance of a *pacha*, or man of note, passing along the street of the great city. A number of his guards precede him, armed with pistols and cimeters, to clear the way, making no scruple of knocking down every man before them who does not immediately take to his heels. The great man follows them, riding on his fiery Turkish barb, supported on each side by two attendants, and with two in his rear. These grandees amuse themselves by riding up and down through the streets of the bazaars; and all the people exhibit towards them the most abject submission. To describe the national character in a word, whatever in the Turk is not tyrant is slave.

One circumstance strikes the traveller as singular, when looking at the immense population of Constantinople; and this is, that, in the half-million of people that fill the streets of this great city, all appear of one sex. Shopkeeping, and all kinds of trade, are transacted solely by men; and the Turkish women, when they go abroad, have both the face and the body

so enveloped by their dress, that nothing of the female form or features is discernible. The women of the Franks scarcely ever make their appearance in the street. Among these dense masses of people, the profoundest silence seems to prevail; and after seven or eight o'clock in the evening, all the streets are empty, with the exception of a Turk here and there, carrying a long paper lantern. Even if it be a bright moonlight night, this practice is continued; for it is a regulation of the police, that every man who goes out of doors after sunset shall carry a lantern, whether it be dark or not. Besides these paper lanterns, there are no lights whatever to be seen. As the men disappear from the streets, the dogs take possession, and the canine serenade begins.

You may suppose that my first care was to sell off my Lowell cottons. With this view I visited the grand bazaars, to inquire into the state of the markets. These bazaars are large alleys, composed of ranges of shops or stalls, forming the most perplexing labyrinths to a stranger, for it is next to impossible for a man to find his way among them at first. The Turkish shopkeepers squat upon their counters like tailors at work, and never move till a customer comes to give them a stir, when they get up and hand down the goods which lie packed on the shelves behind them. Whatever things you ask for, they usually make a point of producing their best goods last, and often show an indifference, and even reluctance, about selling their wares. But a sharp Yankee can easily see through the trick, as this is only a pretence which they put forward in order to get a higher price: the Turkish shopkeepers, like many of the Italians, always ask three or four times as much as they expect to get. This practice is, in some degree, a matter of necessity at Constantinople; for, when a trader arrives here with a cargo of goods, he finds no newspaper or price-current to inform him of the state of the market, and his only method of knowing what his commodities are worth, is to demand a very high price, and judge of their market value from the offers of his customers.

Having disposed of my goods at Constantinople, I began to look round for some new field of adventure, and I deliberated whether I should proceed next to Smyrna or Egypt; but about this time there began to be a considerable talk about the Circassians, who were then at war with Russia. I felt a great degree of interest about these people, who were represented to me as a race of hardy freemen, who had for some time successfully resisted all the attempts of the Russian armies to penetrate into their country. Every body has heard of the beauty of the Circassian women, whom the Turks purchase at high prices for their wives and slaves. I could get very little information from books respecting Circassia; for it appeared that hardly a traveller had ever visited the country, so that it was little better than an unknown region to the rest of the world. It occurred to me that, if I could make my way into that country, something profitable might be done in the way of trade, or, at least, a good story might be told about it. Now, where there is a strange country, full of pretty women, to see, with

a chance for business and writing a book, who would not be ready for the adventure?

Circassia lies on the eastern side of the Black Sea, just to the north of the Caucasian Mountains. The Russians claim the sovereignty of the territory; but they have never had the people in complete subjection. The Turks, at one time, established themselves in a part of the country; but, at the period of my visit to Constantinople, the Circassians were masters of their own territory, with the exception of a few spots occupied by the armies and garrisons of the Russian invaders. Several Russian ships of war were cruising on the coast, to intercept any supplies which might be sent to the Circassians by sea, so that all access to the country seemed to be difficult and dangerous. However, I determined to venture. The people, with whom I conversed at Constantinople respecting the undertaking, considered me half mad to entertain so desperate a project. Some Russian officers, who had served in campaigns against the Circassians, assured me that these people were all robbers by profession; so ferocious, that no kindness could tame them; so treacherous, that no bargain or promise could bind them; continually engaged in civil wars among themselves; and so utterly destitute of truth and humanity, that they would not hesitate to extend one hand in friendship, and murder with the other.

I was told, moreover, that, in case I was captured by the Russian cruisers, I should inevitably be hanged; and that, if I was lucky enough to escape them, and get safe into Circassia, the inhabitants would seize me, and sell me for a slave. But I looked upon these as bugbear stories, designed to terrify me from my undertaking. I told the Russians that the hemp was not yet sown that should hang me; and as to being caught, and sold for a slave, they might set their hearts at ease about that, for I was a Yankee, and that was enough.

After a short search among the shipping in the Golden Horn of Constantinople, I found a Turkish polacre brig, the captain of which was willing to take a freight for me, and run the risk of a voyage to Circassia. I agreed to pay him five thousand piastres, which make about two hundred and fifty dollars, for the voyage out, after which he might get home as he pleased. Having previously inquired what goods were in demand among the Circassians, I loaded the vessel with salt, pig-lead, steel, and an assortment of dry goods, consisting mostly of coarse white calico, striped cotton cloth, and blue gingham,—all which are articles that meet with a ready sale in the country to which I was going. The cloths, in particular, have a standard value there, and serve instead of a currency; for the Circassians have no money. So many pieces of cotton, or *top*, as they are called, determine the value of all other property, as slaves, horses, guns, swords, &c. These cloths are all of Turkish manufacture, and yield a good profit in Circassia, costing twelve or fourteen piastres at Constantinople, and selling for double that price among the mountaineers. There are no duties to pay on them, for the Circassians know nothing of custom-houses; the reason of which will be seen when I come to describe the manners and political condition of the people.

Having completed our lading, we weighed anchor with the first southerly wind, soon cleared the Strait of the Bosphorus, and launched into the wide expanse of the Black Sea.

Our captain was a large, stout, brawny fellow, with a bronzed and weather-beaten countenance, that showed he had seen plenty of rough service. He was evidently a fighting character; and an ugly scar across his visage made him look really formidable. The men appeared to be French, Spanish, and Italian renegades, for the most part; and I have little doubt they were sad fellows at bottom, for they had the appearance of as genuine pirates as ever scuttled ship. They wore great, black, bushy mustachios, and each man was girt with a red shawl, stuck full of daggers and pistols. With these hopeful companions I passed many days, and, in spite of their villanous looks, found them communicative and good-humored. They told me all sorts of wild stories; for most of them could talk fluently in Italian, Spanish, and *Lingua Franca*, or that popular jumble of different languages which is current all over the Mediterranean. Our captain gave me the whole history of his life; for these fellows will readily disclose their piratical adventures. If his tale was true, he had seen enough to furnish materials for half a dozen romances.

We found the navigation here pretty rough compared with that of the Mediterranean: strong northerly and westerly winds kept up a perpetually boisterous sea; but, luckily, they enabled us to steer our course. After several days tossing over the blue billows of the Euxine, we discovered the snow-clad summits of the Caucasian Mountains, towering majestically up to the skies, at a distance These mountains were many leagues in the interior of the country; yet, to our eyes, they seemed to rise at once from the water's edge. I gazed at these stupendous heights in admiration, and thought of the times when they were the objects of so much wonder and terror to the Greeks, and the Oriental nations, who have made them the scene of so many fables and romances. There was Prometheus supposed to have been chained to the rock; and this was the mighty wall that was imagined to surround the universe.

As we sailed along the coast, we could distinctly see the little cottages of the Circassians, with the smoke gracefully curling up from the chimneys; snug little farm-yards, surrounded with groves and orchards, looking as if they were the abodes of peace and contentment. We could even spy the shepherds in their pastoral costume, with long spears in their hands, tending their flocks and herds. In the fields we saw great numbers of men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn; while the camels and buffaloes, laden with the sheaves, were slowly winding their way homeward through the deep valleys. It seemed difficult to believe that this enchanting region was the seat of war, and that a hostile army was close at hand, ready to waste it with fire and sword. The time, however, was not far distant when the roar of cannon was to resound through these peaceful valleys, causing the hardy mountaineer to gird on his sword, and his affrighted spouse, with streaming eyes, to press her babe closer to her bosom, and flee to the mountain-top.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Misfortunes of a Yellow-Bird.

When I gained the first knowledge I had of my own existence, I found myself resting very comfortably in the hollow of a neat little house, built of divers materials, such as straw, thread, mud, &c., all being very ingeniously worked together, giving the nest the two needful qualities of strength and warmth. To the truth of the former quality I can give full testimony; having employed myself, during my long confinement after birth, in the vain attempt of pulling to pieces my rustic abode.

I had several brothers and sisters for my companions. For many days we lay very quietly, and moved only to receive the food which our kind parents brought us. The foliage of the tree in which our nest was built was very thick, afforded a delightful shelter from the sun, and reflected mild and pleasant light upon our just-opening eyes. After a few days, our bodies became strangely metamorphosed, and we appeared like new creatures, in our dress of yellow, ornamented with black edgings. I was much surprised at the sudden change, yet pleased; for truly we were rather uncouth-looking animals at our first appearance. So happy were we now, with our splendid garb, that we began to chirp, and made many awkward attempts to get out of our nest. We at last succeeded in our efforts to gain the edge of it, and felt quite proud at our wonderful achievement; and our parents sang merrily over us. In a few days, these fond parents taught us to spread our wings and fly to the nearest branches of the tree in which we lived; and soon we were able to fly to all the neighboring trees.

We were now perfectly happy. Our days were spent in singing and flying, and feasting ourselves from the newly-budded trees around us, and our nights in quiet and undisturbed repose. We dreamed not of the evil that was awaiting us; but it came; and those happy days which I once knew will, I fear, never return.

One beautiful morning, we had all been amusing ourselves by hopping from branch to branch, and flying from tree to tree, until we were quite tired, and had returned to our nest. We had just quietly laid ourselves to rest, and our parents had gone in search of food, when we heard a loud noise beneath the tree, and immediately the bough on which our home was built began to shake so violently, that we were every moment in danger of being thrown down. We were all much terrified, but remained in our nest. In that we had ever found a refuge from the storm, from the birds who were our enemies, and from every other danger which had before threatened us. We therefore clung to it now as our only hope. Presently something was thrown over our nest, which left us in perfect darkness. We were almost dead with fright, and our nest was torn rudely from the tree. Then, for the first time, we heard the sound of the human voice; it sounded harsh and stunning to our ears, and only increased our fear. We were carried some distance with great care. We were then uncovered, but where we were I knew not; fright prevented my knowing.

The first thing I was conscious of, was being separated from my dear brothers

and sisters, and being placed in a very odd thing, which the people round me called a *cage*. I looked about as soon as I was placed in this, and found myself surrounded by numerous boys, some talking loudly, others screaming, until I nearly fainted with fear. My prison-house looked so slight and frail, that I imagined, by beating it, I might force my way out. So I commenced flying against the sides, until, seeing it had no effect, I sank down exhausted by fright and exertion. Many of the boys thought I was dying, and begged my release; but the cruel boy who stole me from my happy home would not grant their request.

For weeks I was kept a prisoner; they treated me *kindly*—but it was *slavery*. O, how I sighed for my own dear home, for my native woods, with their beautiful shades and the dear music of my woodland loves! O, *freedom* is sweet to the bird, as well as to man! The boys seemed to love me. I could have loved them, had they given me *liberty*.

Since my captivity, there are many kind faces that look at me, as though they wish to set me free; there is one who has often begged for my release, but my hard-hearted master will not grant it. He says he wishes to keep me; and for what wicked purpose, think you? What but, as he says, to lure other birds into his snares! So I have had in my cage a trap fixed, well baited; and it has been my duty to sing, and thus call the birds into the trap.

One day a cat passed my cage, and the friendly creature—beast though she is—would have opened for me a passage out of my prison, had not the boys, seeing her designs, driven her away. When my imprisonment will end, I know not. I live only in the hope that my master's heart will be softened by my unhappy situation, and that he will set me free. Had I a human voice, I would tell him how cruel he is thus to imprison me, and to make my confinement the means of reducing others into the same slavery. And if he would not hear my complaint, I would then appeal to his master, and try to touch his heart with my story, and beg of him to reprove my hard-hearted keeper, and open the door of my prison; and then might I hope to return to my beautiful home in the tree!

Juvenile Miscellany.

Youthful Improvement.

The late General Harrison, president of the United States, appears, from the following anecdote, to have considered that the moral improvement of the young is of greater value in preventing crime than the ordinary penal checks that are interposed. On one occasion, he was engaged in assisting the gardener to adjust some grape-vines. The latter remarked that there would be but little use in training the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned, as the boys would come on Sunday, while the family were at church, and steal all the grapes; and he suggested to the general, as a guard against such a loss, that he should purchase an active watch-dog. "It would be better," replied he, "to employ an active Sabbath-school teacher. A dog may take care of the grapes, but a good Sabbath-school teacher will take care of the grapes and the boys too."

The Ass.

Though this animal has a stupid look, there are few creatures that possess so much intelligence, or have given rise to so many pleasing anecdotes. The following account will show the extraordinary power of instinct which belongs to the race:—

In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas was shipped on board the Ister, bound from Gibraltar to Malta. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off the Point-de-Gat, and the ass was thrown overboard into a sea which was so stormy that a boat, which soon after left the ship, was lost. In the course of a few days, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the same ass, which had so recently been removed, presenting itself for admittance.

On entering, it proceeded immediately to the stable which it had formerly occupied. The ass had not only swum ashore, but found its way from Point-de-Gat to Gibraltar, a distance of more than two hundred miles, through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams which it had never passed before, but which it had crossed so expeditiously that it must have gone by a route leading the most directly to Gibraltar.

Justice.—When we begin to form a better opinion of one against whom we had conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and manner, fresh marks of good disposition, to which we were before strangers.

The English language expresses the Deity more appropriately than any other; for God is the contraction of the Saxon *good.*

Power of Thought.

As in plants we find instinct; in the sponge, instinct and sensation; in the elephant, instinct, sensation, and intelligence; so in the man we find all these, crowned with reason and a soul. But, with all these possessions, what is a young human being? The most helpless of creatures. The chick, bursting its prison walls, runs off, tortoise-like, with the shell upon its back. The kitten frisks upon the hearth in the exuberance of a new and delightful existence. Throw it from the table upon which, from stool to chair, it has clambered,—do you kill it? It scampers away, evidently well pleased with the adventure. Not so with the infant. Caress or handle it with maternal tenderness, its feeble accents are only those of pain and weakness; even the glad light of the morning is a source of pain, and we, forsooth, must blanket out the day to insure its comfort. Withdraw the supporting arm, and it falls helpless to the ground. Let the vernal breezes, so bracing, so full of life, to beast, bird, insect, and flower, blow upon it,—do they invigorate its little frame? They rather rack it with an ague. Turn its face toward the most beautiful landscape; it does not see it; but let the tongs jingle in the corner, and its attention is quickly arrested; and if, perchance, a tiny copy is pictured upon the magic canvas of its eye, it receives no pleasure. What! no pleasure in the beauties of nature, the handiwork of God! Is it then a little brute? Stay your judgment, and look again. Its first birthday has gone by; perhaps its second. Now a smile lights up its countenance. Give it a rattle, or a toy; it tosses its little arms about, as though it would perform some wondrous feat, and crows with very glee; its clear, blue eye beams with something like intelligence. It has learned to balance itself; and, exulting in its newly-acquired powers, it attempts a little journey from the cradle to the chair: the experiment is a perilous one; still it totters on; and now a cry of delight announces the success of its enterprise. Frown upon it; inquiry is mirrored in its eyes, and wonder is depicted on its parted lips. Speak a harsh word; ah, you have gone too far! those spirit-windows are dimmed, and its cheeks suffused with tears.

All this is interesting; but do not some other animals display abilities almost equal? Need we seek a more extended or copious language for the young child, than for the dog? Cannot every feeling of the former find a sound, a look, or a gesture, to express it, in the vocabulary of the latter? Such a sentiment may conflict with the foolish pride of the heart, but it is nevertheless true. Will the natural language of cries, looks, and gestures, be adapted to the capacities of this being, when it shall have attained its full stature, during subsequent periods of its existence? Let us see. A few more birthdays have been celebrated by the fond parents of that blue-eyed, laughing child. A child no longer, a man now, he loves to contemplate nature. He looks, where beast or bird has never looked, "*through* nature up to God." That frail thing, that, a few years ago, was laid moaning on the downy pillow, enshrines an ever-living soul,—an "embryo god,"—a soul, like your own, noble in its origin, powers,

and destiny. His mind, immortal as its Author, has gone forth, and, from the material universe, has gathered a universe of his own; a world of thought, as wonderful as that system which surrounds him; of thought, all living like itself. His spirit, endowed with almost creative power, has formed and peopled it.

What a being that mind of yours is! Are you not conscious of what I tell you? How often, when the curtains of night have been drawn around you, and you have closed your eyes, but not to sleep, have images of the past, and thoughts of the future, occupied that part of you which thinks; when the sports of the day have been renewed with heightened pleasure; companions seemed dearer to you than ever; and you have been as interested and delighted as you ever were in beholding the most beautiful scenery of earth! This is what I mean by an internal world.

I presume you have sometimes seen, in your rambles in the field or forest, tall trees, stripped of their bark, and, perhaps, riven throughout the whole extent of their huge trunks: you knew that such could only be the effects of lightning. But did you ever *see* its splintered fire, bursting from the cloud, strike some distant tree or spire? now, let loose from its dark magazine, and almost before another now, the object wrapped in flame? What can outstrip the lightning? *Nothing*, do you say? Yes; *you* possess that which can leave the winged arrows of heaven far behind. Do you ask what it is? I answer, *Thought*. When you saw that bolt descending, did you not think of some giant oak which you had often passed, and as often admired, on your way to school? or of the dwelling of a neighbor whom you loved, situated in that direction, which might be injured or destroyed? Did not the accounts, which you had heard or read, of loss of property and life, flash upon your mind? and all this, before the loud, sharp thunder betokened the stroke? How many times, think you, your mind could travel from earth to heaven, and return, before the lightning reached its destined mark? In a clear evening, do you not sometimes fix your eye upon a distant star, that shines away up in the blue sea of space? Doubtless you do; and, as you continue gazing, and begin to realize that the "lucid point" is *not* "a needle's puncture to let God's glory through," but a vast world, which,

> "Perhaps, illumes some system of its own
> With the strong influence of a radiant sun,"

and, as a vast chronometer of heaven, poised and propelled by God's own hand, gilded with living light, beats *ages* in its ceaseless swing,—do not your thoughts fly up where your eyes can scarcely see? But did you ever *wait* for them to make their journey there? You readily answer, "No." And yet the very light that meets your eye, and apprizes you of that star's existence, though flying at the rate of one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles in a single second, may have "left its far fountain twice three years ago."

Attractions of Language.

Men are like weathercocks, which are never constant or fixed, but when they are worn out or rusty.

Nothing is impossible to a willing mind.

A Good Temper.

AMIABILITY of temper is, in most instances, more highly valued than personal attractions; and it often happens that the most amiable in disposition are the most plain in appearance. The following narrative illustrates this in a pleasing manner: —

"A beautiful girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was married to a man of clumsy figure, coarse features, and stupid-looking physiognomy. One of her intimate friends said to her, one day, 'My dear Julia, excuse me; but how came you to marry that man?'

"'The question is a natural one. My husband, I confess, is not graceful in his appearance, nor attractive in his conversation; but he is so amiable! and *goodness*, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally, at least, and is certainly more durable. We often see objects which appear repulsive at first; but if we see them every day, we soon regard them, not only without aversion, but with feelings of attachment. The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual; but it remains forever. Listen, and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband. I was quite young when he was introduced, for the first time, into the house of my parents. He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance, and my companions used often to ridicule him. I confess I was frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by my mother, who used to say to me in a low voice, "He is so amiable!" and then it occurred to me that he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our villagers assembled together at our fêtes and dances, he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and was kind in his attentions to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected. Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but I whispered to myself, "He is so amiable!"

"'One morning, my mother called me into her chamber, and told me that the young man, who is now my husband, had made application for my hand. I was not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now placed in a dilemma. I hardly knew how to act. When I recollected his ill-favored look, and his awkward manner, I was on the point of saying, "I will not wed him;" but when I recalled the many excellent traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolence and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence; I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, "He is *so* amiable!" He continued to visit me, encouraged by my parents, and cheered by my smiles. My other admirers, one by one, left me; but I did not regret their absence. I repeated the expression, "He is so amiable," so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning as "He is so handsome." I loved him; I married him. Since then, I have been not only resigned to my fate, but happy. My husband loves me devotedly, and how can I help loving him?'"

THE ancient kings of England used to keep *minstrels;* then *jesters* were maintained, under the Tudors; and James I. converted them into *poets laureate.*

The Mirror.

See, here is Lucy, gazing in the glass,
Delighted there her little form to find;—
But let me whisper to you, little lass,
The face is but a mirror of the mind.

If thy young heart is angry, in that face
The ugly passion lowers, and all may see
So, if thou wishest beauty, cherish grace
In all thy thoughts, and handsome thou shalt be.

Laura Bridgeman and her Mother.

Our young readers will, doubtless, be interested in the following touching description of the meeting of Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, with her mother, from Dr. Howe's report:—

"Six months after Laura had left her home, her mother came to visit her. She stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently, Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt that her beloved child did not know her.

"She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once; and with much joy she put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the beads were from home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be among her acquaintances.

"Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she came from Hanover. She even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared she should not be recognized, yet the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for a woman's nature to bear.

"After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to cross Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger. She, therefore, felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest. She became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety; and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side and kissed her fondly; when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all distrust and anxiety disappeared from her flushed face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled in the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom, but a moment before, she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms and clung to her with eager joy."

The parting between Laura and her mother showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution, of the child.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving, or rather feeling, the matron, of whom she was very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed, with emotion as deep as that of the child."

The Tame Sparrow.

About fifty years ago, an invalid French soldier, as he trundled himself about the hospital grounds in a little go-cart, happened to pick up a young sparrow, which had fallen from the nest. He fed the bird abundantly, and took very tender care of him, until he was strong enough to fly; and then he bestowed upon him the most precious of all gifts—his liberty. For mere amusement, he had fastened a little bell to the neck of the sparrow; and either from habit, or because the other birds were frightened at the bell, the little creature came back, after a few hours' absence, perched on the shoulder of his instructor, entered the hospital with

him, and placed himself in the cage, according to his usual custom. Though allowed to fly away whenever he chose, Philip (for that was his name) never failed to return to his kind master. The poor invalid sometimes suffered excruciating pains; and at such seasons the sparrow would never leave his bed until he was well enough to go out and take the air again. He expressed his lamentations by a peculiar cry; he tried by caresses to soothe his master's pain; and when he perceived that he was drowsy, he flew upon the front post of the bed, and remained there, as if to warn people not to disturb his slumbers.

As soon as he saw any of the invalids that belonged to the hospital, he knew them immediately by the blue dress which they all wore; but he never made any mistake in distinguishing his master; nor would he allow any other person to take him, if they caressed him ever so much.

Sometimes, when he was abroad in the fields, the weather became stormy or cold, and when he sought to return to his cage, he found the door of the hospital shut. On such occasions, this intelligent little bird would watch for the first person he could spy in a blue dress, and, perching on his shoulder, would enter the hospital with him.

If the other birds made war upon him, he took refuge upon the hat of some old soldier, and, seated there securely, would seem to defy all their insults. Yet he was by no means without courage; for, if the sound of his bell attracted five or six enemies at a time, he would boldly defend himself as long as he had strength to do so. He was so accustomed to his little bell, that he was very unhappy without it. They perceived this circumstance, for the first time, when some person, who had caught him in a snare, clipped his wings and tail, and took the bell from his neck. After two days Philip escaped, and returned to his old master; but he seemed very stupid and sad, and refused his customary food. This lasted eight days; but when his master furnished him with a new bell, his usual gayety returned.

He feared nothing so much as the cat. When he wanted to sleep, he would not enter his cage unless his master was by to shut the door. He would hop from bed to bed, until he found some of the invalids awake; and, in order to put himself more securely under their protection, he would creep into their knapsack or coat-pocket.

He was generally very punctual to return before dark; but if he happened to be too late, and found the door shut, he pecked at the window, to let them know he had arrived. He usually went out very early in the morning, and the invalids could always judge of the weather by his actions. If it promised to be an unpleasant day, the sparrow soon came back to his master's bed, and did not again offer to leave the room

Another sparrow, which was a stranger to him, happened one day to be attacked by several other sparrows in the court of the hospital. They plucked out his feathers, and pecked at him so furiously, that the poor little creature was almost torn in pieces, when Philip flew to his assistance. He threw himself into the midst of the fight, drove away the quarrelsome birds, and would not leave the little sufferer till he was safely restored to his nest.

Irish Waiters.

The Irish waiter is seldom well dressed, and is familiar in his manners, but by no means vulgar. He will cheat you in a bargain, but he will not rob you; he is good-humored, but as cunning as a fox. The waiter at Lismore was a rare specimen of his class. He was a stout, sailor-like looking fellow, keen and vigilant when there was a chance for amusement, but idle enough in laying a cloth or brushing a coat. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "but there's a cruel draught at that window; stay till I move the chair; and sure I'd rather that the gentleman should catch a salmon, than that your honor should catch cold at Lismore."

Another waiter, who amused us much, was an active little man, at Derry, who endeavored to persuade us that every thing in the house was the best that could be obtained in all Ireland. "These eggs are done too much." "The finest eggs in all Ireland, ma'am; but I'll make an alteration in them." "Is your mutton good?" "The best in all Ireland, ma'am." The mutton, however, was so underdone that we pointed it out to our good-natured waiter. "Yes, sir; and see, ma'am, the mutton in these parts, as I tould yer honors, is the best in all Ireland; and so juicy, that it's the natur of it; *that's it* —it's the juiciness of the mutton makes it so. I give ye my honor *it's that*—ye understand—the quality of the meat, nothing else—the goodness of it; *but maybe ye'd like the cook to take some of that out of it?* she'll do so in five minutes —the finest cook in all Ireland!" and he bore off the mutton, and soon returned it after the cutlet fashion. "I tould yer honors," he exclaimed, "the finest cook in all Ireland; two ways, ay, ten ways, with the same thing; it goes down one thing and comes up another. Ay, faith, the lady would never forget if she saw her toss a pancake; she'll send it up the chimney out of sight, and down it 'll come finished—*all but the aiting.*"

Ned Kelly, who tended upon the quality in the only inn in a seaside town, was an easy, cunning old fellow, who never failed to give his opinion, whether it was asked or not. One day, an English gentleman, when he ordered anchovy or soy, as a relish to a certain dish, could hardly believe his senses as the waiter replied, "They're not wholesome, plaise yer honor." "Whether or not, my good fellow," replied the gentleman, "I must trouble you for one or the other." "O, it's no trouble in life, sir; and even if it was, Neddy Kelly has been too long in this establishment to be after minding trouble. I know my duty, I hope, yer honor; but, as to thim things, we've too great a regard for the health, the constitutions, of our customers to pisin them with any thing worse than melted butter, a drop of oil, or a thrifle of pepper; as to salt, a gentleman can plaise himself." "O," said the Englishman, with much good humor, "then I suppose you are a physician?" "I'd be long sorry, sir; *for, living here, I'd have no practice.*"

Depending upon this waiter's assurance that "there was every thing in the house they'd please to think of," in addition to the chickens and bacon, which were always of excellent quality, our party suggested the addition of lamb chops, to complete the dinner. The chickens and bacon, with a dish of potatoes, "laugh-

ing," as Ned expressed it, "ready to break their hearts," made their appearance; but there were no lamb chops. They were immediately inquired for. "O," said the waiter, "the quality runs intirely on chickens and bacon." "But you said you had lamb, and we ordered it." "And I said the truth, yer honors," replied the unabashed Neddy; "I said we had *lambs*, let alone *lamb*, and thought it mighty kind of yer honors to inquire; and sure there they are, if ye'll be satisfied to look out of the windy, *little waggle-tailed innocent craythurs*."

An inn of this description afforded no butcher's meat, except on market day; but Neddy would not, if he could help it, allow us to suppose that there was any thing his master's house could not furnish. —*Mrs. Hall.*

The Dying Boy.

HENRY WILLIAMS was a remarkably good boy — always obedient, gentle, and affectionate. His playfellows loved him dearly, because he never spoke unkind words, or tried to vex them.

This good child was taken very ill. All winter he was wasting away, growing weaker and weaker every hour, but patient and smiling, even to the last moment. His mother hoped that the soft air and mild sunbeams of spring would make the roses on his cheek grow red again. The warm season returned; and during a few of the bright days, Henry was able to walk in the garden, and watch the opening flowers. But soon his step grew more feeble, and his cheek more pale. He could no longer whistle to the birds, or stoop to gather the flowers; and his mother knew that her gentle boy would soon die.

One day, when she held him in her arms, he looked up in her face, and said, "Mother, you often speak about death, and always as if you thought I could not live. Mother, I do not want to die. I do not like to leave you, and my sisters, and all my pretty things;" and as he said this, the tears came into his eyes.

His mother smoothed back his hair, and looked tenderly upon him, as she replied, "Henry, you dearly love to hear the birds sing. How happy the little creatures seem to be, jumping from bough to bough, and singing sweet songs to each other! But they do not stay among us, to endure the storms and piercing cold of winter. They fly away to pleasant lands, where the air is mild and the flowers are bright; where they find brothers and sisters, parents and friends; where they can chirp in the sunshine, without any fear that summer will have an end. When it is time for the little birds to go to these joyful countries, they are not sorry to go; for they know it will be well with them when they arrive at that pleasant home which God has provided for them. They do not wish to stay here, to endure the cold and the storms."

Henry smiled sweetly; for he understood what his mother said about the birds; and he knew that he too should go to a brighter and happier world.

The next day, as his mother sat beside his bed, he looked up expressively, and said, "Dear mother, I am not afraid to die, any more than the little birds are afraid to go among the sunshine and the flowers."

Then his mother kissed him, and was glad in her heart.

In a few weeks Henry died. When they placed him in his coffin, there was a holy smile about his lips, as if his soul, before it went to live forever with the angels, had caught some glimpses of his bright and happy home in heaven.

Juvenile Miscellany.

The King of Belgium.

In former numbers of the Museum, we have given portraits of some of the living kings of Europe; and, as we learn that they have afforded gratification to our readers, we now present them with a likeness of Leopold, the present king of Belgium.

This personage was a prince of Saxe-Coburg, one of the small states of Germany. When a young man, he was married to the Princess Charlotte of England, only daughter of George IV. by the unfortunate Queen Caroline. She was thus heir to the crown of England; and Leopold expected, no doubt, that his wife would be queen of that country. But she died soon after the marriage, greatly to the sorrow of the English people. Leopold, however, receives 50,000 pounds sterling (240,000 dollars) a year, which is a pretty handsome sum for marrying a fine woman who was heir to a crown!

After the revolution in Paris, in 1830, the Belgian provinces of the Netherlands revolted, and succeeded in establishing their independence. A son of Louis Philippe of France was chosen king; but, as he declined the crown, Leopold was elected, and is still the sovereign of Belgium. He is a grave-looking man, and may be often seen walking alone in the city of Brussels, which is his capital. Though not a man of great capacity, he possesses good sense, and, what is better, a good heart. Though a king, he seems not to forget that he is a man, and that his subjects are his fellow-creatures. Since his reign began, Belgium has flourished, and it is now the most thickly-settled country in Europe. Its manufactures are very extensive, varied, and ingenious, and portions of the country are as highly cultivated as the best parts of England.

Religion and *medicine* are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of the doctors.

An *indiscreet person* is like an unsealed letter, which every one can peruse.

Faith spans the gulf of Death with the bridge of Hope.

Sir Philip Sidney.

THIS celebrated man was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, and was born in Kent, England, in 1554. He was placed at school at Shrewsbury, and, at the early age of twelve, he was distinguished for intelligence and gravity beyond his years. At fifteen, he entered Christ Church, at Oxford, where he did himself great honor. In 1572, he began to travel, and, for three years, he devoted himself to improvement in horsemanship and other exercises, in Italy, Germany, and France.

When he returned home, Sidney became at once a very successful courtier, obtaining great favor from Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him ambassador to the court of Vienna. A quarrel with the Earl of Oxford occasioned his retirement from court for a short period, when he wrote the famous "Arcadia." A review of the work says, "The feeling which the 'Arcadia' excites is a calm and pensive pleasure, at once tranquil, full, and exquisite." It was universally read and admired at the time of its publication, and gave an impulse to the national taste for the romantic style of fiction. Charles I. solaced his hours of imprisonment by the perusal of it.

In 1581, Sidney wrote his celebrated "Defence of Poesie." It was received with high favor by all classes. In 1583, he married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and was soon after created knight by the queen. In 1585, he meditated joining Drake's expedition to the West Indies; but the queen, fearful lest "she should lose the jewel of her dominions," as she termed Sir Philip, peremptorily forbade his departure. The crown of Poland was at this time offered to him, which he declined.

He accepted, however, the governorship of Flushing, in Holland. A war was carried on at this time between that country and Spain. After some successes against the enemy, the troops under Sir Philip's command accidentally met and encountered a force of three thousand men. An engagement took place. After having had a horse shot under him, Sidney received a wound from a musket bullet in the left thigh, a little above the knee.

The anecdote related by Lord Brooke, of his conduct in leaving the battle-field, illustrates his character. His words are, "In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle, the general, was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the bottle to his

mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, ghastly, turning up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

The wound he had received was mortal; and, after many days of severe suffering, he died at Arnheim, in 1586, in the thirty-third year of his age. His body was conveyed to England, and, after lying many days in state, was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. A general mourning was for the first time observed throughout the country; and such was the high estimation in which he was held, that the universities published three volumes of elegies on his death. One of his panegyrists speaks of him as treading, "from his cradle to his grave, amid incense and flowers, and dying in a dream of glory."

The chivalry of his character, his learning, and untimely fate, combine to make him an object of great interest. His writings, while they are marked with great brilliancy of imagination and chasteness of sentiment, are still strained and artificial in their style. This, however, was the taste of the age in which he lived.

Harry Clifford's Wood-Ramble.

BY JACAPA.

HARRY CLIFFORD had spent the livelong day
In a search for wild flowerets, bright and gay;
His basket was filled to the very brim
With their roots which he dug, and these to him
Were of wondrous worth. O, how he would vaunt
Of their forest beauty! They should flaunt
Their crimson buds in the pleasantest rays
Of the morning sun, and the merriest lays
Of the woodland birds should still be theirs,
And the dew, and the showers; but the weeds and tares
Might not come near, or the trowel should jerk
The intruders up;—and all this work
Harry thought of in glee; and to rest awhile,
Before going home, which was more than a mile
Away from there, he threw himself down
Full length on the grass; and the shady crown
Of the sighing leaves on the branches above,
And the mournful coo of the turtle-dove,
Fell soft on his ear; and the oriole's song
Filled the air with music. Well, before long,
The weary boy had fallen asleep;
The grasshopper's chirp at each onward leap
He no longer heard, nor the streamlet's trill
In its stony bed. All, all was still.
Just as the sun had said a good-night
To the clouds around it so pink and so white,
The boom of a gun came with a loud twang,
Floating along till the old woods rang.
Harry leaped up, and so wide awake,
That he made the green ground beneath him shake;
He caught up his basket, as though it were that,
Instead of the birds, the shooting was at.
But the roots were safe, and he rubbed his eyes,
And laughed in glee as he looked at his prize.
He turned towards home, but before him stood
A huntsman;—he thought him like Robin Hood.
His long, loose jacket was deeply green,
And his large, dark eyes were bright and keen;
His cheeks were rosy, his teeth were white;
He was handsome enough for a real knight;
And he leaned on his gun with such kingly ease,
And seemed so determined Harry to please,
That the boy was enraptured ere a word
From the stranger's ruby lips was heard.
"My boy! you have got quite a pretty store
Of flower-roots; here is something more

To take with you home; a fresh-killed hare,
Five minutes ago asleep in its lair."
Thus the hunter spoke; and Harry replied,
"Thanks, kind sir; but see, from its side
So ruffled and torn, the red drops stream!
And its half-closed eyes so kindly beam
In their dying beauty, I can't help sigh
To think that so lovely a thing must die."
"That was nobly said, my gallant boy!
Now tell me true, have you such a toy
As a bow and arrows? Do you maim
The poor little birds, who come so tame
To eat the crumbs from around the door,—
Sometimes hop on the sill to find some more,
Or steal a few cherries from off your trees,
Then sing you a song, which the first warm breeze
Brings to your ear? Though thus you are paid,
Do you ramble forth through the sunny glade,
And with murderous stones, or bow and arrows,
Do you strike or shoot the "little cock-sparrows"?
"O, no!" said Harry; "I have been told
That happy life is worth more than gold.
How could I take it forever away
From the innocent things, and afterwards say,
'Here are brown-birds and red-breasts half a score,
And when the cat's eaten them, she shall have more?'
No, indeed, not so! I never would
Hurt even a chicken, except for food;
And you know it is then quite right to kill;
And as this can be ate, of course no ill
Is done, to take the wild 'bunny's' life.
But I grieve that always war and strife
Must be between man and the poor dumb beasts;
They must suffer and die, that we may have feasts."
"I am glad that a boy who looks brave and bold
Is not in his heart either callous or cold."
Thus spake the hunter, and, turning away,
Said, with a kind voice, "Some other day
Follow this wood-path another mile,
Then climb over a huge old stile,
Pass through the meadow and orchard, and next
Up the green lawn; you shall not be vexed
By cross dogs or men, but safely come
To the door of my cot. The honey-bee's hum
And the robin's song will greet your ear;
Nothing on earth shall you have to fear.
Perhaps you will see me somewhere about;
If at work in the garden, give a loud shout;
If not, inquire, and the servants will tell
Where next you must look for Marc Lafelle
Having found me out, I think I can say
For a surety, you'll spend a delightful day.
My singing-birds, and bright, golden fish,
You shall see and hear; and, if you wish,
Beautiful flowers shall in hundreds gleam
And glisten for you in the glad sunbeam."
As the huntsman spoke, Harry's eye grew bright
As the flowers he told of that shone in the light;
And he said, with thanks, he should some day go
To see the plants that so grand did grow.
They both said, "Good night!" and when at home
Harry had come from his forest-roam,
He showed his wild rabbit to great and small,
But told his adventure to none at all,
Except his mother; she said he might
Visit whom he called the "green-clad knight.
Of this visit so fine to the hunter's cot,
Of its flowers, and its birds, and its fairy grot,
I may tell you again, my dear young friends;
And with this half-promise my story ends.

From a Correspondent.

A GARRULOUS barber, being called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "How shall I shave you?" "In silence!" was the reply.

The River of Time has its cataracts and falls, and these are its revolutions.

Fontenelle says that women have a fibre *more* in the heart, and a cell *less* in the brain, than men.

The present Emperor of China.

THIS monarch of the Celestial Empire, named *Taou-Kwang*, is a grandson of Kien-Long, who was many years emperor, and was famed for his wisdom and benevolence. He succeeded his profligate father, Kea-King, in 1820, having been preferred to an elder brother for having saved his father's life when he was attacked by assassins.

Nothing can seem more absurd than the pompous proclamations of these Chinese emperors. The following passage

from Taou-Kwang's message when he came to the throne, will serve as a specimen: —

"My sacred and indulgent father had, in the year that he began to rule alone, silently settled that the divine utensil, the throne, should devolve on my contemptible person. I, knowing the feebleness of my virtue, at first felt much afraid I should not be competent to the office; but, on reflecting that the sages, my ancestors, have left to posterity their plans; that his late majesty has laid the duty on me; and heaven's throne should not be long vacant, — I have done violence to my feelings, and forced myself to intermit awhile my heartfelt grief, that I may with reverence obey the unalterable decree; and on the 27th of the 8th moon, (October 3d,) I purpose devoutly to announce the event to heaven, to the earth, to my ancestors, and to the gods of the land and of the grain, and shall then sit down on the imperial throne. Let the next year be the first of Taou-Kwang."

The reign of this emperor has not been marked with any great events, except the war with Great Britain, which is likely, however, to lead to important results. Taou-Kwang has several sons; his fourth, whom he has named as his successor, was born in 1831.

"FRIENDSHIP, like an evergreen, will brave the inclement blast,
And still retain the bloom of spring when summer days are past;
And though the wintry sky should lower, and dim the cheerful day,
She still preserves a vital power, unconscious of decay."

The Window-Swallow.

THE window-swallow is celebrated for selecting singular situations for its nest. M. Hebert saw a pair build on the spring of a bell, the bottom of the nest resting on the spring, while the upper semicircular brim leaned against the wall by its two ends, three or four inches below the eaves. The two birds, during the time they were employed in the construction, passed the nights on the iron spikes to which the spring was fastened. The frequent concussion given by the spring could not fail to disturb the action of nature in the development of the young, and accordingly the hatch did not succeed. Yet the pair would not forsake their tottering mansion, but continued to inhabit it for the rest of the season.

Another pair, mentioned by Bingley, built for two successive seasons on the handles of a pair of garden-shears, which had been stuck up against the boards in an out-house. A still more singular instance is recorded of a pair which built their nest on the wings and body of a dead owl, hung upon the rafter of a barn, and so loose as to be moved with every gust of wind. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and the eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity to the museum of Sir Ashton Lever, who, struck with the oddity of the thing, desired a large shell to be fixed up where the owl had hung. The following season, a nest, as had been anticipated, was built there, and was transmitted to the museum as a companion to the owl.

DESPISE none — despair of none.

William Wilberforce.

THIS great and good man was born at Hull, England, in 1759. His constitution, in infancy, was so weak, that he often expressed his gratitude in after life that "he had not been born in less civilized times, when it would have been thought impossible to rear so delicate a child." He was, however, an active and spirited boy, of good abilities, and showing, even at the early age of seven, a remarkable talent for elocution.

He commenced his education at the grammar school at Hull, which he attended for two years; but on the death of his father, his uncle placed him in an indifferent school, at Wimbledon, where his aunt first led him to contemplate the truths of religion, as expounded by the celebrated Whitefield. His mother, fearing that he would become a Methodist, removed him to a grammar school at Pocklington, where his talents for society and his skill in singing made him very acceptable to the neighboring gentry; yet he greatly excelled all the other boys in composition, and when but fourteen years of age, he addressed a letter to the editor of the York paper "in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh."

When he had reached the age of seventeen, he entered St. John's College,

Cambridge. By the death of his uncle, he became possessed of a handsome fortune; but in spite of all the consequent temptations to idleness, he became a good classic, and acquitted himself well in his examinations.

Before he had completed his twenty-first year, Wilberforce was made member of Parliament. He now went to London, entered into the first society, and became intimate with the leading wits and politicians of the day. He became the friend of Pitt, with whom he was constantly associated, and whom he supported in all his measures. Notwithstanding the career of pleasure and ambition that opened before him, Wilberforce resolved to devote all his energies to the cause of religion and philanthropy, and only waited for a suitable occasion to enter upon his task. This soon presented itself. A society having been formed for the abolition of the slave trade, Wilberforce, in connection with Clarkson, the agent, sought to interest all parties in the cause. For twenty years he strove indefatigably—in Parliament by his speeches, in society by his conversation, and through the press by his pen.

In 1788, when in the very midst of his labors, he was taken so ill that his physicians thought he would not live a fortnight; and though he recovered, he says himself, "at thirty and a half, I am, in constitution, sixty." His eyes had always been weak; but the great object he had in view nerved him for every task, and he confidently relied upon ultimate success.

At length, the hour of triumph was at hand. In January, 1807, he published a book against the slave trade, at the very moment that the question was to be discussed in the House of Lords. The abolition bill passed the Lords; and its passage through the Commons was one continued triumph to Wilberforce. Sir Samuel Romilly concluded a speech in favor of it, by contrasting "the feelings of Napoleon, in all his greatness, with those of that honored individual who would this night lay his head upon his pillow, and remember that the slave trade was no more;" when the whole house burst forth in acclamations of applause, and greeted Mr. Wilberforce with three cheers. He was himself so overcome as to be insensible to all that was passing around him.

He spent many years of his after life in inducing foreign powers to follow the example of England in the abolition of the slave trade, by personal intercourse or correspondence. The emperor Alexander, the king of Prussia, and even the pope, were in turn solicited. In 1825, he retired from Parliament, having spent forty-six years in public life. He spent the remainder of his days in retirement, devoting, as he had ever done, much of his time, and a third of his income, in acts of private charity. His last days were cheerful and resigned, and he died in 1833, at the age of 74 years, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a statue is erected to his memory.

Fashionable Glossary.

"*Not at Home.*"—Sitting quietly in your own parlor, learning the last new song.

Age.—An infirmity nobody owns.

Time.—Only regarded in music.

Correspondence.

We have this month to acknowledge the favors of F. S. R., of Woburn; J. L. C., of Lancaster; R. P. Noah, of Guilford; P. P——n, of Portsmouth, &c. They will see that we have not space for their communications at present. The following will be read with interest: —

Steamer "Bois d'Arc,"
Red River, April 23, 1845.

Mr. Robert Merry:—

Sir: Having occasion to forward some subscribers' names, which, in my travels in this region, I have received for your Museum, "I reckon" — though, were I in your Yankee land, I might say "I guess" — it will not be amiss to send you a slight sketch, which may give you and your many little friends a glimpse into the mysteries of this crooked and curious river, and of this wild and wonderful country.

Should those of your readers who have not studied French stumble, at the outset, on seeing the queer name of the boat on which I date, we must inform them that, in English, it means *Bow-wood* — a kind of tree, growing far away up this river, from which the Indians make excellent *bows*, and of which is made *this boat's bow*. If you look on Smith's large map of the United States, you may see, in the north-west part of Louisiana, on the west side of Red River, — about twenty miles from the Texas line, — the new and flourishing little town of Shreveport. To this, and to the little rural settlement, still nearer to Texas, called *Greenwood* — a scattered group of log-cabins and small frame houses on a hill, in the Pine Woods — a pleasant and retired place, where they have two schools — you are now requested to introduce some copies of the Museum for 1845. Though, in Shreveport, that dangerous code known as the "*Laws of Judge Lynch*" has been, from all accounts, quite too prevalent, — and even now, it must be confessed, some of its citizens are "*mighty like*" to "blaze away," as they say, at the man who incurs their displeasure, — yet the manners of the place seem to be improving, and promise to make it very respectable when they shall be brought more under the influence of law and ladies — *especially the latter*, who are now there but few in number.

The town takes its name from Captain *Shreve*, for his energy and success in removing much of the "*great raft*," which formerly extended thirty or forty miles below that point, and as far above it. Having, on the previous day, arrived from *Port Caddo* in Texas, and completed her lading by adding that which a smaller boat had, on account of the shallowness of the lakes, brought out for her, the *Bois d'Arc*, yesterday morning left the Landing of S., so heaped up and covered over with about 1100 bales of cotton as to look more like a floating pile of General Jackson's breastworks, at the battle of New Orleans, than like a steamboat. Her decent cabin and state-rooms accommodated as respectable a company of passengers as one can often find on these waters; and we should be comfortable were it not for the warmth of the weather, made more oppressive from the exclusion of any breeze by the dense forests on both sides of the stream, and the close walls of cotton around us.

This river is rightly named, from the color of its muddy water, and of the soil on its banks. It is very crooked, and in these parts narrow, so that often, in "making a bend," the boat must strike the shore, lose its headway, swing off, and go on again. Thus we sometimes find ourselves in close quarters with the bushes and limbs of trees. Though from Shreveport to Natchitoches, the next town below, the distance by land is not a hundred miles, it is two hundred and fifty by water. The shores are low, generally subject to overflow, and covered with woods, except here and there a clearing, with some fields of corn and cotton. Of course this scenery is not so interesting as

that on the Hudson or Connecticut; but the sportsmen, whose companion is always a gun, amuse themselves and others by "popping" at the alligators, while some read, some play cards, some talk or lounge, and one, at least, you perceive, scribbles. One poor young man, too, far gone with consumption, is trying to reach his friends in another state.

But to the point which I had in mind when I began this story — already, I fear, too long. Perhaps you have not yet seen good reasons for my calling this a curious river and a wonderful country. We have just made our escape from a "*raft*," which had detained us twenty hours. This *raft* was formed by the *drift*, or the numerous trees, logs, and sticks, which, in floating down the stream, had lodged against a large tree, prostrated across the channel by the force of a hurricane, which passed through this region the day before we arrived. For many miles along the river, the course of the storm is marked by its havoc among the forest-trees, some torn out by the roots, some twisted and broken to shivers above the ground, some stripped of their limbs; and the tall, naked stumps, which had been left standing in the cleared fields of the planters, were strewn over the cultivated ground, while the foliage seemed cut to pieces, and the growing crops beaten down, by the hail.

We found the river, twenty-four hours after the tempest, clogged up for the distance of fifty or sixty rods. The tree being cut off, the raft moved; but the main part soon stopped. A little more work then would doubtless have loosened the whole; but our "Captain Smoker," not wishing to lose time, attempting to *smoke* the steamer through, drove her like a wedge into the mass; but failing, backed up and tried again, repeating this operation several times, and reminding one of the combats of *certain quadrupeds* common in your country. The last time, taking a good start, the steamer made a desperate push, but was brought up, where she was snugly held till morning. In the evening, the "Maid of Kentucky" came up to our stern, where, of course, she had to "lie by." This morning, after some ineffectual efforts to relieve ourselves by hauling out the logs with the windlass, and after the "South-Western," had, with much labor, succeeded in clearing away another raft a short distance below us, she came up to our bow, and making fast to hers one large "hauser," backed away till she broke it; then gave us her new one, and finally pulled us, raft and all, out of "a mighty tight place."

Now if you don't agree that this is a *great country, at least for squalls*, and that this is "one droll stream" to navigate, you differ in opinion from

A FRIEND TO MERRY.

Petersham, May 26, 1845.

Mr. Merry:

Seeing that you have many little correspondents, (some with *black* eyes, and some with *blue*,) I thought you would be kind enough to excuse *me* for writing a few lines, as I wish to thank my little cousin S. M. W——, from whom you published a letter in April, 1844, through your pages, for her kindness in sending me your most interesting Museum.

I have received three bound volumes, and the Numbers for last year and five for this. I would like very much to go to Georgia and thank my cousin for her thoughtfulness of me, and roam with her over the green pastures and meadows, and gather the sweet flowers, and by the little streams to watch the bright waters as they joyfully dance along their way towards the ocean. I would like also to see that curious rock she wrote about, and wanted you to visit, and write a story about. But it is far, far away, and I cannot go; so I will content myself to stay at home and read your interesting stories. Good-by, Mr. Merry. JULIA A. W——.

Springfield, May, 1845.

Mr. Robert Merry:

Dear Sir: I have read Merry's Museum more than four years. I think every number

grows more and more interesting. I should not like to part with it. I thought I would write, for the amusement of your little black-eyed and blue-eyed readers, about three little chickens. I will let one of the chickens tell the story.

Story of the Three Chickens.

"My first recollection, after I saw the light, was that my mother, with myself and two sisters, was wandering about in the farm-yard. Mother was scratching with all her might to get some food for her little family. By some circumstance which we were too young to understand, we were deprived of our mother. Then we went *yeaping*, *yeaping* around the farm-yard, until we found our way to our master's door, when our master's daughter, a fine young lady, had compassion upon us, took us and brooded and protected us a few days. Then she presented us to a young friend of hers, who was very much pleased with us. She was delighted to see us run about the yard, and come and feed out of her hand.

"One day our little mistress was absent. While we were playing by ourselves, a great cat pounced upon us, and caught one of my sisters, and ran away with her. We were exceedingly frightened; but at that moment our little mistress came, took us up, and shed many tears over us at the loss of one of her little pets. From that moment our little mistress never suffered us to be out of her sight. She would sit for hours and hold us in her lap, and read a little book. O, how much comfort we did take! While she was reading, and looking at the pretty pictures, we would turn up our little eyes, and peer in her face, and wonder what she was about. How peaceful and happy we were in those happy days! But we have got to be great chickens —I might almost say old hens — now, and we try to repay our little mistress by giving her as many eggs as we can!"

Such, Mr. Merry, is the story. You may print it if you please, but don't tell any body, who wrote it.

M. S.

Lowell, April, 1845.

My dear Mr. Merry:

You cannot think how much pleasure my little sister and myself take in your little periodical. When we see the pink cover in our father's hand, we exclaim in one voice, "I speak for Merry's Museum!" I think that the cover for this year is as good as any you have ever had; but if the old man there is intended for you, the designer forgot that you had but one good leg. Excuse my criticism, Mr. Merry.

I liked the Old Man in the Corner's productions very much; but I am afraid he will never appear again. Did he go away with old 1844? Or is his package empty? I should like to hear from your friend Bill Keeler. I hope he will come again to amuse the readers of Merry's Museum with his laughable stories.

I thank you for one thing, Mr. Merry; you are more punctual than you used to be. Last year, if I went to visit my little friends, among other various questions, I was generally asked, "Has your Merry's Museum come yet?" Then they would say, "I wish they would come sooner; I want to find how such a story ends." But now they come at the beginning of the month. How many names you have! Robert Merry, Peter Parley, and did you not at one time call yourself "Robert Rambler"? I subscribe for your Parley's Cabinet Library: it is a most useful, instructive, and entertaining work. You suggested once having a book entitled the "Puzzler puzzled." I think it would be a good plan to have the three last pages of the Museum devoted to puzzles. I often see, in your magazines, puzzles sent by subscribers; and if you think the following worthy of a place in the Museum, by inserting it you would confer a great pleasure on

Your blue-eyed subscriber,

E. O. K.

AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA;

inscribed to Mr. Robert Merry.

I am a word of fifteen letters.

My 1, 8, 3, 2, was wanted by Oliver Twist
My 2, 13, 2, 15, 5, is a mournful song.

My 3, 11, 10, is the name of a Mississippi branch.

My 4, 2, 14, 10, is found by the river's side.

My 5, 2, 13, 13, is a savage cry.

My 6, 2, 3, 4, 11, 4, is a French word for squeeze.

My 7, 3, 2, 12, is a celebrated man, and bird.

My 8, 3, 10, 11, 4, is essential to all.

My 9, 5, 2, 6, is an introduction to a proclamation.

My 10, 2, 12, is the resort of wild animals.

My 11, 5, 2, is a remarkable part of man.

My 12, 11, 5, was a hero.

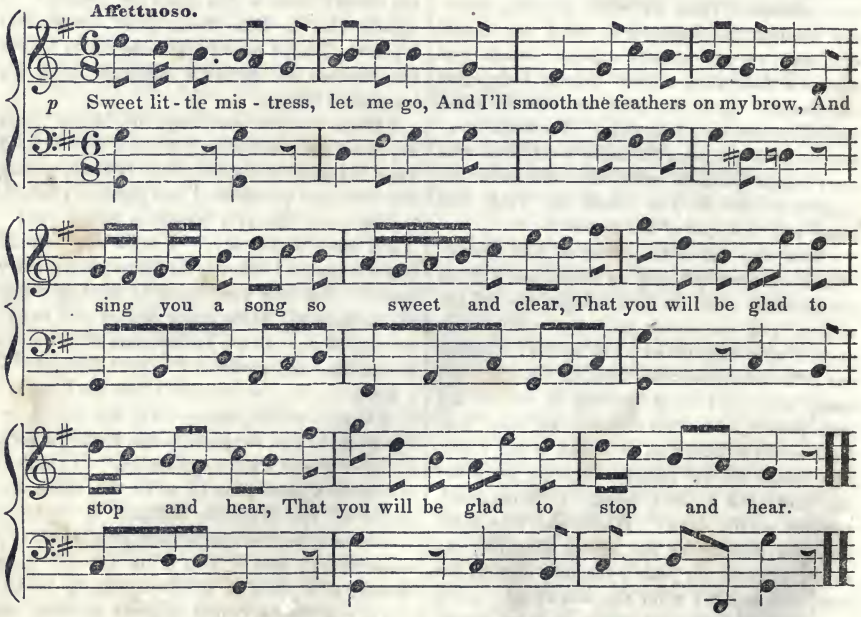
My 13, 2, 15, is part of my whole.

My 14, 12, 10, is the extremity of all.

My 15, 8, 10, 10, 11, 6, is a title of the River Ganges.

My whole is a devoted friend of the young, and something which he always carries about with him. Do you give it up?

The Captive Bluebird.



Indeed, you know not what you do;
I'll tell you all, and tell you true.
I've left some young ones in the tree,
In a soft nest—there are one, two, three.

Ah me! no more, at early morn,
Shall I rest my foot on the stooping thorn,
And pour the song from my soft breast,
While my dear young ones are at rest.

No more shall I, with eager bill,
Snatch up the worm from off the hill;
And no more hear the trembling cry
That welcomes me when I draw nigh.

But my sad notes have touched your heart,
Your open hand bids me depart;
Blessings on thee, my mistress dear;
My darlings have no more to fear!

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. IX. AUGUST, 1845. No. 8.

It is now August, and though the sun does not dart its rays upon us so directly from overhead as in the months of June and July, it is still very hot and sultry. I dare say, some of our young readers, oppressed by the heat, are ready to wish for the return of December, with its pinching winds and covering of snow; and perhaps they will be obliged to us now for a glimpse of the cooling scene displayed in the picture above.

But the seasons will not come and go at our bidding. It is wisest, therefore, to make the best of the present moment, and, instead of wishing for what cannot be, to set about extracting happiness and instruction from every thing around us. Time flies fast enough, and it is not merely idle, but it is wicked, for us to wish to annihilate weeks and months that God has given us in kindness and mercy.

To those of our young friends who are not pleased with August, let us ask how we could live, were it not for the hot weather which ripens the wheat and rye, of which we make bread; the Indian corn, which fattens the pig, and makes the pudding and Johnny-cake? How could we get whortleberries, and apples, and plums, and peaches, and pears, if it were not for the heat of August, which is necessary to bring them to maturity and give them their delicious flavor?

Alas! what would become of us, if our idle wishes could be realized; if Providence were to take us at our word! Let us suppose that, in some hot day in August, we are a little uncomfortable, and therefore wish it were winter. Suppose

that, like the scenes of fairy-land, the seasons should change agreeably to our wishing, and the earth be suddenly covered with snow, — what misery and desolation would immediately spread over the land! The birds, taken unawares, would fall frozen to the earth; the trees and plants, seized in full leaf and flower by the frost, would perish forever; the horses, sheep, and cows, ere the winter were past, would starve; and men, women, and children would be cut off by famine. The whole land would mourn, and misery would fill every living thing.

Such would be the certain effect of having one of our idle and thoughtless wishes fulfilled, and one which we often hear uttered by our little friends. When it is hot, they wish it were cold; when it is cold, they wish it were hot. Let us all be wiser hereafter, girls and boys. Let us leave time and tide, days and seasons, to Him who is wiser than we; and let us do what we all may to render life happy. This is to be accomplished by making the best of every thing; by doing our duty, and doing it cheerfully.

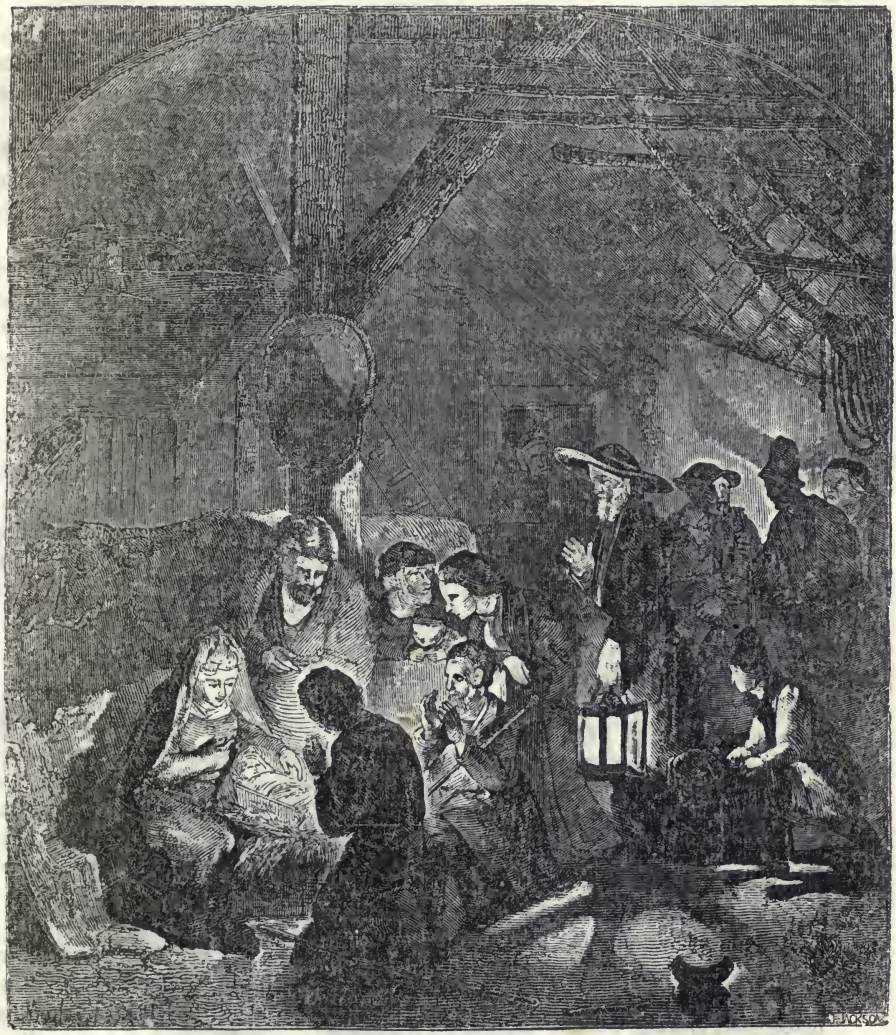
The Thrush.

A MILL-WRIGHT, with three of his men, making a threshing-machine, occupied, for some time, a cart-shed for their workshop. One morning, they observed a mavis or thrush enter the wide door of the shed, over their heads, and soon fly out again. This she did several times, until their curiosity was excited, and they began to watch the motions of the birds; for they found that two, a male and female, were both implicated in this coming and going. Upon the joists of the shed were placed two small harrows, used for grass seeds, laid one above the other; and it was soon found that these birds were employed, with all the diligence of their kind, in making their nest in this singular situation. Their activity was incessant, and the nest was soon in a great state of forwardness; but before it was completed, the female began to deposit her eggs, while the male still continued his unwearied toil. When all was finished, the cock took his share in the hatching; but he did not sit so long as the hen, and he often fed her while she was upon the nest.

The Orchard Starling.

THE nest of the orchard starling is formed exteriorly of a particular species of long, tough, and flexible grass, knit or sewed through and through, in a thousand directions, as if actually done with a needle. An old lady, after examining and admiring one of these nests, asked, half in joke and half in earnest, whether it were not possible to teach these birds to darn stockings. Wilson had the curiosity to detach one of the fibres, or stalks of dried grass, from the nest, and found it to measure thirteen inches in length, and in that distance was thirty-four times hooked through and returned, winding round and round the nest.

IF you have received an injury from any one, wash it out, not in blood, but in the waters of Lethe.



Rembrandt.

Artists are generally persons of quick sensibilities, and their memoirs often present those fluctuations of fortune which strongly enlist the sympathy of readers. Paul Gensetz Rembrandt, like many others who have risen to fame, was of humble origin. His father was a miller, and he was born on the Rhine,

near Leyden, in 1606. The boy was sent to school, for the purpose of following one of the learned professions; but such was his love of painting, that his father permitted him to devote his time to this art. He painted a view of his father's mill, and other scenes in the vicinity, and after a time, he went to the Hague, to offer one of his productions to a dealer in pictures. What was his amazement and joy, to receive one hundred florins, or about twenty-five dollars, for it! He was so elated, that he could not wait to walk back, as he came; so he hired a chariot and horses, and drove home with all speed, to tell his father of his success.

He now rose to fame and fortune. He married a pretty peasant girl, whose portrait he painted many times, and copies of which still exist. In 1630 he settled at Amsterdam, where he resided the remainder of his life.

Rembrandt was not only a painter, but he engraved on copper, and his etchings were very famous. Of one of these, there is a pleasant story. Rembrandt could not relish his boiled beef without mustard; but it happened upon one occasion, in which he was dining with the burgomaster, that there was none in the house; and the latter, desirous of pleasing his guest, immediately sent off one of his servants to the city, to procure some. Rembrandt, observing that he was rather a phlegmatic looking person, offered to bet that he would make an etching before the man returned. The wager was immediately accepted, and Rembrandt forthwith, having taken a prepared plate, commenced etching the landscape from the burgomaster's window, comprising a view of Amsterdam, which he finished in his happiest style, with that vigor and lightness of touch peculiar to him, just before the servant arrived with the mustard; hence it is called the landscape *de la Moutarde*, or the *Mustard Landscape*. Some impressions of this are still extant, and a good one is now worth a hundred and fifty dollars!

Though Rembrandt was most successful in painting portraits, still his historical pieces are very masterly. He had great defects. There was little grace or dignity in his figures; but his striking contrast of light and shade gave wonderful effect to his pictures. The engraving at the head of this article gives some idea of the powerful concentration of light, which he was fond of introducing into his paintings.

Rembrandt died in 1674, and his son Titus inherited his fortune, which was considerable.

Confusion of Cause and Effect.—An itinerant preacher, when discoursing on the goodness of Providence, said,—"But, my brethren, even death itself, which, for our many offences, we have all merited, Providence has wisely placed at the *end* of our lives; for O, what would life be worth, were death at the *beginning!*"

In another part of his sermon, he *naively* remarked,—"It is another instance of the goodness of Providence, that large rivers always flow by large towns."

The Italians were the first of the moderns to attempt canals. The grand canal at Milan was made navigable in 1721.

Story of a Mermaid.

A LONG time ago, pet,—before e'en a notion
Of crossing by steam o'er the broad rolling ocean
Had entered the head of a soul in the world,
And but very few ships their white sails had unfurled,
Where now there are thousands, of every kind,
That so gracefully move with the murmuring wind,—
Strange stories are told of the wonderful sights
That were seen by the sailors on bright summer nights;
And the people on land believed all that was said
Of the huge floating craken, or singing mermaid.
But we, who belong to this working-day age,
And believe ourselves wondrously learnéd and sage,
Have discarded our grandfathers' faith with their coats,
And thrown by their good vessels for modern steamboats.
We believe not in craken, or mermaid, whose song
Was then thought to float o'er the waters along,
To warn the rough seaman to clear off the deck,
And prepare for the danger of storm and of wreck.
But, if you desire it, a tale I will tell
Of a mermaid so fair, that in Hurlgate did dwell;
There she lived on the rocks, mid the breakers so white,
But she dreaded them not, though they rolled in their might;
For she swam like a fish, though she looked like a woman,
And surely you'll own that was something uncommon.
There she'd sit, her long hair o'er her white shoulders streaming,
And her eyes, like twin stars, o'er the troubled waves gleaming;
And she sang to the honest Dutch tars as they passed,
Who straightway prepared their good ship for the blast.
Sweet sounded her song as it swelled o'er the wave,
Though it told of a storm and a watery grave.
One day, as she gazed o'er the turbulent tide,
She saw a huge vessel float on in its pride.
It was freighted from Holland, with Dutch dolls and tiles,
And had brought them in safety for thousands of miles;
But the hearts of the mariners trembled with fright
As Hurlgate and the mermaid appeared to their sight.
They thought of their homes, of the dear little daughters
Who looked for them daily across the dark waters;
And sadly they sighed, as they thought they could hear
The song of the mermaid, so shrill and so clear.

"The wind it rises; the night grows dark;"
Thus seemed the siren to say:
"And your graceful, swan-like, sailing bark
May be wrecked ere the dawning day.

"You have ventured within my charmed domain,
When forbidden by wind and tide;
And your cry for help shall be in vain,
As all night long, in fear and pain,
Drenched by the waves and the driving rain,
Your penance you abide.

"But if until the sun appear
Your ship can bear the gale,
You may cast away all further fear,
For then my power will fail."

The wind now rose so fierce and strong,
It drove the beautiful ship along
  Like a feather upon the billows;
Hard pulled the mariners at the ropes,
But fainter and fainter grew their hopes
  Of e'er resting on their home pillows.

The mast is bent, and they hear the scream
The vessel gives in every beam;
  But if she holds together
Until the morning sun shall rise
Again upon their longing eyes,
  They'll see a change of weather.

Till midnight fiercer grows the blast;
It seems each hour must be the last
  For that poor ship and crew;
And then so loud the billows war,
No more can hear the listening tar
  His captain's wild halloo.

But midnight past, the tempest's roar
Seems not so angry as before;
  They hear each other speak.
Then, through the darkness of the night,
They see a streak of rising light,
  And day begins to break.

Joy sits on every sailor's brow;
The mermaid's power is over now;
  And though they're wet and weary,
Their good ship has rode out the blast;
Soon will they moor in harbor fast;
  And every heart is cheery.

Now they can see Manhattan's spires,
And every eye with rapture fires
  As up the bay they glide.
And now they vow, nor vow in vain,
Never to tempt Hurlgate again
  At the wrong time of the tide.

F.

Rochester, N. Y.

FASHIONABLE GLOSSARY.

Truth.—Meaning uncertain.
Love.—A word to be found in novels.
Matrimony.—A bargain.

Vocal Machinery of Birds.

It has been difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a discovery has shown, that in birds the wings have several openings, communicating with several air-bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses in the process of breathing. This is not all; the very bones are hollow, from which air-pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. The air, being rarefied by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart from the greatest height with astonishing velocity. No doubt, the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.

Gardiner's Music of Nature.

A WELCOME VISITOR.—A good periodical is like a sensible, sunny, and sound-hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold always gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour.

QUACKERY.—In 1750, a mad enthusiast, a private in the Life-Guards, predicted that London would be overthrown on a certain day; which induced an impudent quack to sell a large cargo of pills, which he assured the people "were good against earthquakes."

The Four Bears.

This is the formidable title of a famous chief of the Mandan tribe, and one of the last of their gallant warriors. His Indian title was Mah-to-toh-pa, and his feats in the chase and in war would fill a volume. The reader will find his exploits set forth in Parley's Cabinet Library, from which we extract the following passage: —

"In the summer of 1838, the small-pox, that curse of the red race, was introduced among the Mandans by the fur-traders. They were then surrounded by several war-parties of the Sioux, so that they could not scatter into the plains, but were confined to their village. The disease became so malignant, that, after a person was attacked, death ensued in a few hours. Despair and madness seemed to seize upon the people, and a large number destroyed themselves with knives and guns, or by dashing out their brains in

leaping headlong from a ledge of rocks in front of their village. None thought of burying their dead; and whole families were left in ghastly heaps in the wigwams.

"Mr. Catlin gives the following account of the melancholy fate of Mah-to-toh-pa. 'He sat in his wigwam, and saw every one of his family die about him,—his wives and his little children. He was attacked with the disease himself, but he recovered. He then walked out, and, passing around the village, wept over the destruction of his tribe. His braves and warriors, whose sinewy arms once seemed to defy danger, were now but as heaps of clay. He came back to his lodge, and covered the bodies of his family in a pile with a number of robes; he threw another around himself, and went out upon a hill, at a little distance, and sat down. Despite the entreaties of some traders who chanced to be there, he utterly refused to eat. He remained on the earth till the sixth day, when, faint and exhausted, he staggered back to the village, and entered the horrid gloom of his own wigwam. Laying his body down beside the group of his sleeping wife and children, he drew his robe over his face, and, lingering for three days, at last died.'

"Thus, in the course of two months, the whole tribe of Mandans perished, with the exception of some thirty or forty, that were taken as slaves by the Ricarees, who moved from their own abodes and took possession of the Mandan village. This remnant of the valiant Mandans could not endure a state of bondage. Some months after they had been reduced to captivity, when the Ricarees were attacked by their enemies, the Sioux, they ran out together upon the prairie, calling to the Sioux to kill them. 'We are Ricaree dogs!' said they. 'Our friends are dead,—our warriors are no more,—our villages are in the hands of strangers. We will not, we cannot live!' Then, brandishing their weapons in a manner to provoke the enemy, they were all cut in pieces. Not one escaped, and the Mandans are no more. Where is there a sadder page of history than this?"

A Magical Duet on the Guitar.

Bonnet, in his *History of Music*, gives the following extraordinary account of a musician, mathematician, and mechanician, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in Provence, about the middle of the seventeenth century. After many years of study and labor, he succeeded in constructing an automaton figure having the shape of a human skeleton, which, by means of concealed mechanism, played, or had the appearance of playing, on the guitar. The artist, having tuned two guitars in perfect unison, placed one of them in the hands of the skeleton, in the position proper for playing, and on a calm summer's evening, having thrown open the window of his apartment, he fixed the skeleton, with the guitar in its hands, in a position where it could be seen from the street. He then, taking the other instrument, seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and commenced playing a piece of music, the passages of which were faithfully repeated, or echoed, by the guitar held by the skeleton; at the same time that the movement of its

wooden fingers, as if really executing the music, completed the illusion.

This strange musical feat drew crowds round the house of Alix, and created the greatest astonishment. But alas for the ill-fated artist! This sentiment was soon changed, in the minds of the ignorant multitude, into the most superstitious dread. A rumor arose that Alix was a sorcerer, and in league with the evil one. He was arrested by order of the parliament of Provence, and sent before their criminal court, to be tried on the capital charge of magic or witchcraft. In vain the ingenious, but unfortunate, artist sought to convince his judges that the only means used to give apparent vitality to the fingers of the skeleton were wheels, springs, pulleys, and other equally unmagical contrivances; and that the marvellous result produced was nothing more criminal than the solution of a problem in mathematics.

His explanations and demonstrations were either not understood, or failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician. This iniquitous judgment was confirmed by the parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent automaton figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This cruel sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and edification of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix.

Religion. — Going to church every Sunday morning.

Economy. — Obsolete.

Personal Appearance of James I.

"He was of a middle stature," says Sir Arthur Weldon, "more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough, his clothes ever being made large and easy; the doublets quilted for stiletto proof; his breeches in great plaits and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets; his eye large, ever rolling after any stranger that came in his presence, insomuch that many for shame left the room, as being out of countenance. His beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink. His skin was as soft as taffeta sarcenet, which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers' ends, and lightly, with a napkin. His legs were very weak, having had, as some thought, some foul play in his youth, so that he was not able to stand at seven years of age; that weakness made him forever leaning on other men's shoulders; his walk was ever circular."

Barrett, in his poem on "Woman" pays her the following beautiful compliment: —

"Ask the gray pilgrim, by the surges cast
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast —
Ask who relieved him; who the hearth began
To kindle; who with spilling goblet ran;
O, he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his withered hands, and *woman* name."

Italy.

THERE is no portion of the world more celebrated than the long, boot-shaped peninsula of Italy. Alike renowned for its bland climate and its exuberant fertility, it became the seat of an abundant population in remote ages.

Rome, the eternal city, as it has been called, here arose, and became the centre of the mightiest empire that figures in the pages of antiquity. Here also the popes have ever had their thrones, and at one period they exercised a dominion as complete and as extensive as that of the Cæsars. Even now, reduced and humbled as is the venerable city, power and dominion cling to it; for the pope is still here, and still, as head of the Catholic church, exercises a despotic sway in spiritual matters over its members scattered throughout Christendom, numbering in all, perhaps, one hundred and fifty millions of people!

Yet there is something in the condition of Italy strangely at variance with its ancient position. It is now divided into a number of states, all of which are politically insignificant, while the inhabitants are sunk into a state of imbecility. The description of Goldsmith, written eighty years ago, is as true of the country and the people, at the present day, as it was then:

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops, between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blessed.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind.
For wealth was theirs: not far removed the date
When Commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learned to rise;
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvass glowed, beyond e'en Nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

To my Child,

TRYING TO CATCH THE MOTES IN THE SUNSHINE.

Belovéd one! I gaze on thee
With strangely mingled smiles and tears,
And listen to thy bursts of glee
With all a mother's hopes and fears.

I smile to see thine eager chase
  Of motes that in the sunshine gleam,
And weep to think thy future race
  May be as vain, as false a dream.

No weariness thou knowest now,
  Though those dear hands are stretched in vain;
The failure does not cloud that brow,
  Nor give thy heart one moment's pain.

The fickle motes dance on uncaught;
  Yet rings thy childish laugh as clear:
With thee to gain the prize were nought;
  The chase itself is only dear.

O! would that in thine after years,
  Thy heart might be as light as now;
Those blue eyes know no bitter tears,
  No shadows cloud thy sunny brow.

Alas, my child! thy mother's prayer,
  Her fervent prayer, is all in vain;
Can mortal's heart be free from care,
  Or mortal's lot unmixed with pain?

No, no! but still this prayer may rise:
  Though care and sorrow must be thine,
Let it be that which purifies,
  Which "tries the soul but to refine."

F.

Rochester, N. Y.

An Epitaph on a Young Lady buried at Pere La Chaise.

The loveliest, in this world of sadness,
  Are destined to decay the first;
And those whose fate seems more of gladness,
  Are mournful victims of the worst.

So she, like roses rudely torn,
  In graceful fragrance, from their stem,
Beamed, like her emblems, for a morn,
  Then, crushed and withered, fell like them.

Marie Antoinette.

Marie Antoinette, born at Vienna, in 1755, was the daughter of Francis, emperor of Germany, and Maria Theresa, of Austria. In 1770, she became the wife of Louis, grandson of Louis XV., afterwards king of France under the name of Louis XVI. She was handsome, lively, and thoughtless, but kind-hearted, and with good intentions. She disliked the etiquette and reserve of the court, and her taste for familiarity and easy manners laid her open to the slanderous aspersions of the idlers round the throne.

When the French revolution began, and difficulties and dissensions arose, the queen joined the party who resisted the measures of the revolutionists; but Louis, being weak and irresolute, was constantly guilty of inconsistencies. She never would conciliate the favor of any of the leaders of the revolution, and spurned the offers of Mirabeau to support the interests

of the crown. She advised Louis to fly, which attempt, proving unsuccessful, only served to excite the public mind more strongly against her husband.

A strong faction now arose, determined to do away with the office of king. During the repeated attacks made against the royal family, Marie showed great courage, and, in her anxiety about her husband and children, she forgot herself. When taken prisoners, she shared their captivity with cheerfulness and resignation; and her demeanor, under the most trying circumstances, never lost its dignity. She exhibited a calmness of mind which astonished, while it irritated, her enemies. In the gayety of youth and the sunshine of prosperity, Marie Antoinette had shown some foibles; but in adversity she exhibited a spectacle of truth, firmness, and dignity, hardly less than sublime.

After Louis's execution, the queen seemed for a time to be forgotten; but she was finally brought to trial, and condemned to death. Accordingly, in 1793, she was taken in a common cart from the prison to the place of execution. On her way, she was reviled and abused by the ferocious mob in the most unfeeling manner; but she appeared unmoved, and suffered death with firmness and composure. She evinced that patient, deep, and touching heroism, which a woman and a Christian alone can display.

The Old Soldier.

BY A YOUNG FRIEND OF "MERRY'S MUSEUM."

I AM going to tell you a short story about an old soldier. First, I will tell about him when he was a boy. His father and mother were very poor, but they were contented. They lived in a little cottage, with a small farm attached to it, the produce of which they carried to a neighboring market-town. Little William—for that was his name—used to help his father in the summer time, and in the winter he went to school. But he was a sad boy there, never getting his lessons well; and many a whipping he got for playing in school. He was always quarrelling and fighting, and was never happy unless he was at the head of a party, so as to gratify his love of commanding, which had thus early begun to show itself. As he grew older, his unhappy disposition made him the dread of the whole town; he was sullen and morose, often ill-treating his kind parents, and never contented with any thing. Thus he lived on, making every body unhappy, and being miserable himself. This was his boyhood; and we will leave him for a few years.

Let us now return to the cottage. Here we might see his father working in the garden. But how altered! His hair is gray, and his once manly, erect form is now bent with premature old age. Every thing wears a look of sadness and poverty. And what has done this? I will tell you. A company of soldiers, marching through the town, attracted William's notice; he was captivated with their reckless, swaggering manner, and it required but little to persuade him to join the troop. He agreed to steal away that night. He waited till his father and mother had gone to bed, and then, taking his little bundle of clothes with him, he lowered himself gently out of the window. But before he started on the road, he turned to take one last, lingering look at

the cottage where he had lived so long, and which, though it had been the scene of so much unhappiness, was still his home. The person must be hardened, indeed, who does not feel one pang at the thought of leaving home; but William soon shook off those feelings, reminding himself of the pleasures of the soldier's life.

He reached his place of destination before morning, and joined the company the next day. You may judge of the sorrow of his parents when they found that he had deserted them. Badly as he had behaved to them, still he was their son. They received a short note from him in a few days, saying that his troop was ordered to a foreign country, and he was obliged to go with them. His parents tried to buy him off; but the government was in want of troops, and nothing would do but a substitute for him, and they could find no one willing to take his place.

William already repented his rash step, and was much affected by the distress of his parents; but go he must, and he bade them good-by, upon the day of his sailing, with a pretty cheerful face, telling them he should be back soon. Again we will leave him and his parents for a few years.

The cottage still stands; the garden too is there; the beautiful landscape around is not altered; but strangers now occupy the cottage. William's father has long been dead, and his wife could not survive him. But see! There comes some one in the distance. 'Tis a poor soldier, with a wooden leg. His steps falter as he approaches the cottage; he leans against a tree to gather strength to go on; he gazes long and earnestly at the cottage, but no familiar face meets his view. Trembling he knocks at the door. It is opened, but he lacks courage to speak. "What do you want?" asks the man within. The soldier mumbled the names of his father and mother. "They have been dead this many a year," is the rough reply. "Dead!" exclaimed the soldier, and tottering, he fell to the ground. The man was frightened, and, raising him up, carried him into the house. By the help of some restoratives, the poor soldier soon revived; but his mind was gone. He lived but a few days longer. Examining his knapsack, they found his name written upon some of his clothes. It was William—and he was buried by the side of his father and mother.

M.

Thy Mother, Boy.

Who, when thine infant life was young,
Delighted, o'er thy cradle hung,
With pity soothed each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs her own?
Who sleepless watched in hours of pain,
Nor smiled till thou wert well again?
Who sorrowed from thy side to part,
And bore thee, absent, on her heart?

Thy mother, boy! How canst thou pay
Her tender care by night and day?
Who joined thy sports with cheerful air,
And joyed to see thee strong and fair?
Who, with fond pride, to guest and friend,
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret flowed like rain,
If sin or woe thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh,
Besought for thee a home on high?

Thy mother, boy! How canst thou pay
Her tireless love by night and day?

Bear on thy brow the lofty smile
Of upright duty, free from guile;
With earnest diligence restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain;
If weary toil her path invade,
Come, fond and fearless, to her aid;
Nerve thy young arm her steps to guide;
If fades her cheek, be near her side;
And by a life of goodness pay
Her care and love, by night and day.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Play Afternoon.

"MOTHER, there is no school this afternoon," said William.

"No, mother, we are to have a play afternoon," said Sarah, quickly following her brother into the room, where their mother sat at work.

"Sarah and I will have a real good play; and little Frank shall play with us; and you may play with us too—will you, dear mother?" asked William.

Their mother told him that she must work for them. The children begged her to stay in the room and see them play, and help them a little. To this their mother said "yes;" and they were quite satisfied.

After the dinner things were cleared away, and their father had gone to his study, William and Sarah called little Frank, and they all thought that they should like a game at blind-man's-buff; but the room was small, and their mamma told them it was not a very safe play in a small room, where there was a large fire.

They pleasantly gave up the game of blind-man's-buff, and agreed to play at hide-the-handkerchief.

"Here is my little busy bee," said Frank, taking from his pocket his handkerchief, on which there was a picture, and the hymn,

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

The children took the handkerchief, of which little Frank was very fond, and to play they went, so kindly and good-humoredly, that their mother's heart was glad.

Two of them would hide their eyes in their mamma's lap, and be sure not to peep; while the third would walk softly round the room, and find a good place for the handkerchief; then cry, "Coop!" and up would start the others to find it.

Their mother was making a moccason for little Frank. It was William's turn to hide the handkerchief, and he thought it would be a grand plan to put it in the moccason, which was on his mother's hand. So in it went, and he called, "Coop! coop!"

Sarah and Frank looked a long time for it; but they could not find it. Sarah thought she must give it up; but Frank said, "I am too big to give it up;" and Sarah then thought that if Frank was "too big," she certainly was.

Just then, Sarah saw the corner of the handkerchief peeping out of the moccason, and felt quite delighted that she had found it, and had not given it up.

They had now played long enough for one time; and after talking a little about it, and hoping they should have so good a play on some other Saturday afternoon, they asked their mother for some work.

She answered that William could bring some wood; little Frank might take his basket and pick some chips; and Sarah spread the tea-table.

It was a pleasant thing to see these good children trying to assist their kind mother. Even very little children may learn to become useful, and do a great deal of good. — *Juvenile Miscellany.*

The Golden-winged Woodpecker.

WILSON has given the following interesting history of a golden-winged woodpecker. "In rambling through the woods one day, I happened to shoot one of these birds, and wounded him slightly in the wing. Finding him in full feather, and seemingly but little hurt, I took him home, and put him into a large cage, made of willows, intending to keep him in my own room, that we might become better acquainted. As soon as he found himself enclosed on all sides, he lost no time in idle fluttering, but, throwing himself against the bars of the cage, began to demolish the willows, battering them with great violence, and uttering a loud, piteous kind of cackling, similar to that of a hen, when she is alarmed and takes wing.

"Poor Baron Trenck never labored with more eager diligence at the walls of his prison, than this son of the forest in his exertions for liberty; and he exercised his powerful bill with such force, digging into the sticks, seizing and shaking them from side to side, that he soon opened for himself a passage; and though I repeatedly repaired the breach, and barricaded every opening in the best manner I could, yet, on my return into the room, I always found him at large, climbing up the chairs or running about the floor, where, from the dexterity of his movements, moving backwards, forwards, and sideways, with the same facility, it became difficult to get hold of him again.

"Having placed him in a strong wire cage, he seemed to give up all hopes of making his escape, and soon became very tame. He fed on young ears of corn; refused apples, but ate the berries of the sour gum greedily, small winter grapes, and several other kinds of berries. He exercised himself frequently in climbing, or rather hopping perpendicularly along the sides of the cage; and as evening drew on, fixed himself in a hanging or perpendicular posture, and slept with his head on his wing. As soon as dawn appeared, he descended to the bottom of his cage, and began his attack on the ears of Indian corn, rapping so hard as to be heard from every room in the house. After this he would sometimes resume his former position, and take another nap.

"He had become very amusing and sociable, and was a great favorite, when, after the lapse of several weeks, he seemed to droop, and died soon after, as I conceived, from the effects of his wound."

COLERIDGE ON CHILDREN AND DOGS. — How inimitably graceful are children! There seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous dogs and little children. I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.

MILDNESS OF MANNER, with energy of action, constitutes the perfection of character.

History of Ancient Rome.

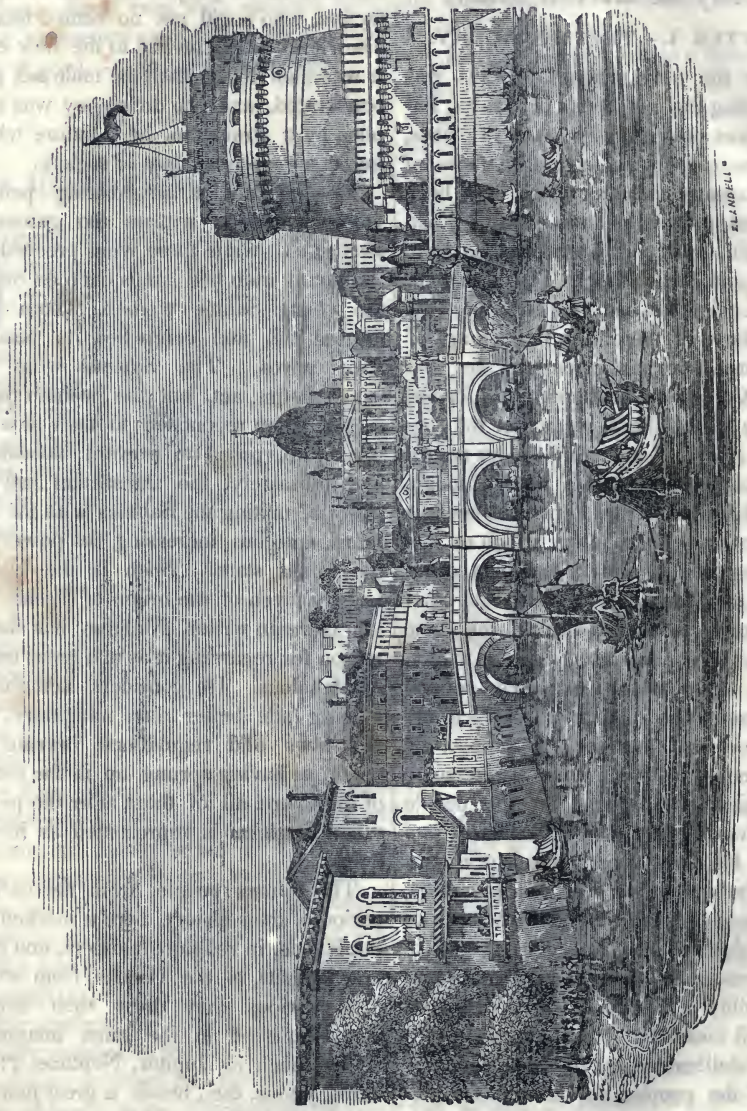
CHAPTER I.—THE MONARCHY.

About the time when Lycurgus was settling the institutions of Sparta, Italy was possessed by a set of tribes, some of which, from the traces of their language and arts which have been preserved, appear to have been of Eastern origin, being probably colonies from Greece and Asia Minor. The Etrurians, who occupied modern Tuscany, were the most refined of these. In the country of the Latins, more to the south, in the year 752 B. C., a small settlement was formed near the hill on the Tiber, under the conduct, it is said, of a youthful leader named Romulus. A line drawn by the plough, after the fashion of the Etrurians, became the boundary of the town, which at first was composed of only a few huts, occupied by shepherds, freebooters, and other rude people. From Romulus, the name of *Rome* was conferred on the new city.

The lands, which extended several miles round the city, were divided into three portions; one for the support of government, another for the maintenance of religion, and a third for the people themselves, each person having about two acres. He constituted a senate of a hundred, afterwards two hundred, members, who were named *patres*, (fathers,) and whose descendants, under the name of *patricians*, or the equestrian order, formed the nobility of Rome. The senate prepared all measures; but these were ultimately deliberated on by the *plebs*, or bulk of the people, not through the medium of representatives, as in modern states, but by a general assembly, held in the open air. At first, to increase the numbers of the people, all kinds of malefactors, who could get no settled footing elsewhere, were invited to the new city. It was then found that the male sex preponderated, and the deficiency was supplied by a stratagem, of a nature which marks a very rude state of society.

The Sabines, a neighboring people, were invited to witness the games at Rome; and while these were proceeding, the young men laid hands each on one of the young Sabine women, whom they carried off, and compelled to become their wives. The Sabines were enraged at this act, but the women themselves, when reconciled to their new situation, interposed to prevent bloodshed; and ultimately, the transaction had the effect of uniting the Sabines with the Romans, and thus increasing the powers of the infant state. Such is the history usually given of the origin of Rome. A late German writer, Niebuhr, has shown reason for regarding it as in a great measure fabulous. He considers Romulus as a being little better than imaginary, and the laws and regulations bearing his name, as having sprung up in the course of time, and all of them after the period when Romulus is represented as having lived.

The Roman people, from the earliest period of their history, bore a marked resemblance, in religion, manners, and general pursuits, to the Greeks, from whom it is obvious they drew their origin. They believed in the same imaginary deities, such as Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, Mars, Venus, &c., beside a great number which, in the course of time, they added to this monstrous system of mythology



View of the City of Modern Rome.

Like the Greeks, also, they dressed themselves in a simple manner, with a loose mantle, or toga, over a kind of kilt, which left the legs exposed. At the outset, their dependence was almost entirely on agriculture; but for the cultivation of the peaceful arts, generally, they seem to have possessed no taste. War and plunder were their favorite pursuits, in which they far exceeded the Greeks, and almost all other nations, of ancient or modern times. Their language, founded on the Greek, was that since known as the Latin, a term derived from *Latium*, the early name of the country in which Rome was situated.

During the early period of its history, the Roman government was monarchical, but restricted by a senate and popular assembly, and therefore favorable to social advancement. From Romulus is reckoned a series of seven kings, the ablest of whom, Servius Tullius, placed Rome at the head of the small states forming what has been called the Latin confederacy, and considerably improved the municipal institutions of the kingdom. The last of the seven kings of Rome was Tarquinius, surnamed the Proud. His son Sextus having committed an atrocious act of violence on Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, she, unable to survive the dishonor, killed herself. By this transaction, the disgust of the people with the royal family, and with monarchy in general, was brought to a head; and under a noble Roman, named Brutus, they rose and expelled Tarquinius, with all his family. Thus ended the regal power in Rome, in the year before Christ 507.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sparrows and Martins.

A SPARROW, finding a nest that a martin had just built standing very conveniently for him, possessed himself of it. The martin, seeing the usurper in her house, called strongly for help to expel him. A thousand martins came in full speed, and attacked the sparrow; but the latter, being covered on every side, and presenting his large beak at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them repent their temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat, all the martins disappeared. The sparrow seemed to think he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. In a few seconds they returned to the charge, and each of them having procured a little of that tempered earth with which they build their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and enclosed him in the nest to perish there, since they could not drive him thence.

THE famous Sir William Jones is said to have been remarkable in childhood. For industry he was very extraordinary. He wanted to learn every thing, and know the reason of every thing. At school he always got longer lessons than were required of him. One of his masters used to say, "He was a boy of so active a mind, that, if left on Salisbury Plain, without food, clothing, or friends, he would, nevertheless, certainly find the road to usefulness, riches, and fame."

Metallurgy.

METALLURGY, in its most extended signification, means the various ways of working metals. It therefore includes gilding, parting, smelting, assaying, &c. In its more limited sense, however, it is used to denote the process of smelting, or the separation of metals from their ores, for the purposes of art, and the assaying of these for the purpose of ascertaining their value. Almost all the ores employed in metallurgy are imbedded in quartzy matter, from which they must be freed as much as possible before they are subjected to the process of smelting. The methods differ with different ores. The assay of ores is performed in two different ways, with a view either of ascertaining the quantities of all the different substances which the ore contains, or only the proportion of the metal for which it is wrought. The latter of these is used in the arts, and is more properly termed *assay*, the former being called *analysis*.

Gold is always found in its native state, generally alloyed with silver and copper, and occasionally with tellurium. Some of the iron pyrites, and galena also, contain a sufficient quantity of this metal to make them valuable as ores of gold. When gold is found alloyed with silver mixed only with stony matter, the method of extracting the metal is very simple. In working a mine containing gold in this state, the whole of the matter procured from the vein is collected and broken to pieces about the size of a walnut, which are arranged into heaps according to their richness. After being freed as much as possible from their impurities, they are reduced to a powder, and made into a thick paste with salt and water. Mercury is then squeezed through a leathern bag on the mixture, and as the metal flows among it in very minute globules, it is intimately blended with it by stirring the whole mass with wooden spatulas. When the requisite quantity of mercury is add-

ed, the whole is beaten together and kept at about the temperature of boiling water for two or three days, by which the *amalgamation* or union of the gold and mercury is promoted. The earthy matter is then carried off by washing, and the superfluous mercury removed by squeezing the amalgam through a leathern bag. What remains is subjected to distillation, by which the remaining mercury is driven off, and the gold is left, containing, perhaps, a little silver.

Silver ore is reduced by two different methods—*amalgamation* and *fusion:* the former is performed when the ore is rich, and the latter when it contains little of the precious metal. The ores which are subjected to the process of amalgamation contain, in general, besides lead and copper, a small quantity of iron pyrites; if they do not, some of this is usually mixed with them, by which the extraction of the silver is facilitated. The ore, after being freed as much as possible from its stony ingredients, is mixed with common salt, and then exposed for some hours on the floor of a reverberatory till the vapor ceases to come off, the mixture being frequently stirred, to expose the whole of it to the flame. During this part of the operation, the sulphur of the ore is partly dissipated in the form of sulphurous acid; part of it, in the state of acid, combines with the alkali of the salt; and the muriatic acid, set free, unites with the silver. When the weather is cold, it is reduced to powder in a mill, and then amalgamated with about an equal weight of mercury. The amalgamation is performed in barrels, which are made to revolve, or in tubs, which contain an apparatus for keeping the mixture in constant agitation. The mixture is put into these vessels, and made into a paste with water, and kept agitated for about two days; and after the amalgam has fallen to the bottom, it is withdrawn through an aperture in the lower part of the vessel. What remains is washed, by which more of the amalgam is got from it; and the residuum, if the ore be rich, is again roasted, with the addition of a little sulphur, and subjected to a similar process, by which the whole of the metal is extracted. The amalgam produced by these different operations is freed of its superfluous mercury, and is then subjected to distillation, by which the whole of the mercury is expelled, and the silver is left, retaining a little copper, which is removed by *cupellation*, or forcing the copper into an oxide by means of heat.

In *fusion*, the ore commonly employed is lead glance, which almost always contains a small quantity of silver. The ore is pulverized and washed, and then roasted in a reverberatory, to drive off the sulphur. After this, the heat is continued through a variety of processes, till the lead is oxidated by heat into litharge, and passes off, leaving behind it the pure silver.

Iron ore is first roasted, to drive off the sulphur and other volatile matters. For this purpose, the ore, after being broken into small fragments, is stratified with small coal; the mass is set on fire, and allowed to burn till all the fuel is exhausted. It is then fused, in a very simple manner, in what is called a blast-furnace, the melted iron running out at the bottom. The fuel formerly used in England was charcoal; but this has now given way to coke made of pit-coal, which is found

to be much better fitted for making cast-iron. The smelting of copper is performed pretty much in the same way.

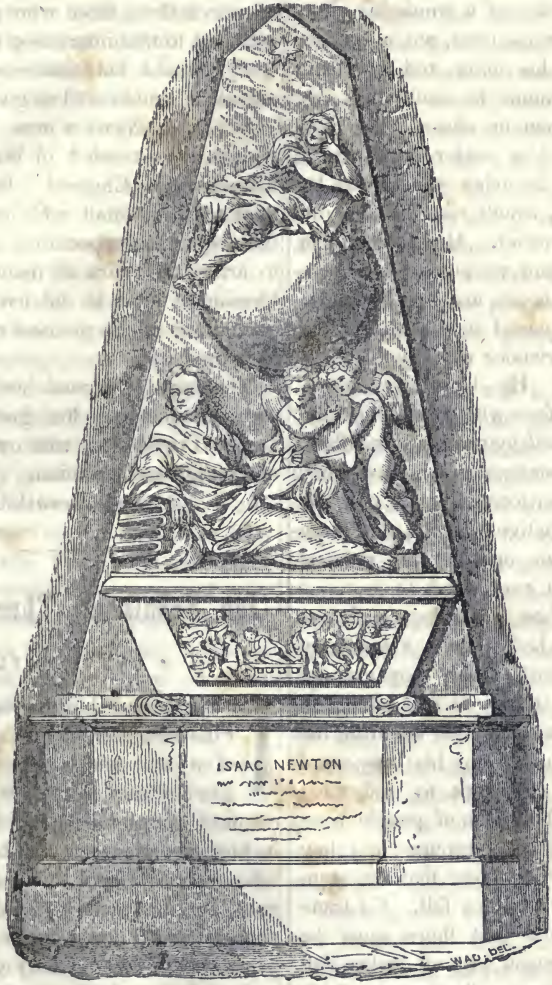
Tin ore is first pulverized and freed from its impurities, like gold, in the early stage of the process. After this, the sulphur is driven off in a reverberatory; the ore is again washed, mixed with one fifth of its bulk of culm, a species of fossil-coal, and reduced by fire. The smelting of lead is very simple; the sulphur is first expelled from the ore; the heat is then augmented, and the metal is reduced by the help of a small quantity of lime.

The grains of platina are mixed with arsenic and pearlash, and introduced by small portions at a time into a red-hot crucible. After fusion, the metal is allowed to cool; it is then taken out, broken up, and subjected again to the same process. Most of the arsenic is subsequently expelled by plunging it, when hot, into oil; but platina is generally found to contain either arsenic or iridium.

The methods of procuring mercury from its ores are very simple, and are nothing more than separating the sulphur from the metal by means of heat.

One of the most important operations in metallurgy is the conversion of iron into steel. Iron possesses many properties which render it applicable to innumerable purposes; but there are some uses for which it is not sufficiently hard, and this defect is supplied by transmuting it into steel. At Eisenartz, in Styria, the manufacture of steel has been carried on ever since the eighth century; and yet the exact nature of the operation is perhaps even now imperfectly understood. It is generally admitted that steel is an intimate compound of iron and charcoal, for soft iron contains a considerable portion of charcoal, and it is by no means clear that the quantity is increased in the process of steel-making; we must, therefore, conclude that some more intimate union is effected between them when iron is converted into steel.

The method of making steel is to heat bars of iron, mixed up with powdered charcoal, in close vessels. The heat is kept up for many days, according to the degree of hardness required. The bars, when discharged from the furnace, are partially covered with raised spots, and, from the resemblance of these to blisters, the steel is called *blistered steel.* It has been supposed that these blisters arise from the expansion of carbonic oxide gas formed and confined during the process, this, however, is not the case, for they evidently arise from the unsoundness of the iron, which is not throughout perfectly welded. In order to give steel the different degrees of hardness required for the various purposes to which it is applied, it is subjected to the process of *tempering.* The steel hardens by being heated and suddenly cooled; and it is found that the higher the temperature to which it is raised, and the more sudden the cooling, the greater is the hardness. When heated steel is plunged into mercury, the hardness is greatest, on account of the good conducting power of the metal, and its consequent rapid abstraction of heat. According to the degree to which steel is tempered, it assumes various colors, as yellow, brown, purple, and blue. *Case-hardening* is the operation by which articles made of malleable iron, or cast-iron, are superficially converted into steel by heating them with charcoal in a crucible



Monument to Newton, in Westminster Abbey, London.

Newton when a Boy.

MANY celebrated men have given proofs of extraordinary intellect in early childhood.—The famous Sir Isaac Newton, while a mere schoolboy, showed great ingenuity in mechanical contrivances. By means of little saws, hatchets, hammers, &c., he made small models of wood, while his companions were at play; and such was his dexterity, that he constructed a wooden clock, and

a very good model of a windmill. Into this model he sometimes put a mouse, which he called his miller, and by means of whose movements he could turn the wheel round when he chose. He likewise constructed a water-clock, about four feet high; the index was turned by a piece of wood, which rose and fell by the dropping of water. He watched the motions of the sun with great diligence, and marked the hours, and half hours, by means of pegs placed in the wall of the house; this contrivance went by the name of *Isaac's dial.* He likewise made a small cart with four wheels, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

These circumstances prove how early Sir Isaac Newton formed habits of close observation and active thought; and these habits made him one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived.

He was the first man who clearly explained why all bodies have a tendency to fall to the earth, when they are not upheld by any thing. While sitting in the garden, he saw an apple fall from the tree to the ground; and his busy mind immediately set to work to find what made it fall. Thousands of people have seen apples fall to the ground; but they were satisfied by thinking that the stem broke, and therefore they fell. Sir Isaac Newton perceived that there must be some general reason why all bodies fall to the earth, as soon as the support which held them up is taken away. He patiently sought out this cause; and he was rewarded by making one of the greatest discoveries that ever fell to the lot of man.

Those who have studied natural philosophy will know that I mean his theory of gravitation; those who are too young to attend to that interesting and important study, would not understand an explanation, if I attempted to give it.

Sir Isaac Newton was the son of a widow, who resided in Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, England. In infancy, he was so very small and feeble, that his friends had no expectation he would live to arrive at years of maturity. By the blessing of God, he did live to be a man — and one of the greatest men the world ever produced.

The boys, who read his life, must remember that all his greatness, under Divine Providence, was owing to habits of thought and attention.

Juvenile Miscellany.

Jan Schalken's Three Wishes.

A DUTCH FABLE.

In a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention while it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant — a kind-hearted fellow, who depended upon his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness, during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes: —

One dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man; but little could be distinguished either of his face or

figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head, after the fashion of a cowl. "I am a poor traveller," said the stranger, "and want a night's lodging; will you grant it to me?" "Ay, to be sure," replied Schalken; "but I am afraid your cheer will be sorry. Had you come sooner, you might have fared better. Sit down, and eat of what is left."

The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: "It is needless for my good friend to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man should welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity upon the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, those wishes shall be gratified."

Now, Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them, and accordingly began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views, and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but, on the contrary, had a very sincere wish to add a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first: "Let my wife and myself," he said, "live fifty years longer than nature had designed." "It shall be done," cried the stranger.

Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brains for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given." This was also assented to.

Now, Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation, that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this; and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and, in a low whisper, told him his third and last wish; that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut should not be able to move out of it, until it should please him so to order. The wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way.

Years passed on, and Schalken's last two wishes had been fully gratified, by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified, or be made manifest. It happened that the birthday of the fisherman and of his wife was the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him seventy-nine, and Mietje seventy-three years of age,

when the moon, that was shining through the window of the hut, seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and an unnatural calmness was spread over the ocean; although the sky appeared to be mastered by the winds, that were heaving onward with their mighty waves of clouds. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red.

All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death, and in a few minutes afterwards, sure enough, he came. He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little color; but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice, that by right they should have belonged to him this day; but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years, every thing passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew near for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit.

The day arrived, and Death came, preceded by the same horrors as on a former occasion. "Well, good folks," said he, "you now can have no objection to accompany me, for, assuredly, you have been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old dame wept, and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after they had lived so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by the garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one and we have no provisions. I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us. You are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, sir, get it for us."

Death, with great condescension, complied; and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length, he determined to descend, but to his surprise, and apparent consternation, he discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century. They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and then Death came again. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity, and hurt his pride not a little. "Come, Jan," said he, "you used me ill the other day (Death thinks but little of fifty years,) and I am now determined to lose no time: come!"

Jan was sitting at his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him: "I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame; but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learned to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world, I should

like to do all the good I can; and was engaged, when you arrived, in making a will, that a poor lad, who has always been kind to me, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, and in a few minutes my task will be ended."

Death, thus appealed to, could resist no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly done to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years; at the end of which period, and exactly on their birthday, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, in the little village, where they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all the inhabitants.

The Martial Fairy.

FROM THE FRENCH.

During the war waged by the German coalition, in 1792–3, against France, at that time under the tyranny of the national convention, the generals of the invading armies were represented by the Jacobins as ferocious and vindictive monsters, whose mission was destruction, and who pillaged and plundered without mercy. Hostilities are never so merciless after a long peace, as they become when the soldier is inured to the horrors of war through a long series of successive campaigns. The object of the princes of the coalition was to reëstablish the royal authority at Paris; and as you wander among the vine-clad hills and rural hamlets of Champagne, you will find that the great majority of the German officers have contrived to endear their memories to the simple affections of the inhabitants, wherever they were quartered. It was not thus, at the epoch of the angry and revengeful invasion which terminated in the overthrow of Napoleon, in 1814; men's minds were then imbittered by nearly a quarter of a century of war, and the invaders had personal and national wrongs to redress. But we must not wander from the Germans, who, in 1792, encamped in Champagne to crush the cradle of the yet tottering republic; and our readers shall be treated to one of the legends of that period.

One cold morning in autumn, a German officer of rank entered a pretty house in a village garrisoned by the allied forces. The hostess, a kind and simple-hearted woman of the middle class, courteously bade him welcome, as his noble features and bland manners were a guaranty, that, wherever he was, none of those discomforts inseparable from military occupation would be permitted to occur. "I am very sorry, madam," said he, "to cause you any inconvenience, and I assure you that my presence shall be rendered as agreeable to you as possible." The lady of the house, delighted by his gracious introduction, expressed, as forcibly as she could, the lively satisfaction it gave her to receive so gentlemanly a person under her roof, and issued orders to her servant to arrange the foreign general's apartment in the most comfortable manner. These preliminaries being finished, the soldier asked for breakfast.

The general always took tea at breakfast, and his valet carried the tea-caddy to

the mistress of the house, and begged her to prepare it for him, which she promised. She seemed to be engaged an unusually long time in getting this most simple repast, as the stranger several times requested to know if his meal was ready. To these demands the good lady always replied, "It will be all ready in three minutes, my lord."

At last, to his great surprise, he saw them bring into his apartment a table regularly laid out with cloth, napkins, forks and spoons, plates and bottles. He thought, at first, that that was the way they drank tea in Champagne; but his astonishment increased when he saw the landlady make her appearance with a dish of boiled herbs, nicely garnished with small broiled sausages.

She had thus cooked all the tea she could find in the caddy. The good woman, who was ignorant of the use of tea, had served it as she would a dish of spinach; she had boiled it well, put it in a colander to drain off the water, which she threw away; and then, in order to display her taste to her guest, and to improve upon his usual meal, she had flanked his dish of herbs with the savoury and delicately broiled sausages.

The stranger was a good-hearted person, and instead of flying into a rage at such a novel mode of making tea, he laughed till his sides ached; and having explained to his hostess the proper preparation, he invited himself to breakfast with her and her family on their country fare. She was a widow, and her family consisted of an interesting and gentle girl of sixteen, a son about twenty-four, who seemed in very low spirits, and her own sister, rather advanced in years.

The stranger's demeanor towards the young lady, although she was only a rustic, was distinguished by that polite and frank gallantry which is peculiar to all well-educated Germans. But he quickly perceived that the young man, whose name was Marcel, was depressed, and quite silent. His eyes were remarkably fine and this only made the deep melancholy of his looks the more particular. At his mother's first glance, he hastened to pay to their guest, with momentary cheerfulness and cordiality, all those attentions which of necessity are so many and so various in a citizen's family when entertaining a stranger of high degree. He put a bottle of Aï upon the table, which the stranger seemed to drink with undisguised relish.

When the repast was over, the general, with that benevolence of accent which denotes that a person has sounded the depths of your heart, but is fearful to tear open its wounds, said to Marcel, "Do you believe in fairies, my young friend?"

"I did once, my lord," replied the youth, sadly.

"But are you an infidel on that subject now?"

The youth looked at the stranger with a singularly anxious expression. After a moment's silence, he added, and sighed, "You know very well that there are no fairies now."

"But suppose there were," said the general.

"Ah! if indeed there were!" . . . . and Marcel's fine eyes sparkled.

"Young man," observed the general, "if a fairy were here, I am sure you would have some highly-cherished favor to beg of her!"

"It is very true, my lord," said Marcel, and blushed.

"Yes, I am sure of that," rejoined his mother: "he thinks of nothing but a sweetheart of his that once was."

"A sweetheart, mother! say rather a passion, that can only cease with my life. But why speak of it now?"

So saying, Marcel made a movement as if to leave the table.

"Don't give way to despair, my fine fellow," observed the stranger, preventing him from rising. "You perceive that, although my breakfast was lost, I succeeded in obtaining one. Where is your lady-love at present?"

"At Brussels," said the mother, peevishly.

"At Brussels?" exclaimed the general; and he drank a glass of the glorious liquid of the country. "At Brussels!" repeated he. "Now, suppose I were a fairy . . . . and that I were to set off to Brussels immediately?"

The mother, her sister, and daughter, began to laugh, and even the servant was obliged to bite her lips to restrain her merriment. The young man alone preserved his gravity. He sat with open mouth and staring eyes, and his breast heaved with violent agitation.

"Are you going to Brussels, my lord?"

"I am," replied the stranger; "and I think I could assist you in your wishes, if you would make me your confidant; unless, indeed, you are in love with another man's wife, or that your beloved is a king's daughter."

"O," cried the youth, "she is better than any princess."

"The deuce!" said the stranger, starting up; "you will put my power to a hard test."

"I beg your pardon for indulging in such ill-timed raptures. My adored is only a merchant's daughter, who lives on the grand square. But she is so beautiful, so ravishing, so exquisite, so divine, that my heart runs riot when I think of her. Why is she not as poor as I am? I then might have some hopes of her hand."

"Does she love you?"

"She does, my lord. But her father intends to give her sixty thousand francs for her portion. I was his book-keeper; but when he perceived my feelings towards his daughter, he dismissed me, for I have nothing of my own. I fell sick, and was taken to St. John's Hospital; and it is now two months since my mother took me from thence, and brought me home, much against my will."

"And have you heard any thing of your mistress?"

"There is the misery of my fate. Her father compels her to marry another."

"Then her feelings towards you are changed?"

"Can she disobey her father? Poor Louise! She is to marry a wealthy banker."

"Very well," said the stranger, "I was not joking. Pack up your trunk. I will take you with me to Brussels."

The young man bounded up in an ecstasy of delight. There appeared to him to be something superhuman in the tone and manner of their guest, who all the while emptied his glass in the quietest manner in the world. The good woman, who knew not what to make of the affair, thought it best to let things take their

course; and in two hours, Marcel and his patron were on the high road to Brussels.

The foreign general alighted at the *Hotel de la Paix*, in the street *La Violette*. Marcel instantly hurried to the church of St. Nicholas, on the door of which he saw the banns of his adored Louise published. The marriage was to be solemnized in eight days. "She must have forgotten me, then!" sighed he; for while he persuaded himself that she dared not oppose her father's will, he could not resist the impulse of jealousy and distrust.

He returned to the hotel. The stranger had already engaged for him, in the street *La Violette*, a handsomely-furnished apartment, into which he inducted him, saying, "This is the first stroke of my fairy wand.

"Now, my young friend," resumed the good general, with a sigh, "be of good courage. I have ascertained that your mistress is ill. For the last month, she has been confined to her bed. It is perfectly true that she is tenderly attached to you, and that she is about to be sacrificed by her family. I am going to see her, for I am a bit of a physician; and I fancy I know how to cure her."

Marcel was so surprised, that he had only strength to utter, "O, do cure her, my good lord!"

He gave himself up to a thousand incoherent reveries, to the wildest apprehensions, and to the most delicious anticipations; while the stranger, guided by the hotel-keeper, was introduced to Louise's father as a celebrated German physician. The merchant, who thought that his daughter's case was not properly treated by the city medical men, welcomed the strange doctor with eagerness, and instantly conducted him to his daughter's bed side. There was such a smile of good humor and kindness on his features, that the young girl, as if she had been affected by some inward sympathy, held out her hand to him involuntarily, before he had even requested to feel her pulse. He leaned towards her, and spoke a few words to her in a low tone, which had the effect of suffusing her face with the deepest blushes. He soon withdrew, enjoining certain prescriptions to be observed until his next visit.

After his departure, Louise got better and better. She took the simple and harmless lemonade which the doctor had recommended; rose from her bed, for the first time for some weeks; and her father was transported with joy.

The pretended physician paid another visit. He took her father aside. "Your child," said he, "is seriously ill. What I have given her is nothing but a soothing draught. If her wishes are thwarted, and you persist in these intended nuptials, it will be her death."

"But the connection is a most advantageous one," urged the merchant.

"Very likely; but has she not another suitor?"

"Yes; but he is a poor youth, without fortune or interest."

"What sum do you look for with your son-in-law?"

"Sixty thousand francs at least, as I give my daughter that sum."

"All's right, then. Your acquaintance Marcel has just received that amount."

"Is he worth that sum? Are you sure that he has got sixty thousand francs? In that event, the case is materially altered. He is a worthy and excellent young

man, inspired by feelings of probity, and possessed of useful business talents; but are you sure he has got that sum?"

"Here it is, and it is his property," said the stranger, handing the merchant a pocket-book containing bank bills to that amount. Marcel was sent for; then a notary; then came the signing of the contract; and Louise was all at once restored to health, although she looked interestingly pale and languid for some time.

The wedding was celebrated with joy and magnificence; and with the truest and most expansive feelings of love and gratitude, Marcel flung himself at his patron's feet, and his speechless emotion prevented the utterance of his thanks. He requested to know the name of his generous friend. The noble stranger answered, "It is quite sufficient for you to recognize in me a fairy, as I told you I was. You owe me nothing; for I have enjoyed the inappreciable satisfaction of making two hearts happy. Always remember that great events spring from very trifling causes; and that, most assuredly, you never would have wedded the wife that is so dear to you, if your mother had known how to make tea."

So saying, he tore himself away from his friend Marcel's outpouring of gratitude and enthusiastic assurances of respectful attachment. The young man could not, for a long time, learn his name. He engaged in commerce, and some years afterwards he encountered his benefactor at Gotha, and discovered that he was the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the father of the present king of the Belgians.

A FRIEND should bear a friend's infirmities.

Amusements.

THE late Dr. Channing thus expresses himself on the necessity of amusements: "People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures, by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community, there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of pleasurable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labor, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community."

CURIOSITIES.—An actor who does not think himself perfect in his art. An artist who places a modest estimation on his abilities. A letter from a lady that has not a P. S. attached to it. A political editor who can tell the truth without making wry faces. A schoolmaster who does not wish it understood that he knows every thing.

To be agreeable, a man should have his mind open to receive what pleases others, and not be obstinately bent on his own pleasure. Be singular in nothing but goodness, and uncomplaisant in nothing but vice; for singularity in trifles is ridiculous.

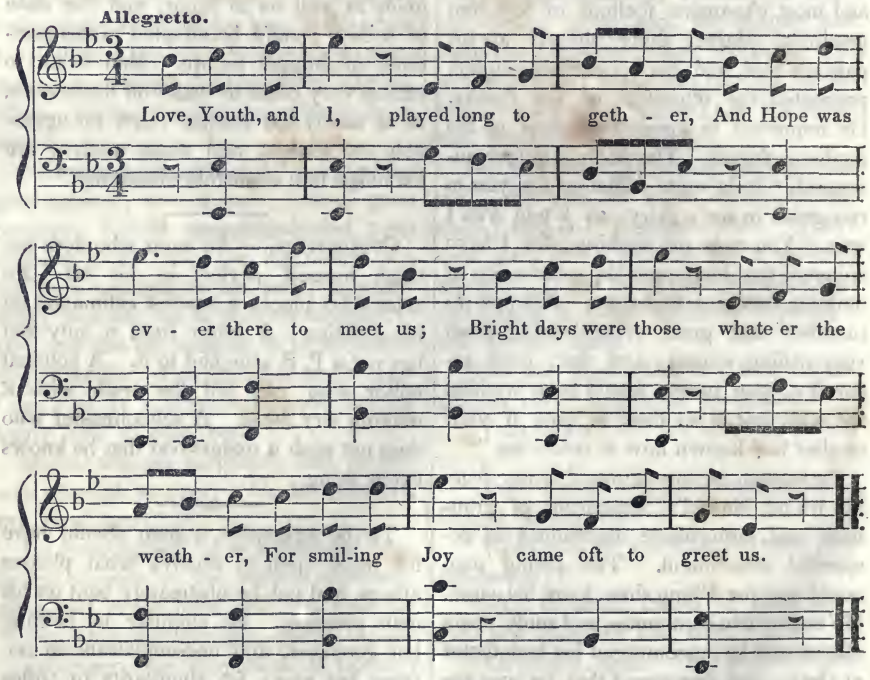
KNOWLEDGE.—The only test of the utility of knowledge, is its promoting the happiness of mankind.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have several communications, which will be duly noticed in our next number.

The second chapter of Trotter's Travels in Circassia is necessarily deferred, as well as some genuine articles from *Peter Parley*, who is hereafter to be a regular assistant in the Museum. Our publisher has put Parley's name on the cover of our Magazine, and the promise thereby implied will be fulfilled.

Hope Departed.



Youth went away, and grieved me sore,
And Love and Joy at last departed;
I wept; but when Hope came no more,
I wept not, but was broken-hearted.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol X. SEPTEMBER, 1845. No. 3.

Peter Parley's Story of the Butterfly and the Frost.

A FABLE.

THE butterfly was full of life and gayety during the soft, warm days of summer. As soon as the sun arose, he was seen spreading his golden wings in the light, and all the joyous day he glided from flower to flower, sipping the honey, or bathing in the sunshine.

One day, as he sat aloft on the open blossom of a lily, which he found growing by the side of a brook, he chanced to look down, where he beheld an ant, toiling at his hill. The ant was carrying bits of earth and gravel out of a small hole in the ground; and such was their size, that the whole strength of the insect was required to roll them along.

The butterfly, having feasted on the honey of the flower, sat picking his teeth, while he gazed on the laborious ant for some time; then, curling up his nose in contempt, he spoke to him as follows: —

"Halloo, there, neighbor! what in the world are you about, tugging and toiling, down there in the dirt, in such a manner?"

"I'm cleaning out my house," said the ant, "so that I may store food for myself and family."

"Poh, nonsense!" said the butterfly. "Why don't you get wings, fly about, make a dash, and live on honey, like me?" and while he said this, the creature waved

his wings up and down, to excite the envy and admiration of the ant.

"I have no wings," said the latter, in reply. "I am but an ant, and must live according to my degree."

"Poor creature!" said the butterfly, and flew away in disdain. But some months after, toward the latter part of September, he was seen, with a feeble flight, hovering over the same lily where we have before described him.

He settled upon the flower, but his beauty was gone. The gold dust had disappeared from his wings, and his limbs were now withered and tremulous. He sought for food, for his lips were dry and parched; but the first frost had come; the lily was dead; and its leaves hung blackening upon the stalk. The poor insect sought to fly to another flower; but his wings failed, and he fell dead upon the ant-hill below.

The sage citizen of the hill saw what had happened, and readily recognized the butterfly that had sneered, in his day of prosperity, at his own humble industry. "Alas, poor prodigal!" said he. "Your hour of mirth and pride is over; and now, fallen, withered, and ruined, you must be my prey." So saying, the ant cut the butterfly in pieces, carried him into his den, and feasted on his carcass.

King James, of England, held a convocation at Perth, and demanded of the Scotch barons that they should produce the charters by which they held their lands. They all, with one simultaneous movement, rose up, and drew their swords.

The Pacha of Egypt and his Navy.

Mehemet Ali, by his vigorous decisions in regard to his navy, had already produced good effects. The European officers did justice, and with admiration, to these changes and their results. The pacha, one day, invited the commander of an English frigate to come out into the roads with the Egyptian sloops, upon the deck of one of which he was in person. The vessels manœuvred against the wind. The pacha made a signal to tack about. The English frigate took only *two* minutes for it, and his sloops, *six*. Mehemet Ali, watch in hand, said to the naval officers around him, "We are still but children: do you not see that, in a fight, these men would send us three broadsides for our one?"

Diners Out.

From the following epigram we learn that *diners out* had been as plentiful and inveterate, in pursuit of their vocation, in the days of the Cæsars, at Rome, as in modern times.

"'What has clouded Selius' brow?
Prithee, Rufus, tell me now.
Hear him beat his breast, all bare;
See him rend his hapless hair.
Not a brother does he mourn;
No lost friend his heart hath torn;
Both his sons enjoy the day—
Long may both do so, I pray!
Not a hind has failed in duty;
Not a bailiff has played booty.
What is, then, the cause of sorrow?'
'*Selius dines at home to-morrow!*'"

Circassians.

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER II.

When I awoke the next morning, we were close in upon the shore, and the Circassians, who had discovered us, had assembled upon the hills. We fired a salute, which they answered with their rifles, and followed us as we stood along the coast, till we arrived at a small bay which afforded us an indifferent shelter for landing. We came to anchor here, and made preparations for going on shore. But I was surprised to see that the country appeared to be entirely deserted, for not a human being caught my eye in any quarter; till at length, amid the dark wood which clothed the shore almost down to the water's edge, I thought I could discern certain figures in motion. Presently a man on a white horse issued out from among the trees, trotted slowly down to the beach, and, plunging into the water up to his horse's knees, waved his hand cautiously in sign of welcome, and returned as leisurely as he came.

This I judged to be a common ceremony on such occasions, for, a few minutes afterwards, the Circassians came out of the woods, crowded the beach in great numbers, and assisted us to land. We were conducted by them to a hut, built of sticks closely wattled, and thatched with straw, which appeared to be designed merely as a temporary accommodation for such persons as landed in that solitary place. In one corner of this hovel was a mat, on which they seated me with as much state and ceremony as we install the governor on election day. In the mean time, crowds of people kept coming in and going out, all repeating the salutation of "*Ouza Pasha!*" raising the hand ceremoniously to the right ear, just as we tip the beaver or touch our hats, and then standing before me for some moments in silence, and with an air of respectful submission.

The dress of these people consisted of a kind of frock, with loose, hanging sleeves, fastened by loops in the front, which displayed rows of cartridges. A sheepskin cap was worn upon the head, and on the feet shoes of red morocco, or black leather. Their arms were a rifle slung over their shoulders, a silver-mounted pistol stuck in a belt behind, a two-edged dagger in front, and a sabre, garnished with silver lace. There was very little variation in their costume, so that they all looked like members of the same family. They appeared to be, on the whole, a very fine race of men, of a middling stature, well-knit limbs, and regular features, though bearing the marks of much rough usage from the weather. When they began to talk, I was forcibly reminded of a story which I heard among the Turks at Constantinople. It is said that one of the sultans sent a learned man to travel, in order that he might learn all the languages of the earth. When he returned, he gave a tolerably good account of them all except the Circassian; and upon being called on to describe that, he drew from his pocket a bag of pebbles, and, shaking it, exclaimed, "That is the way they talk in Circassia."

What with a few Circassian words that I had picked up at Constantinople, where there are always many persons of that nation, and with the scraps of Turkish, Greek, and other tongues, which are known along these shores, I managed to get along pretty well in my intercourse with the natives. They made arrangements for providing me with a *konag*, the meaning of which I shall explain presently. A horse was brought me to mount; but when I looked at the saddle, I wondered that such a comical sort of a trap-stick should ever be placed on a horse's back. It was a light frame of wood, covered with red morocco, and surmounted by a small oblong cushion about two inches thick, stuffed with wool, covered with red and black leather, and trimmed with silver lace. A couple of timber-heads rose abruptly from the saddle before and behind, and the stirrups were so short as to bring the knees hard up. It seemed impossible, therefore, at first sight, to avoid being spitted on the wooden protuberance, or tossed out of the saddle by a single jerk. But after some time, I got accustomed to this *war-saddle*, and could estimate its conveniences. The Circassian horseman turns on it with the greatest facility — shooting behind him like a Parthian, or a Camanchee Indian, at full gallop; and while he hangs by the piece of wood in front, manages to throw himself almost beneath his courser's belly, picking up any thing, in full career, from the ground.

After proceeding some miles into the country, among woods and mountains, we came to a narrow pass between two hills, at the farther end of which stood a building covered with thatch. Here I alighted, and the Circassians conducted us within. The room was lofty, with walls of stakes and hurdles, plastered with clay. The floor was hard earth. A chimney of enormous size, in one end, rose, in the shape of a bell, up to the roof. This chimney, like the walls of the house, was constructed of a sort of wooden basket-work, plastered with clay; and this, in fact, is the general style of architecture throughout Circassia. When the Russians invade any part of the country, the inhab-

itants set fire to their houses and decamp, so that the enemy gain very little by their invasions, and the dwellings are easily rebuilt after their departure. The chimneys are always full of swallows' nests, and these birds keep up a constant twittering, undisturbed either by the fire or the inmates of the house.

The Circassians spread a silken couch for me near the hearth, where I sat down. There was no other furniture in the room, except a few mats and cushions; but the walls exhibited a great variety of arms and horse-trappings. My entertainers were so ceremonious that they remained standing around me; and it was only after repeated solicitations that they sat down. Presently a bowl of drink, called *sonat*, was brought in. It is a sort of beer, brewed of millet-seed and honey, very thick, and to my taste exceedingly unpleasant — as much so, I suppose, as Yankee spruce-beer would be to a Circassian. This *sonat* is their favorite beverage. After sunset, dinner was served up, consisting of mutton, beef, millet-cakes, curds, and cream. No vegetables were among the dishes; for though they abound in the country, the Circassians despise them as food, and assert that none but beasts can dine on greens.

This house was what is called a *konag*, or guest-house; and it is a singular and most striking fact in the character of the Circassians, that to every dwelling in the country, from the highest to the lowest, is attached a guest-house, where strangers are received and entertained, in the most liberal manner, for nothing. It is also a strict rule of society, that the master of the house, whatever may be his condition, and whatever honors or respect he might otherwise claim, must attend upon his guests in person, and wait their permission to be seated. Such is the noble hospitality of the Circassians, whose primitive and unsophistical manners have been handed down from the remotest ages. The originality of their manners has been preserved by the exclusive character of the institutions of Circassia, which for many centuries were decidedly unfavorable to the admission of foreigners into the country.

You may readily suppose that one of the first objects of my curiosity was the domestic life of the people, particularly of the women. My host very readily complied with my desire to be introduced to the females of his family. They were lodged in a separate apartment of his house, according to the general custom of the Eastern nations. On being conducted into this room, I discovered his wife and daughter sitting upon a cushion in a corner. They rose up to receive us, and continued standing, in spite of my entreaties, until I had seated myself. I found that this, instead of being an extraordinary compliment to me, was the established custom of the country; for in fact the Circassian females are compelled to repeat the same ceremony on the entrance of every human being that wears a beard, whatever may be his age or condition in life. The men, who buy and sell their females like cattle, regard this naturally as a mark of respect which they owe even to the meanest drudge of their household, in his quality of "lord of creation." In consequence of this degrading idea of the female character, they cannot, on any account, be seated in the presence of a man, until he signifies his

pleasure to that effect by first seating himself.

The daughter was about seventeen years of age, tall, and, as we should say, genteelly shaped, and, like all the Circassian men and women, very erect of carriage. She had regular features, blue eyes, and fair complexion; and if not exquisitely beautiful, might be called very pretty. Her hair was of a light auburn color, and hung in a profusion of braided tresses over her shoulders. Her dress consisted of a boddice of blue silk, with a row of silver studs in front; a girdle fastened very low by large silver clasps, in the shape of shells; a gown, called an *anter*, of striped silk; and loose Turkish trousers. On her head she wore a round cap of scarlet cloth, trimmed and crossed with broad silver lace. She was barefooted, according to the universal indoor custom, although, abroad, morocco slippers, or pattens, are worn. Such is the dress of all the young women in Circassia.

The mother I cannot describe so particularly. She was completely muffled up in a sort of loose gown of checked calico, with a white veil round her head, which discovered little more than her nose. In all these countries I found it to be a distinction between the married and unmarried females, that the former are always veiled, and the latter unveiled.

As I could not talk much Circassian, it will easily be imagined that it was somewhat difficult to make my company agreeable to the ladies. We made, however, some attempts at conversation, which were ridiculous enough, and set us all laughing. I had taken care to furnish myself with a quantity of trinkets for presents to these people, and among them was a musical box, which at this interview I happened to have in my pocket. This I produced, and set it going before them. They were delighted and astonished to the highest degree, being not only charmed with the music, but unable to conceive how the instrument could go without being played upon. Having gratified them with several tunes, I added to their happiness by making them a present of morocco cases containing needles and sewing apparatus. Custom prohibited their receiving them from my hands, and I laid them at their feet, and took my leave with a low bow.

Needle-work is in very high estimation among the Circassian ladies, and the highest praise that can be bestowed upon one of them, is to say that she is a superior sempstress. This accomplishment is valued beyond even beauty itself. In fact, the women manufacture most of the clothes that are worn in this country, from the woollen cap down to the morocco slipper; so that, were it not for the accomplishments of the females of his family, a man might go without garments altogether, unless he chose to dress in sheepskins, transferred immediately from the back of the animal to his own — the only resource of him who has neither wife, daughter, nor slave. Women are bought and sold for money, either as slaves or wives; and the style in which a man speaks of his harem, would lead one to think he was discoursing of horses. He talks of their being so many hands high, and worth so many purses. But absolute as is the dependence of the women upon the men, it seldom interferes with the exercise of a free choice in marriage; provided the suitor of a girl can pay the price at which

she is estimated, and show that he is of the proper rank, his addresses are rarely rejected by her parents.

The general treatment of the Circassian females, harsh and arbitrary as it may appear, does not, however, preclude some rude attempts at gallantry, imparting to their manners a faint tinge of the age of chivalry. It is the custom at their festivals, for the young men, when pledging their sweethearts in a bowl of *boza*, to fire off their pistols or rifles. This challenge is immediately accepted by all present, who have a charge of gunpowder, to assert, in the same manner, the superior charms of their own mistresses. Another practice, on these occasions, is for those who contend in the race to receive the prize from the hands of some fair damsel, generally the reigning belle of the neighborhood. This prize consists of an ornamented pistol-case or scarf, the work of her own delicate fingers. The scarf is carried off by him who receives it, streaming gallantly in the wind, as he endeavors, with his horse at full speed, to elude the pursuit of his companions. The one who overtakes him seizes the prize, and attempts, in the same manner, to bear it away; and he who finally tires out all his competitors remains the permanent possessor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOSPITALITY. — "T.," said a traveller, "is one of the finest fellows I know. He exhibits real *hospitality*. He not only has a plate ever ready for any of his friends, but he sends a horse to your door whenever you wish to ride." "That, indeed," replied another, "is real *horse*-pitality.

History of Ancient Rome.

[Continued from p. 243.]

CHAPTER II.—THE REPUBLIC.

THE monarchy was succeeded by a republic, in which the chief legislative authority rested with the senate, and the liberties of the people were very little improved. The executive was committed to two magistrates, of equal authority, named *consuls*, who were chosen annually. Brutus, who had distinguished himself in expelling the royal family, was chosen one of the first two consuls. During the time he held office, his two sons joined in a conspiracy to restore Tarquin, and Brutus, with a disregard of his own affections, which was considered a great virtue in Greece and Rome, when the public interest was concerned, condemned them both to be beheaded in his presence.

The early years of the republic were marked by great struggles between the patrician, or noble order, and the common people. The vigor and perseverance with which the latter sought to emancipate themselves from the authority of the former, compose a striking picture in ancient history, and convey the impression that there were here elements of character superior to what existed at the time in any other nation besides the Greeks. It would be wearisome, however, to detail the various contentions. From the beginning, the plebeians showed a tendency to acquire the mastery. By "the Valerian law," they acquired the right of giving a final judgment on any person condemned by a magistrate. Their importance in composing armies also helped to give them influence. By seizing an opportunity when the patricians were in

difficulties from foreign aggression, (492 B. C.,) they obtained the right of appointing *tribunes*, (at first five in number, afterwards ten,) who had the power of suspending the decrees of the senate and the sentences of the consul, and had a general charge over the interests of the common people. The power enjoyed by the plebeians at this time is marked by their causing the celebrated Coriolanus to be sent into banishment, his splendid military services being insufficient to atone for his openly espousing the cause of the patricians, and expressing contempt for the people. By the "law of Volero," which gave the people the right of assembling *in comitia*, and there discussing public affairs, without the decree of the senate, — a measure equivalent to parliament assembling without the king's writ, — the government of Rome became essentially democratic, (471 B. C.)

As yet, the Romans had had no written law. The kings, and, after them, the consuls, had administered justice each according to his own sense. In the year 451 B. C., at the suggestion of a tribune named Tertullian, ten men (*decemviri*) were appointed to frame and digest a code of laws for the explanation and security of the rights of all orders of the state. The result was the formation of what have been called the *Twelve Tables of the Roman law*, to learn which by heart was a part of liberal education in ancient Rome.

On the appointment of the decemviri, the consuls were discontinued. Each of the ten men acted as supreme magistrate for a day, the nine others officiating as judges. They did not, however, remain long in authority. One of the number, named Appius Claudius, having formed a base design against a maiden named Virginia, daughter of Virginius, a centurion, and affianced to Icilius, caused her to be claimed as his slave, and, as decemvir, gave judgment in his own favor. When Virginius saw his daughter about to be sacrificed to a profligate monster, he seized a knife from a butcher's stall in the forum, and stabbed her to the heart. The people rose in fury against Appius, who escaped for the time, but at length only avoided punishment by committing suicide. This event caused the abolition of the decemvirate, after it had lasted only three years. The consuls and tribunes were then restored.

The violent struggles of the patricians and plebeians did not prevent Rome from gradually acquiring an ascendency among the Italian states. The armies of Rome, unlike all others in those early times, were standing armies: the soldiers had regular pay, and made arms a profession. Their compact and well-organized force, meeting in general only ill-disciplined militia, carried every thing before it. Veii, a state which had long defied and rivalled them, fell before their general Camillus, (396 B. C.) In 385 B. C., they finally reduced the Gauls, a powerful branch of the Celtic race inhabiting the north of Italy. They then fought and subdued the Samnites. Other states fell beneath their powerful arms, and in the year 274 B. C., they had acquired the complete mastery of all Italy.

Wars with Carthage. — A splendid victory, which they had gained, near the close of the Italian wars, over Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, who had come to aid the Samnites, led the Romans to believe that

they might extend their conquests to countries beyond Italy. Sicily, originally a Greek colony, was at this time important for the great quantities of grain produced in it.

The Carthaginians, an enterprising commercial people, occupying a tract of country in the north of Africa, were anxious to obtain possession of this island; but the Romans were inclined to dispute the prize. They fitted out a fleet, the first they ever had, and sent a large force to aid the Sicilians, who were friendly to them, in expelling the Carthaginians. Agrigentum, a great city in Sicily, was taken, after a long siege, by the joint forces of Rome and Syracuse; and the Roman fleet gained a complete victory over that of Carthage, (260 B. C.) These successes were followed by the reduction of Corsica and Sardinia. The Roman fleet then sailed against Carthage itself. The Carthaginians were at first about to submit; but, inspirited by a timely aid from Greece, they made a strong effort to repel the Roman army, in which they were successful, at the same time taking Regulus, the Roman commander, a prisoner. Some time afterwards, when repeated defeats in Sicily made them desirous of peace, they allowed Regulus to go to Rome to help in negotiating it, under a solemn promise to return if the treaty should fail. It was rejected, at the urgent desire of Regulus himself, as discreditable to Rome; and he then deliberately returned, to surrender his life to the enraged Carthaginians. After some further successes on the part of the Romans, the Carthaginians submitted to an humiliating peace, (241 B. C.,) surrendering Sicily, and agreeing to pay a large sum of money. Sicily, excepting the kingdom of Syracuse, now became a province of Rome, being the first out of Italy which she acquired.

Twenty-three years of peace recruited the powers of Carthage, and enabled her to renew hostilities with Rome. Under the celebrated Hannibal, a large army proceeded through Spain and Gaul, crossed the Alps, and descended on the plains of Italy. The Romans lost four battles in succession, the last being that of Cannæ, in which 40,000 of their soldiers and nearly the whole of their knights (or soldiers of the patrician order) are said to have fallen. If Hannibal had instantly marched to Rome, it is believed that he would have gained possession of it, and probably given another turn to the world's history. He deliberated, and the Romans had time to concentrate all their remaining strength against him. Under their general, Fabius, they pursued a policy which has since become proverbial — avoiding battle, and exhausting the enemy's strength by delay. The war ended (202 B. C.) by their gaining Syracuse, reducing Spain, and taking from Carthage her prisoners, her fleet, and a vast sum of money.

A third war with Carthage (springing expressly from the ambition of the Roman people) began in the year 149 B. C., and ended, three years after, in the complete destruction of that city and people. Carthage was so thoroughly destroyed, that its very site is now matter of uncertainty. In consequence of this success, a large part of Northern Africa became tributary to Rome.

Some years before, the Romans had carried their arms into Greece and Asia Minor. Macedonia, whose kings had not

long before conquered Persia, India, and Egypt, became tributary to Rome, and Lesser Asia became one of her provinces. The same year in which the Romans destroyed Carthage saw Greece subjected to them. Thus, in less than a century, they had conquered the greater number of the countries lying around their own comparatively small state.

Insurrection of the Gracchi. — These triumphs were not an unmixed good. The people were intoxicated with success. Vast wealth, arising from spoil, but accumulated chiefly in the hands of the nobility, led to great luxury, and furnished the means of corrupting the people. The overgrown estates and power of the senators produced great discontent, at the same time that it made the citizens venal. At this time (130 B. C.) arose Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, two noble youths, whose zeal to reform the growing corruptions of the state precipitated them at length into measures destructive of all government and social order. Tiberius, the elder brother, urged the people to assert, by force, the revival of an ancient law, limiting property in land, and thus abridging the estates of the patricians. A tumult was the consequence, in which Tiberius and three hundred of his friends were killed in the forum. Caius Gracchus then took up the cause of the people, and, notwithstanding every opposition, was enabled to abridge the power of the senate, to protect the people from monopolists in corn, and extend the rights of Roman citizenship. Employing, like his brother, the dangerous engine of tumultuary force, he fell a victim to it himself, with three thousand of his partisans, who were slaughtered in the streets of Rome. The tumults attending the sedition of the Gracchi were the prelude to those civil disorders which now followed, in quick succession, to the end of the commonwealth.

It may here be remarked, that Roman liberty, of which we hear so much, rather refers to the resistance which was offered to monarchical and aristocratic rule in the early days of Rome, than to the actual condition of the people, as individuals, at any period. With much liberty as to public and national matters, there was a great deal of domestic restraint. Slaves — the prisoners taken in battle, or the descendants of such — formed one half of the population of Rome. This portion of the inhabitants had no political rights whatever: their civil rights were so much curtailed, that they could contract no legitimate marriage, were not admitted to give evidence in law, and could not bequeath their property; they might be flogged, and even put to death, at the pleasure of their masters. It was not mere laborers who were in this condition, but clerks, overseers, and persons acquainted with literature. Even among those nominally free, and who had the right of citizenship, all who were not themselves rich were obliged to attach themselves to some nobleman or *patrician*, as their protector, and were called his *clients*. Without the powerful influence of such a person, to enforce his rights, a Roman citizen would have been excommunicated and defenceless. The tie between a patron and his clients in Rome was as close, and as little flattering to the inferior party, as that between a chieftain and his clansmen in more recent times. The rich men kept

the poorer citizens in pay, and almost in subsistence, for the sake of their votes in the public assemblies; hence this class lost their habits of industry, and, being content to live in miserable dependence on the largesses of the wealthy and ambitious, became idle, dissipated, and less respectable even than the slaves. There was a general caressing of the populace by all who expected to be candidates; shows, entertainments, distributions of corn, were continually proposed or offered by one or other, to keep them in good humor; and a particular system of bribery was practised when the elections came to be decided. Hence Cicero calls the people (*plebs urbana*) "the scum and dirt of the town," "the abandoned mob," "lean, miserable leeches;" and all this arose from an humble and inconsiderable class of people having votes to sell, which it became the interest of the rich to buy. The slaves and freedmen, who formed by far the most numerous part of the working people, had, of course, no votes; and being maintained and cherished according to their industry and talents, were many of them a confidential and esteemed class among wealthy people in Rome; while too many of the citizens, who had hereditary political rights, were courted, feasted, cajoled, and despised.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BYRON, when speaking of his admission to Cambridge, said that the heaviest, saddest feeling of his life, was to find that he was no longer a *boy*. GIBBON, in describing his entrance at Oxford, exulted that he then felt himself a *man*.

The Humming-Bird's Nest.

"WHERE shall we look for the humming-bird's nest?
I'm sure there is one to be found.
Shall we look in the sweet moss-rose's breast,
Or low on some grassy mound?

"A nest there must be, and quite near us, too;
For see, the old parent birds,
How often they come for the honey-dew
That our new-blown rose affords."

So cried little Clara, one warm, soft day,
When the flowers were all in bloom;
And she and dear Lilly were out at play,
And inhaling their sweet perfume.

Then the two little girls began to look
Among flowers and bushes so green,
Till at last, in a dear little sheltered nook,
They found a bright fairy queen.

"O pray now, good fairy, do help us!" they cried,
"For we seek for a humming-bird's nest;
To find one this morning we vainly have tried,
Though we've gone o'er the garden from side to side;
But now you can direct us best."

"My dear little girls," said the queen, with a smile,
"Sit down on the grass with me,
And I'll see if I cannot divert you awhile
In the shade of this lilach-tree.

"I'll tell you about where the humming-birds dwell,
And how they contrive their nest,
If you'll let them alone in their pretty cell,
And never disturb their rest.

"'Tis a nice little nest, hidden deep in the leaves,
Or hung from the branch of a rose;
And of cotton or hair the outside she weaves,
And the lining with beauty glows.

"For she steals from the rose its most crimson leaf,
Upon which her eggs may lie;
And she covers all close from the boyish thief,
Who seeks with a curious eye.

"But neither of you, for the world, would harm
Either nest or bird, I know;
So I'll show you the eggs, so pretty and warm,
If along with me you'll go."

Then away went the fairy, and Lilly and Clare
Followed close, as she tripped along,
Till they came to a moss-rose bush so fair,
When they heard a low, humming song.

And then they saw — O beautiful sight! —
The nest; and three eggs lay in it:
Such dear little eggs, all polished and bright!
But they only gazed for a minute; —

For the old bird was flying around so distressed,
When she saw that her nest was found,
That the two little girls, to relieve her breast,
Ran away from the fairy ground.

And while thanking the fairy for being so kind,
They heard their own nurse's call;
And into the house they ran like the wind,
To tell of those eggs so small.

F.

Rochester, N. Y.

Translation from François Villon, in the 15th Century.

I know a fly in milk full well;
Show me the dress, the man I see;
Good days from bad ones I can tell;
I know an apple by the tree.

Point me the juice, I know the plant;
I see when things alike do show;
I know who works, who won't, or can't;
All, — but *myself*, — in short, I know.

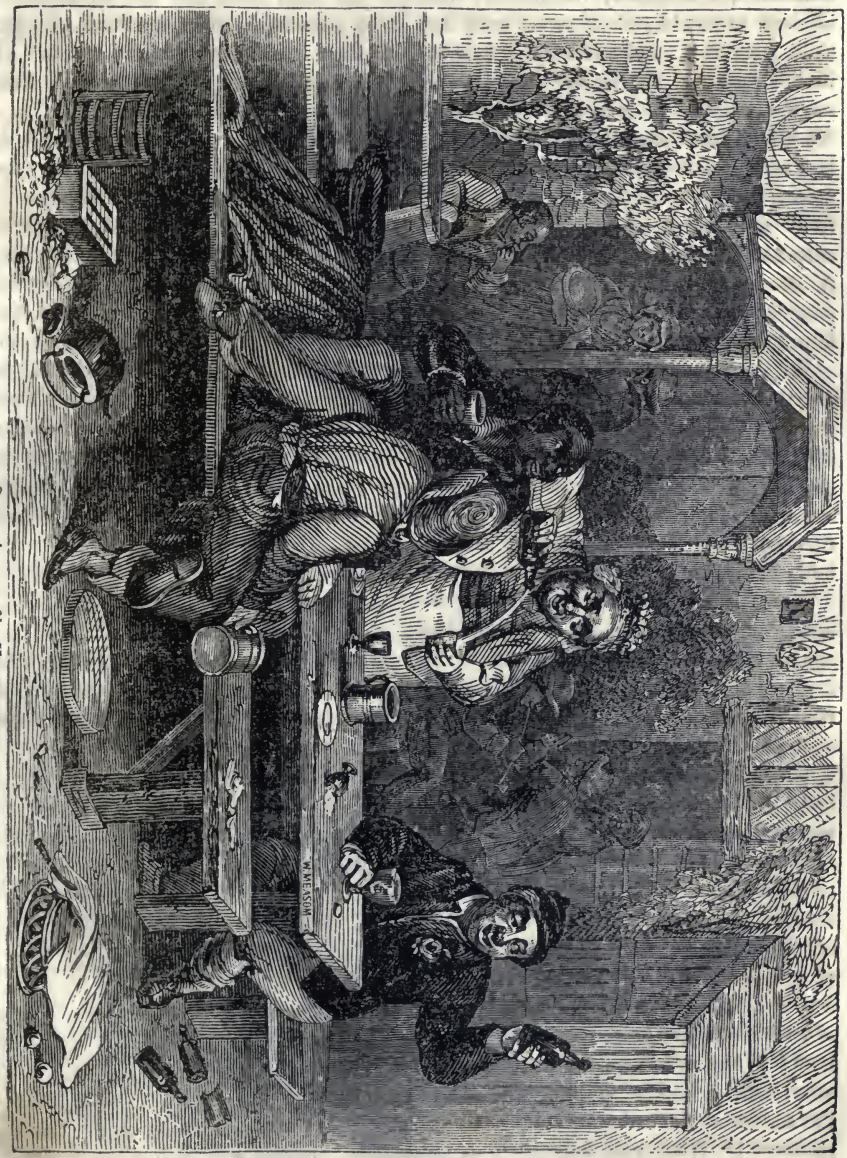
The Choice of a Profession.

Almost every person, in our country, is obliged to pursue some business or profession, in order to get a living. Even if a person is rich, and need not toil or labor for his own support, yet industry is thought to be the duty of all, and no person is considered respectable who lives an idle or useless life.

Now, it happens that almost every kind of trade, calling, or profession, is useful; and thus, in pursuing our own happiness, we may all promote the happiness of others. The shoemaker makes shoes for a living; but in so doing he makes our feet warm and comfortable; and thus, while he does good to himself, he does good to others. The carpenter builds houses for a living; and thus, while he seeks his own interest, he makes dwellings for other people, where they may live and be happy. The tailor makes clothes for a living; but he also confers a benefit on the people, who are thus made comfortable by his labors.

Thus it is with all working people. The farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the minister, the lawyer, the physician — they all work for themselves, yet all work for others at the same time. This is a beautiful arrangement of Providence, and shows that wisdom which is above the wisdom of man.

We may say to all young people, therefore, that it is not material whether they be mechanics, or farmers, or manufacturers, or lawyers, or physicians, or ministers, provided they pursue the vocation they choose with honesty and diligence. All these several professions are



Scene in an Ale-House

honorable, if honorably conducted; they all lead to wealth, if followed with due skill, economy, and industry. Success in life depends not on our vocation, but on the manner in which we pursue it. No lawful and honest trade is degrading in itself; and instances have occurred of men rising to the highest stations, as well from the bench of the shoemaker or carpenter, as from the learned professions. A good mechanic is infinitely above a poor lawyer, a bad minister, or an indifferent doctor.

But there is one thing to be considered, and that is, that some trades are mischievous to society. The person who prints or sells bad books, though he may make money, injures his fellow-man. The person who sells intoxicating drinks may get rich, but he thrives by degrading and ruining mankind.

Now, in the choice of a profession, we hardly need to counsel our young readers against those pursuits which necessarily involve the ruin and destruction of our race. There are some men so hardened as to care not for consequences to others, if they can get rich themselves. If we look at the fat, jolly liquor-seller, in the annexed engraving, we shall readily recognize one of a class who are willing to minister to the vicious appetites of mankind, — to take advantage of the madness of their neighbors, and sell them fatal poison, — and all for the purpose of getting rich. Alas! what can be the value of wealth obtained by poisoning our fellow-man! What real happiness here, or hereafter, can be hoped by those who know the nature of their deadly trade, and yet pursue it! What real difference, in the eye of a sound conscience or a just God, between the robber upon the highway, or the high seas, and the liquor-dealer, who *knowingly* robs mankind at once of their money and their reason! If there be a difference, can it be in favor of the latter?

We are happy to believe that all the readers of our little Museum will grow up in fear and horror of this fatal profession to which we allude, and that, while they deem it unimportant whether they pursue a life of hand-work or head-work, they will always make it a great part of their happiness to connect their own success in life with the promotion of the happiness of their fellow-men. Let them ever shrink with scorn and detestation from whatever other men pursue, for the purpose of getting money, if it involve the degradation or injury of mankind.

Truth in an Old Dress.

The following lines, in old English, are inscribed upon Foylen Castle, in Aberdeenshire, a structure nearly four hundred years old: —

"Do veil, and doopt nocht,
Althoch thov be spyit;
He is lytil gvde vorth
That is nocht envyit.
Tak thou no tent:
Quhat everie man tels:
Gyn thov vald leive ondemit,
Gang quhair na man dvells."

This reads as follows: —

Do well, and doubt not,
Although thou be spied;
He is little good worth
That is not envied;
Take thou no tent
What every man tells:
If thou wouldst live * undeemed,
Go where no man dwells.

* Unjudged.

A Story of the Desert.

I AM going to tell you about a negro girl, named Lariboo, in order that you may have an idea how they live in the desert of Africa; and though some things I shall relate may seem very remarkable, they are certainly true.

Lariboo lived in the country of the Tibboos, which lies east of the Great Desert of Sahara. A large part of the country is a desert; and the soil is so salt, that in many places it is cracked open; and in the cavities are suspended beautiful crystals of that mineral, like the delicate frost-work we see on the windows in a cold winter morning. But Lariboo lived in one of those little green spots called *oases*. This verdant valley was well watered by springs. There were plenty of the delicate berries of the *suag* shrub; the creeping vines of the colocynth bore an abundance of blossoms; and the *kossom*, with its red flowers, looked as gay as a May-day queen. Small herds of graceful gazelles fed in this pretty retreat; the faithful domestic camels might be seen in hundreds reclining at their ease, or patiently carrying their load of salt to the market of Mourzook; and beautiful bright birds darted about like rays of the sun, filling the air with their cheerful songs.

I suppose you will think Lariboo might have been very happy in this lovely valley; and indeed she was very happy. True, her daintiest food was camel's milk, and a little ground millet; and she lived in a small mud hut, which we should hardly think good enough for the cows.

But happiness does not consist in outward things. It is better to live in a mud hut, with a good heart and a cheerful disposition, than to live in a palace discontented and unamiable.

Lariboo was of an affectionate disposition; and she had enough to love. She had a good husband, and a little baby that she thought very pretty, though it had a bit of coral stuck in its ears, and wool that curled all over its head as close as Brussels carpeting; and there were two very beautiful gazelles, that came every day to feed out of her hand, and share her calabash of camel's milk. The Tibboos are a merry, good-natured race, extravagantly fond of singing and dancing.

Lariboo was reckoned quite a belle among them; though I don't think you would have thought her very good-looking, if you could have seen the oil streaming over her face, the coral stuck through her nose, and the great brass rings on her arms and ankles. But Lariboo thought she dressed beautifully; and I don't think she was a bit sillier than the ladies here, who pride themselves on feathers and gauze!

It is singular that the Tibboos should be so merry and thoughtless; for they are constantly exposed to danger. West of their country live a fierce and terrible tribe of blacks, called the Tuaricks. They hate the Tibboos; and once or twice a year they come down among them, to kill and carry into slavery every one they meet. The Tibboos are very much afraid of them; and when they hear them coming, as many of them as can hide themselves run away among the steep rocks, from the flat surface of which they hurl stones and spears at their enemies. These Tuaricks are a wandering race of shepherds and robbers, who think

it is very disgraceful to live in houses and cultivate the ground. They are the only native Africans who have an alphabet. They have neither books nor paper; but their strange letters are found inscribed all over the dark rocks in their country.

One day, when Lariboo was out in the fields, picking *suag* berries, and talking to her baby, who was tied at her back, and lay peeping its little black eyes over her shoulder, she heard the cry, "The Tuaricks are coming! The Tuaricks are coming!" She ran as fast as she could to hide among the rocks; but the Tuaricks caught her, and carried her off, to sell her for a slave.

A great many others were killed and taken prisoners. In the hurry and confusion of the fight, Lariboo could not get sight of her husband; and she did not know whether he was dead or alive.

The poor woman sobbed as if her heart would break; but the savage Tuaricks did not pity her. They drove the Tibboo prisoners along before their camels, and if they did not go as fast as they wished, they whipped them cruelly. Day after day they continued their wearisome journey, without any hope of escape from their cruel conquerors. The Tuaricks had heard of a large caravan of Arabs encamped near Bornou, and thither they intended to carry their prisoners and sell them. Sometimes they passed through little verdant valleys; but in general their route lay through barren deserts, with nothing to relieve the dreariness of the scene, but here and there a black rock, that reared its gloomy head above the heaving sand. This sand, put in motion by the wind, forms high, perpendicular hills, in the course of a single night. The camels are made to slide down these drifts, in which operation they can only be kept steady by the driver's hanging with all his weight on the tail; otherwise, they would tumble forward, and throw the load over their heads.

Every few miles there were skeletons of poor negroes that had been left in the desert to die, when there was not food enough for them and their masters. Near springs of water they several times saw fifty or sixty dead bodies lying together unburied. The bones were very brittle, owing to the heat and dryness of the climate; and, as the camels of the Tuaricks passed along, they would crack them into fragments beneath their feet.

Poor Lariboo thought this would be her fate. Many of her countrymen had died on the way; and before she had been a fortnight in the desert, the sufferings she underwent from hunger and thirst made her extremely weak and dizzy. One day she begged to rest a little; for she was so weary and lame she could not keep up with the camels. The Tuaricks snatched her baby from her, and threw it on the hot sand, telling her she would not be so tired when she had no load to carry. The wretched mother shrieked and screamed, and begged to have her child again; but the more she wept and sobbed, the harder they beat her. Sick, lame, weary, and heart-broken, as she was, she was obliged to keep up with the camels, and leave her baby to die.

The mournful wailings of the child, as the savages threw it on the sand, sounded in her ears all day long; and she hoped she, too, should soon be left to perish in the burning wilderness. Toward night, the Tuaricks were terrified by the sight

of several prodigious pillars of sand moving across the desert, sometimes with majestic slowness, and sometimes with incredible swiftness. These pillars are scooped up and kept in motion by the wind. They are sometimes so very high that their tops are lost in the clouds. Sometimes they break suddenly in the middle, and fall; at other times they seem to melt away and disperse in the distance, like vapor.

The Tuaricks watched the moving pillars with great anxiety, as they came rapidly toward them. There was no use in attempting to escape; for the swiftest Arabian horse could not have kept out of their way. The poor Tibboo prisoners looked on the approaching destruction without any additional feelings of despair; they were weary of life, and they thought it would be better to be buried in the sand, than to be sold to the Arabs for slaves. Poor Lariboo was even afraid the pillars would disperse before they reached her. "I shall be at peace beneath the sand," thought she; "and perhaps the same wind that buries me in the desert, will cover the body of my poor baby." The magnificent pillars came sweeping on; they approached nearer and nearer, and at last rushed upon the travellers, burying dozens in their rapid course.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.—An honest hermit, in Italy, upon being once asked how he could contrive to live alone in a cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation, replied that Providence was his next-door neighbor.

French Extortion.

THE French imagine that England produces as much gold as Africa or South America, and that Monsieur Jean Bull leaves his native country merely to scatter his money with thoughtless profusion about the Continent. In consequence of this extravagant opinion, he rarely escapes without paying five times the real value for every commodity he purchases.

His pocket is supposed to be a rich bank, on which every rapacious Frenchman may draw at pleasure; and, of course, demands are made upon it with incessant avidity and unrelenting extortion. These remarks are indebted for no small degree of confirmation to the following anecdote: —

An English officer, serving in the regiment d'Artois, being on a journey from London to Paris, spent a night at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in Calais. On examining his bill next morning, he found that he was charged a guinea for his supper, which had consisted only of cold meat and a bottle of *vin du pais*. Enraged at so gross an imposition, he summoned the master of the inn, and insisted on an abatement. "Milor," said the host, "I cannot disgrace an Englishman of your rank by charging him a less price." "Sirrah," replied the officer, "I am not a man of rank, but a poor lieutenant, in the service of the *Grand Monarque*." "Morbleu!" rejoined the landlord, "I confess I have made an egregious blunder. I hope your honor will forgive me if I reduce my demand to half a crown."

Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusade.

Peter the Hermit.

This man, who commenced one of the most wonderful movements recorded in history, was a gentleman of Amiens, in Picardy, France, who quitted the military profession to become a hermit and a pilgrim. He was actuated by the sentiments which pervaded the Christian world at the close of the 11th century; and, under the expectation of the immediate dissolution of the world, he, with many other deluded men, hastened to the Holy Land in 1093, that he might terminate his days in a spot that had given birth to the Savior of the world.

On his return, he spoke in so affecting a manner of the cruel treatment which the Christian pilgrims experienced in Palestine, that Pope Urban II. sent him over all Europe to preach a general crusade to deliver the Holy Land from the oppression of the infidels. The eloquence of Peter, and the spirit of the times, prevailed. A numerous concourse of people flocked together for the pious labor, and the holy hermit began his march at the head of 40,000 men, all animated with the zeal of devotion and the hope of celestial protection. In crossing Hungary, this *religious* army committed the most horrid excesses, and so provoked the inhabitants to revenge, that, in skirmishes with them and with the Turks, many lost their lives, and only 3000 reached the gates of Constantinople. In advancing through Asia, the siege of Antioch delayed their progress, and Peter would have abandoned the hopeless enterprise, had he not been bound by an oath, by Tancred, to share the dangers of the crusade.

At the conquest of the Holy Land, and in the siege of Jerusalem, 1099, Peter behaved with great valor, and for his services was appointed vicar-general of Palestine. He afterwards returned to Europe, and died at the abbey of Noirmoutier, of which he was the founder.

The Fairy's Home.

FAR away, far away, o'er the deep blue seas,
Where the southern sunbeams smile,
And the bright flowers wave in the perfumed breeze,
Is a little emerald isle.

There the mocking-bird sings in the myrtle bowers
To the fairies who rest beneath,
And through the hot noontide's sultry hours,
Rejoice in the rose's breath.

No mortal's footstep e'er breaks the spell,
Nor mortal's voice is heard;
But fairies alone in that island dwell,
With the lovely mocking-bird.

And the gorgeous butterfly flits around,
With his wings of purple and green;
And the humming-bird comes with a buzzing sound,
In plumage of scarlet sheen.

The waves come rippling on the shore,
Where the sand is like drifted snow;
And brilliant shells, and golden ore,
Are left when they seaward go.

There the fairies make, from the rosy shell,
The caves, where they love to lie
And list to the distant ocean-swell,
Or gaze on the sunset sky.

At evening, the fire-flies' glimmering light
Is seen in the deep green wood;
And the gentle moon, and the stars so bright,
Look down on the tumbling flood

No frost or snow e'er touches that isle,
And orange and lemon trees
There grow beneath the sun's warm smile,
And the jasmine waves in the breeze.

The stately deer, and the gentle fawns,
And the swift, dark-eyed gazelle,
Can play without fear on the grassy lawns,
For the fairies love them well.

'Tis a crime, by the laws of fairyland,
To harm any thing that has life;
And never a fairy would raise his hand
In quarrel or wicked strife.

Their only food is of fruits and flowers;
Their dishes, the bright sea-shells;
And they quench their thirst with the dewy showers
That lurk in the hyacinth bells.

And there, in their beautiful island home,
In the midst of the Southern Ocean,
They dwell, without ever a wish to roam,
Or a thought of the world's commotion.

Now, there, my dear love, is the fairy tale
I promised to write you to-day:
Pray forget, while you read it, how sharp is the gale,
And the skies, how beclouded and gray.

F

Rochester, N. Y.

PRIDE DIFFERENTLY MANIFESTED. — Diogenes, being at Olympia at one of the festivals, saw some young men of Rhodes dressed with great magnificence. "Surely," he exclaimed, "this is pride!" Afterwards, meeting some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this also is pride!"

LIGHT FOOD. — A bishop, visiting a poor parson, congratulated him upon living in such fine air. "Yes, sir," replied he; "I should be glad if I could live *on* it as well as *in* it."

DIOGENES, being asked what was the best hour for dinner, replied, "For the rich, when they please — for the poor, when they can."

The Croissy Yew.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In 1812, Charles, who had escaped the conscription in France by entering college, which he had since left, did not know what to do with himself. Meantime, he amused himself by climbing up into a huge yew-tree, and casting his eyes over the surrounding country. One moonlight evening, when at his post, he overheard a conscript, who was bidding adieu to his sister and his betrothed. The latter wept. The more resolute sister said, "Have you not got a colonel — he who enlisted you? Well, go and find your colonel, throw yourself on your knees, and say, 'My lord, I don't want to go away — I don't want to be killed. There are my sister and a wife, who cannot live without me, and who are going to throw themselves into the river. Beat me, colonel, put me in prison, but don't make me go away! Long live the emperor! He's a noble fellow! Let him leave me in peace, and go about his business! Colonel, I am a man, and a free one, and I have no right to leave my sister Christine, who won't have me to quit her, and who will hate you, colonel, if you make me go off!'"

The brother smiled at his sister's eagerness, and told her he must have a substitute, and money to pay him.

"Well," said Christine, "I will give every thing I've got — my gold cross, my earrings, my silk neckerchiefs, my collerettes, in a word, all my trinkets — to him who will consent to go."

"All that does not amount to the price of a man," replied Eugene.

Christine reflected awhile, and said, catching her brother's arm, —

"Well! *I* am well worth a man — worth more than a man. O, certainly I am! I will give myself, then. I will tell somebody or other, 'Go in my brother's place, and I will be your wife. You see I am pretty — a little spoiled — but what matters that? I will love you so, if you will save my brother!' O, yes! I swear by the golden cross, in which is some of my mother's gray hair, I would willingly marry him who would devote himself for you."

At evening, as they were seated at their humble meal, without being able to touch it, and looking tearfully at each other, some one knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said the young man, hastily drying his eyes.

An old sergeant made his appearance, saying, —

"Health! Is the conscript Eugene Leven here?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"There," said the soldier, throwing a letter on the table.

Eugene read slowly at first, but afterwards devoured the paper. It was his discharge, in due form. He looked at the old soldier with astonishment.

"That means that your place is taken, conscript. It's a pity, though; for your moustaches would have sprouted with a little gunpowder. But enough; you are happy now: farewell!"

And he was going away.

"O," said he, as he returned, "Christine Leven; is that your sister? Where is your sister?"

"Here," said Eugene, pointing to Christine, who was pale with joy and emotion.

"This one is for you, miss;" and he threw a second letter on the table, but stopped short as he saw Christine, trembling with agitation, crumple the letter in her hands, and gaze fixedly on the table.

"What is the matter? what is the matter?" said Eugene. "Dear Christine, let us see that letter. Selfish being that I am, I never thought of it. Let me see who dares to write to you. What does all this mean?"

And he ran over the letter hastily.

"O, read it aloud," said Christine, "it's the same to me! Good heavens! this is but just!"

Eugene read aloud: —

"Miss: I ask nothing. I go away without making any terms. I take your brother's place; you need him, and no one needs me. But I am honest, and love you ever since I saw you weep. I send you a ring of my mother's. If you have pity upon me, you will take the golden cross, in which is some of your mother's gray hair, and which glitters on your neck in the moonlight; this evening you will place it in the crevice of the large yew-tree, near the branches. I shall get it to-morrow morning; then you will wait two years, and, if I am not dead, I will bring it back. Will you remember what you vowed on that cross? Farewell!"

"What does this mean?" said Eugene, slowly. "How could any one know? Sergeant, do you understand this."

"Some fellow on the look-out near you."

"Why, then, did he not come to us frankly?" answered the young man. "What a way of obliging is this!"

"Ah," said the soldier, "there's the thing! One's afraid of being treated as a spy. And then, when one's young, and timid, and all full of romantic sentiments, one knows how to write, and is afraid to talk, for want of practice; that's it!"

Eugene shook his head.

"Soldier," cried he, "your hand! I will not have this substitute. My sister shall not be sacrificed. I will go with you. See!" And he took up his discharge, and prepared to tear it in pieces.

Christine stopped him.

"But what if I want to have him?" said she. "After all, it's a fine action on his part. And then he goes without making any terms; and then he is unhappy; and then I have no other means of keeping you; and then I want to be in love with him! He did well, however, in not showing himself; one might have regretted him too much. I will take the cross: but I should like to know — sergeant, have you seen him?"

"Yes, now and then."

"Well! he is not hump-backed or bandy-legged, is he?"

"A good joke! Is the French army recruited with such sort of stuff, under the Little Corporal? Is it not composed of individuals irreproachable as to their persons, and no fools to morality?"

"Is he a man of worth?" asked Eugene.

"Very much so; I answer for it."

"Well, sir soldier," said Christine, removing from her graceful neck the cross, with the black ribbon which supported it, "tell him that he has done well; and place this cross in the hollow of the great yew; and then say nothing more to

him; but do not quit him — do you hear? and try to come back with him, to tell me, 'There he is; it is he himself; he is worthy of you.'"

Eugene and Louise looked on, without being able to speak. The grenadier rose, took off his cap, received the cross, wiped away a tear, and said, "Enough."

Christine turned to her brother and future sister. She was no longer the same person. Her character had assumed a more serious hue. She told Louise, "I, too, am betrothed; the pledge of my faith is in the hands of a soldier of the guards."

A year afterwards, Eugene had to leave his home. The enemy was in France, and he would not have accepted a substitute now if he could have found one. At Montereau his life was saved by a lieutenant of carabineers. As this officer informed him that he had no family, Eugene invited him home to his own.

Charles (such was his name) soon won Christine's favor; but she had plighted her troth to her brother's substitute, and she was faithful to him. Then Charles handed her the golden cross, and told her that it was he, who, a poor collegian, ashamed of the noble action he was about to perform, went away without seeing her, and finally rose to the rank of lieutenant.

"At present, sir," continued the narrator, "we are married. The sergeant died at Waterloo. Eugene and myself have prospered in the world: we live in that little red and white house you see yonder, and I go every evening to smoke my pipe under the Croissy yew."

Covent-Garden Flower-Market.

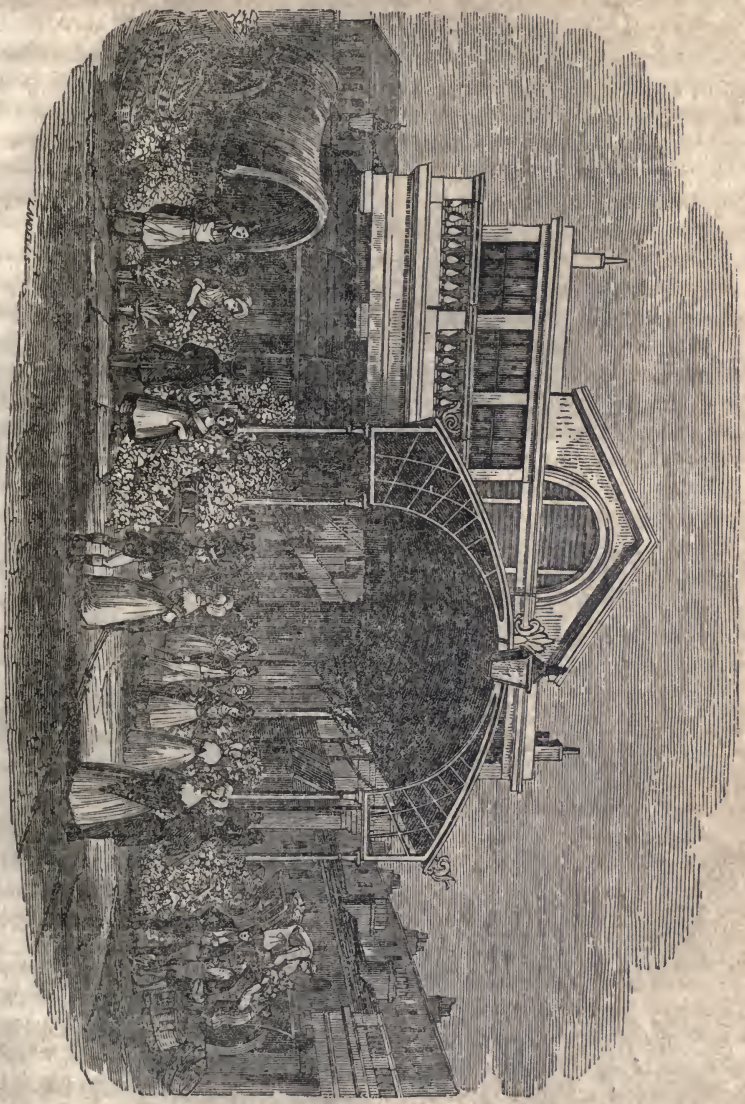
There is no place more curious than the market of a great city; and of all markets, one of the most wonderful is that of Covent Garden, London. It is a vast square building, with a court in the centre, where the articles are chiefly sold.

The flower-market is but one small portion of this head-quarters of fish, flesh, and fowl. But in the season of flowers, it presents a spectacle that may well excite admiration. The number of cut flowers, as well as those in pots, surpasses computation. The brilliancy and perfume of the place make it seem like the "garden of Gul in her bloom." Here is the camelia for the hair of the beauty; the half-crown rose, for the button-hole of the beau; and the bouquet for the belt or gloved hand of the favorite.

It is really delightful, after wandering about in the smoke and mud of London, to come to this charmed spot, and think of the country, where these lovely things are all at home.

The virtue of a person without principle is something like a warm wind in winter — pleasant enough while it lasts; but it is here to-day, and gone to-morrow.

The man that is captious, and full of punctilios upon all occasions, is very much like a hedgehog, of which we know not where to take hold.



View of Covent Garden Flower-Market.

A Jesuit and the Passion-Flower.

The Passion-Flower.

THE plant known to us by the above name belongs to a class common in the tropical parts of America. They are all climbing plants, and often scramble over trees of considerable height. In many cases they are very beautiful, the flowers being large and richly colored. Several of them are valued for the fruit which they yield in their native climes, it being pulpy and refreshing. One species, in Brazil, has fruit as large as a child's head. One kind, in the West Indies, yields what is called the water-lemon. Other species, however, produce fruit which has a very offensive taste and smell.

The name of the passion-flower was given by the Jesuits of South America, who saw in it an emblem of Christ's death and passion. The five *anthers* represented his wounds; the triple *style*, the nails with which he was fastened to the cross; the *column*, the pillar to which he was bound. A number of fleshy threads, in the flower, betokened the crown of thorns.

We are told that these Jesuits, in addressing the Indians, used this flower as a means of illustrating their account of the crucifixion; thus connecting the solemn event, in their minds, with the beautiful works of nature around them.

HISTORY. — If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes; and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only upon the waves behind us. — *Coleridge.*

Sir Thomas Lawrence.

This person, one of the most celebrated portrait-painters that ever lived, gave proofs of a talent for his art at a wonderfully early age. At four years old he recited verses, and sketched portraits which were said to be very good likenesses. Lord and Lady Kenyon once stopped at his father's tavern for the night; and, being tired and hungry, they were somewhat angry to see old Mr. Lawrence come in with a volume of Shakspeare under one arm, and a volume of Milton under the other, to talk about the talents of his little son Tommy, and ask the guests to hear him recite some verses. The lady and gentleman were vexed, and began to tell the landlord to bring them some supper instead of poetry, when the door opened, and in capered a fine healthy boy, riding on a stick. His face was glowing with exercise, and he looked so happy and good-natured, that the guests could not retain their anger. The lady took him in her arms, kissed him tenderly, and asked him if he could take the portrait of Lord Kenyon. The child looked at him earnestly, and said, "Yes, I can; and make it very like, too." While materials were sent for, he began again to dance round the room on his stick; but, when all was prepared, he was lifted on the table, and seated in a little arm-chair, from which height he took Lord Kenyon's likeness, with a great deal of spirit and correctness.

The frolicsome boy was very impatient to return to his play; but Lord Kenyon, in a coaxing tone, asked him if he could not sketch a likeness of his lady. "Yes, I can," said he, "if she will turn her side to me; but her face is not straight." This made a great laugh; for Lady Kenyon happened to have a curved nose. Twenty-five years after, a friend of the lady knew this profile likeness as soon as she saw it. Thomas Lawrence was then four years old. At five years old his beautifully expressive manner of drawing eyes attracted attention; and this peculiar power distinguished his portraits in the days of his greatest renown.

At four years of age, he recited the poem of Joseph and his Brethren; at five, Addison's Nymphs of Solyma; and at seven, he learned the whole of Milton's Lycidas by heart. At this last-mentioned age, his fame had extended so much that accounts of him were published, with an engraving of his portrait. The first painting that Lawrence ever saw, except the daubs upon the country inns, or the portraits over the chimney-pieces of a farm-house, was in 1777, at eight years old, when he was taken through Corsham House. The visitors entirely forgot the child, whom they had brought with them, and on their return through the room, they found him gazing at a painting of Rubens.

"I shall never be able to paint like that!" said he.

At ten years, he suddenly took it into his head to make original compositions from his own imagination, which is the highest and most difficult effort of the art. At this age, he chose for his subjects Christ reproving Peter for denying him before Pilate, and Reuben's petition to Jacob to allow Benjamin to go down into Egypt.

His fame spread rapidly. All the fashionable ladies were anxious to have him sketch their portraits. At thirteen years of age, the price of his small crayon likenesses was raised from one guinea to a guinea and a half. At twelve years of age, he obtained from the Society of Arts a silver-gilt palette, and five guineas, as a prize for the painting of our Savior's transfiguration, done on glass.

He afterwards became president of the Royal Society. His reputation continued to increase to the last hour of his life; and he was no less distinguished for gentlemanly manners, and universal kindness to every living thing, than he was renowned for his extraordinary talent.

A French Hawker.—"I remember to have been one day much amused in Tours by a Frenchman who had a dozen pamphlets to sell, at one sous each. In London, he would have hung out a bill on the wagon: they manage things in France differently. He got his wife and five children to help him; assembled in the grand square before the *Hotel de Ville;* threw off his hat, coat, and vest; rolled up his shirt-sleeves to the shoulders, and began gesticulating, haranguing, shouting himself hoarse, dancing about, and rubbing his hair back from his forehead, like a tragedian in the fifth act. The children held the pamphlets, and the wife handed them round as they were called for by a large and momentarily increasing auditory. He sold every one in an hour."

Why are there only forty-six weeks in a year? Because the other six are *Lent.*

Fairmount Water-Works.

The water-works at Fairmount, Philadelphia, are deservedly celebrated. No city in the United States has completed so arduous and expensive a work in such a magnificent manner. Dr. Franklin, whose active mind was always planning some new improvement, was one of the first to perceive that Philadelphia must, in some way or other, have a greater supply of water than could be raised from pumps. When he died, he left a famous legacy to the people of Philadelphia, after the following fashion: One thousand pounds sterling was to be loaned, in small sums, to young mechanics, "who had served an apprenticeship in the city, and faithfully fulfilled the duties required of them;" no one was to receive more than sixty pounds, or less than fifteen; the borrower was to pay five per cent. interest, and furnish two sureties for the repayment of the loan. Dr. Franklin calculated that his one thousand pounds, managed in this way, would, in a hundred years, amount to 131,000 pounds sterling, or to 581,640 dollars; of which he recommended that 100,000 pounds should be applied to public improvements, and the balance left to accumulate another hundred years, at the end of which time it would amount to upwards of 4,000,000 of pounds sterling, or upwards of 17,000,000 of dollars; and this sum was to be divided between the inhabitants of Philadelphia and the government of Pennsylvania. A portion of the accumulation of this singular donation he wished to have applied to the introduction of water into the city

from Wissahiccon Creek. This celebrated legacy was very much in character with Dr. Franklin. In every thing he did, he showed shrewd arithmetical calculation, and a strong love of utility.

At first, in 1797, it was endeavored to introduce water from the Schuylkill into Philadelphia by means of a steam-engine. An experience of ten years satisfied the corporation that a sufficient quantity could not be obtained in this way; for the steam-engines were often out of order, and then the supply was immediately cut off. To avoid this, they increased the steam-power by augmenting the number of engines; but the expense was enormous, and, after all, water enough could not be obtained in this way. In 1818, it was proposed to build a dam at Fairmount, on the Schuylkill, in order to try if *water*-power would not be more successful and economical than *steam*-power.

These celebrated works were begun and nearly completed by Ariel Cooley; and they form a glorious monument to his talent, ingenuity, and perseverance.

It would be difficult to give even a faint idea of the innumerable difficulties to be overcome, and of the amount of labor necessary to complete this undertaking. Iron pipes, to convey the water, are laid in every direction through the city and the adjoining districts, to the extent of fifty-five miles. In cold weather, it is generally thought that the city requires one million of gallons of water a day. One water-wheel, kept in motion, supplies one million two hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water in twenty-four hours; and when the three wheels are kept in operation, they supply three millions seven hundred and fifty thousand gallons in the same space of time; so that there is an abundance of water to spare for manufactories, &c. These large wheels are so contrived as to force the water from the river up into a reservoir at the top of a high hill; from thence it is conveyed all over the city by iron pipes laid under the pavements.

The erection of these stupendous works cost 432,512 dollars; and more than twice that sum had been previously expended in unsuccessful experiments. A plentiful supply of pure water is so common a blessing that we are not apt to realize how much our health and comfort depend upon it. To estimate its real value, we should reside awhile in some of those foreign cities where water is sold in the streets.

The citizens of Philadelphia are very justly proud of these magnificent water-works; and they attract so much attention from strangers, that three stages have been established, which run five or six times a day from various parts of the city to Fairmount.

Bishop Burnet, once preaching before Charles II, was much warmed by his subject, and uttering a religious truth in a very earnest manner, with great vehemence struck his fist against the desk, and cried out in a loud voice, "Who dare deny this?" "Faith," observes the king, "nobody that is within reach of that great fist of yours."

Good Breeding. — Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning, esteem; but good breeding alone insures love and affection.

The Ambitious Frog.

THERE was once a large frog, who dwelt in a pond with several other frogs. This creature was of that kind which we denominate *bull-frog*, and he was especially given to grumbling and bellowing. If you had heard him at night, you might have fancied him to be some huge monster as large as an ox, though he was, in fact, not bigger than your double fist.

Well, this frog was not content with being larger than any other frog in his neighborhood, but one day he must needs try to swell up and be as big as a cow that he saw grazing near by. Puff, puff, puff, he went — all the time swelling out, until at last he was as large as a good-sized rat. His success gratified him very much, and he was stimulated to prodigious efforts by certain of his admirers and followers, who repeated every thing he said, and really considered him as the most extraordinary character of the day. They were but too happy to adopt his opinions, and to utter his praises, thinking that they thereby caught somewhat of the glory of their great leader.

It is true that some sensible frogs laughed at the great swelling, puffing fellow, of whom we are speaking; but this only induced his followers to be more loud in his praise. So he was kept in good humor with himself, and went on bellowing and expanding to such a degree, that he soon hoped to surpass the cow in bulk. One day, being greatly excited by the adulation of his friends, he made a tremendous effort; but unhappily he split his sides, and nothing was left of him but two flat pieces of skin, a head, and a pair of legs! Thus perished the frog who was over-ambitious, and *sought to gain celebrity by puffing himself up.*

SPIDERS' THREADS. — The threads of the minutest spiders are so fine, that four millions of them would be required to make a single hair of the human head. The compound or common thread of the spider is said to be made up of about forty thousand smaller threads.

Our Correspondence.

Among our numerous letters, we have one from J. R., of Brookline; *Cui Bono*, of Boston; S. L. D., of Rockport; all of whom give correct answers to the *acrostical enigma* in the July number of the Museum. The following letter also contains a solution of it: —

Cambridge, June 26, 1845.

Mr. Merry:

Dear Sir: I received yesterday my Museum for July, which is a very good one. The article on "Fire" is very interesting. So are the "Misfortunes of a Yellow-Bird," and the "Story of Three Chickens;" in short, every thing in the number is good. I like all such pieces as The "Adventures of a Snow-flake," which, by the way, I think is very well written. I think that the adventures of a Pin might be made very interesting.

I have found out the answer to the acrostical enigma. "More" was what Oliver Twist wanted; an "elegy" is a mournful song; the "Red River" is a branch of the Mississippi; the "reed" is found by the river's side; a "yell" is a savage cry; "*serrer*" is a French word for *squeeze;* "Wren" is a celebrated man and bird; "order" is essential to all; "Oyes" is an introduction to a proclamation; a "den" is the resort of wild animals; the "eye" is a remarkable part of a man; Marshal "Ney" was a hero; "leg" is a part of my whole; the "end" is the extremity of all; "Goddess" is a title of the River Ganges; "Merry's wooden leg" is the whole, and a devoted friend of the young, and something which he always carries about with him. I have sent a story which you may insert if you please.

J. M. P.

BIOGRAPHY OF A PIN.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

Having, in my fortunate days, often seen your magazine, and remembering that your subscribers sometimes wrote letters to you, I thought that I (though not a subscriber) would write one, too, in which I would give a short history of my life and adventures. To begin, then: I first saw the light in a pin-manufactory at Worcester; and I perfectly remember the day I was placed, with a multitude of my companions, side by side, in a rose-colored paper.

There we stood, in glittering ranks, like a company of soldiers in new regimentals. We were then carefully folded and packed in boxes, with various other papers, and soon found ourselves nicely stowed away in a baggage-car, and on our route to Boston.

Having arrived safely in Boston, after passing through various hands, we were at last consigned to the custody of a shop-keeper in Washington Street. Here we dragged out a miserable existence for many weeks, shut out from air and light, and scarcely conscious of life. I longed to know something of the world, and to make myself useful to mankind, and I nearly leaped from my paper with joy when Mrs. S., a lady from Beacon Street, in purchasing pins, selected the paper which contained me. She placed us in the prettiest little bag in the world, and carried us home, where, having taken us from our rose-colored retreat, she placed us on a beautiful pin-cushion in front of her glass, leaving us to admire ourselves at pleasure.

I led a very gay and happy life in her service, sometimes reposing luxuriously upon my cushion, and sometimes accompanying her to her drawing-room, and to the balls and parties which she attended, where my head was in imminent danger of being turned. One day, as she was dressing for a water excursion, her maid took me up to pin Mrs. S.'s dress, but dropped me, and, not stopping to pick me up, took one of my companions to fill the place I so longed to occupy.

I was overwhelmed with dismay to find myself carelessly left upon the floor by the mistress I had so long served. Whilst I was deploring my cruel fate, the chambermaid, Mary, came in, broom in hand, to sweep the

room; and seeing me, whilst engaged in her labors, she took me up, and stuck me in her gown, from which I was soon transferred to the trimmings of a smart straw bonnet which she had purchased that day. I was greatly depressed at the idea of the change of fortune and station which awaited me. From being the constant companion of Mrs. S. at her balls and parties, now my only amusement was to be derived from companionship with a servant. However, I soon found that I was mistaken; for my mistress was honest and kind-hearted, and I was very happy, till one day I was shut up in a bandbox, in a dark closet. Here I had ample time for reflection, for Mary was very busy.

Poor Mrs. S., on the water excursion I have mentioned, took a severe cold, and being of a sickly constitution, fell rapidly into a consumption, of which she soon died. Mary, who had been brought up by her, and had lived with her fifteen years, mourned her greatly. On the day of the funeral, in exchanging the gay ribbon on her bonnet for a black one, she accidentally dropped me into her mistress's old work-box, and locked me safely in. There I remained unmolested for some weeks. At the end of that time, Mr. S.'s house was broken into by robbers, who, after purloining all the silver and plate they could find, seeing the box, which was so carefully locked, and thinking it might, perhaps, contain money, they seized it on their escape from the house. On breaking open the box, what was their disappointment, to find only pins, needles, and a lady's working apparatus, of no use to themselves, and only an encumbrance in their flight!

They left us all on the steps of a house in a remote street, and the housemaid, in the morning, charitably took us in, and adopted us as her own. After seeing a few weeks' hard service in her aprons and belts, I was glad when an accident, which I do not now recollect, transferred me to the possession of an old nurse. The next day she placed me in the frock of Miss Maria Q., a pretty little girl, who took me with her to school for a long time, where I might have learned to read and write. But in my adventures I had got a little crooked, and from that time I never did any thing that was very praiseworthy.

After a short time, I was transferred to the possession of the mistress of the house. I could have cried when I found Mrs. Q., one evening, taking me from my little mistress and putting me in her pin-cushion. Here I lived, about a year, a monotonous life enough, which I do not think I could have survived, if her children had not often left your magazine open on her table, the pictures of which amused my weary hours.

We come to the catastrophe of my story. After I had been about a year in Mrs. Q.'s family, the house took fire in the middle of the night. The inmates dressed themselves in haste, and Mrs. Q. sticking me carelessly into her clothes, I slipped out in her flight. I fell between the stones in a gutter, where I remain to this day. I am now a little more than eleven, having lived in this melancholy place eight years. Though all this time entirely inactive and useless, I have, as you may suppose, seen a great deal of the world from my retreat. There is no end to the shows and spectacles that daily pass before me, and from each I have endeavored to extract some lesson of contentment; but it grieves me to think that here I must lie till the end of time, and from this obscurity must still gaze at the passers by; for who will ever pick up a pin from a gutter? To-day, seeing a sheet of paper blow out of a window, I made ink of some mud, and wrote, as well as pin can write, this letter, which I shall intrust to the conveyance of the wind.

Your most obedient servant,

A PIN.

Norwalk, Ct., July, 1845.

FRIEND MERRY:

DEAR SIR: I think I have read your Museum and your stories about long enough to be one of your numerous acquaintances, although I do not know your opinion upon the subject. However, I will venture to have a little intercourse with you, whatever may follow.

I regret to say that I have not taken your

amusing magazine but one year, as you will see by the following statement. The latter part of the year previous, a gentleman came along here with a subscription paper, obtaining subscribers for the ensuing year, to any of several different magazines. I perused his specimens all over separately, and in the mean time "fixed my eye" upon one of them as the "very one" I wanted, and subscribed for it. Now, almost or quite all of your readers can tell which one it was. Robert Merry's Museum, of course. Do you think I grudged the dollar I paid for it? No, indeed! Have I wished I had taken another in the place of it? No! But I have lamented that I did not get hold of this pleasant work before.

I have always been very much attached to enigmas, charades, rebuses, conundrums, &c.; and when I saw that the latter part of your Museum was devoted to such puzzles, the bell of joy rang in my ears, and I cannot refrain from sending you some of the above-named; and if you think them worthy of a place in your next number, please insert them. I also send you the answer to the puzzle in your July number.

ANSWER TO THE "ACROSTICAL ENIGMA" IN THE JULY NUMBER.

You "blue-eyed subscriber, E. O. K,"
Obscurely your puzzle seems to say,
That our friend "Merry's wooden leg"
Cannot be found without a plague.
"Do you give it up?"

I suppose almost all of your "black eyes" and "blue eyes" can unravel the following

ENIGMATICAL QUESTION.

He that in music takes delight,
And he that sleeps secure by night,
And he who sails too near the land,
And he that's caught by law's strong hand;
He who his time in tavern spends,
And he that courts of law attends;
He that explains heraldic signs,
And he that works in silver mines—
Are all acquainted well with me:
What is my name? You can but see.

I send likewise this CONUNDRUM:—

"What is that which is always invisible, yet never out of sight?"

But, Mr. Merry, I must not continue my letter any further, because I am afraid you will think me an intruder, as you never heard from me before; but you will hear from me again ere long, with some interesting stories. I now close, by sending

My love to you,
And a friendly adieu!
From an affectionate subscriber,
E. R. P——R.

☞ Master Andrew C———, who writes from New York, may have his letter, if he will send us five cents, which we paid for the postage. We are always sorry when one of our young friends forgets his duty, or wilfully neglects it.

We insert the following, from a far-off region, with pleasure, though the lines are not wholly unknown in this quarter. We wish the writer had sent us *Rose-Budd's* music, which would have found a place in the Museum.

Perry's Bridge, La., May 29, 1845.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

DEAR SIR: This day completes the 7th year of one, not the least interesting, nor the least interested, among your little black-eyed readers in this far-off corner of the Union. Her birthday present consists of the four bound volumes of the Museum, (with gilt backs.) But the occasion of alluding in this way to little Rose-Budd (for this is her name) is to introduce the little song, which I am about to give you, as sung by her. I cannot write the music, too, but I hope you will find a tune not less pretty. Though I might not be accused of flattery, yet, as I abhor the effect of exciting a spirit of vanity in children, and knowing that if you publish these lines, they will meet that pleasant pair of eyes, I will not lavish terms of praise on the singer or her performance. Animated by the spirit of the song, she may, in a few years, *herself* be numbered among your correspondents. Yours, truly,

BALIZE STATE AGENT.

TRY AGAIN.

Little Rose-Budd's Song.

'Tis a lesson you should heed —
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.
Then your courage would appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer — never fear;
Try, try again.

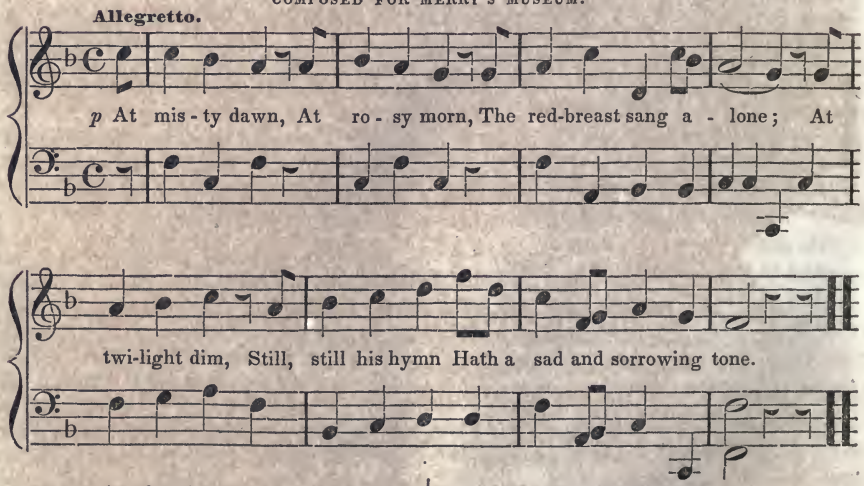
Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If at length you would prevail,
Try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we may not win the race;
What should we do in such a case?
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again.
Time will bring you your reward;
Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view —
Try, try again.

*** J. L. D., of Boston, has sent us a second letter, which we cannot insert, *because it is badly written.* We wish all our young correspondents to understand that we publish *only such letters as are neatly written*, and *such as are post-paid.* Our object, in this department of the Museum, is to improve our little friends, as well in penmanship as in letter-writing; and we cannot, therefore, encourage them when they send us communications which display a want of neatness or care. J. L. D.'s excuse, that he has a bad pen, is as bad as no excuse, because he could surely get a good pen.

The Robin; a Song.

COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



Another day
His song is gay,
For a listening bird is near.

O ye, who sorrow,
Come borrow, borrow
A lesson of robin here!

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. X. OCTOBER, 1845. No. 4.

The American Autumn.

As it is now October, we cannot, perhaps, do better than to give our readers the following pleasing sketch of Autumn: —

"This season is proverbially beautiful and interesting. Our springs are too humid and chilly, our summers too hot and dusty, and our winters too cold and tempestuous. But autumn, that soft twilight of the waning year, is ever delightfully temperate and agreeable. Nothing can be more rich and splendid than the variegated mantles which our forests put on, after throwing off the light green drapery of summer.

"In this country, autumn comes not in 'sober guise,' or in 'russet mantle clad,' but, as expressed in the beautiful language of Miss Kemble, like a triumphant emperor, arrayed in 'gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes.'

"This is the only proper season in which one truly enjoys, in all its maturity of luxurious loveliness, an excursion into the country.

'There, the loaded fruit-trees, bending,
Strew with mellow gold the land;
Here, on high, from vines impending,
Purple clusters court the hand.'

Autumn now throws her many-tinted robe

over our landscape, unequalled by the richest drapery which nature's wardrobe can furnish in any part of the world.

"We read of Italian skies and tropical evergreens, and often long to visit those regions where the birds have 'no sorrow in their song, no winter in their year.' But where can we find such an assemblage of beauties as is displayed, at this moment, in the groves and forests of our native state? Europe and Asia may be explored in vain. To them has prodigal nature given springs like Eden, summers of plenty, and winters of mildness. To the land of our nativity alone has she given autumns of unrivalled beauty, magnificence, and abundance. Most of our poets have sung the charms of this season, all varying from each other, and all beautiful, like the many-tinted hues of the foliage of the groves.

"The pensive, sentimental, moralizing Bryant says,

'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;'

but his exquisite lines are so well known, that we must resist the temptation to quote them. The blithe, jocund, bright-hearted Halleck sings in a strain of quite a different tune, in describing the country at this period. Who would not know these lines to be his? —

'In the autumn time,
Earth has no holier, nor no lovelier clime.'

But we must not quote him either, for the same reason.

"This objection, however, does not apply to the delicate *morceau* of poor Brainard, which has seldom been copied, is in little repute, but which contains the true inspiration of poetry.

'"What is there saddening in these autumn leaves?"
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms —
When the dread fever quits us — when the storm
Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops — he had not sighed.
The moon stays longest for the hunter now,
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?"'"

Good Manners.

GOOD MANNERS are the art of making people easy. The three sources of good manners are good nature, humility, and good sense. Good sense and integrity, if we are sure we possess them, will not make good manners unnecessary; the former being but seldom called out to action, but the latter continually.

"Without good breeding truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved."

FALSE PRETENCES. — False pretences are sure of detection.

The Steeple Chase.

They have a curious amusement in England called the "Steeple Chase." A number of gentlemen fix upon a spot, a mile or two from some church, and at an appointed time they all set out on horseback, to see which will get to the church first. Away they go, over hedges and ditches, over hills and valleys, over rocks and rivulets! They do not take to the highway, for the spot chosen is always one which has no direct road to the church; so each one chooses his route, and it is wonderful to see how madly they all dash on. Nothing seems to impede their wild career: the horses enter heartily into the frolic, and seem to be afraid of nothing. Thousands of people are present to witness the sport, and they cheer the racers by their loud and boisterous applause.

This is a very favorite kind of sport in England, but it is very dangerous. The riders are often thrown from their horses, and accidents fatal to man and beast often happen.

Ingratitude.

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remembering not.

A civil Word. — "If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him."

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

[Continued from p. 263.]

CHAPTER III.

THE passion of curiosity is by no means deficient among the Circassians. They are indeed very great newsmongers. I do not believe that even the Yankees surpass them in their favorite business of *guessing* and asking questions. Wherever I went, the first inquiry was, "What news?" and it was amusing to listen to the queries which were put to me in this way.

The ideas of the Circassians respecting America, it may be readily supposed, were not very correct, considering the secluded state of the people, and their scanty knowledge of geography. Was it in the east or the west? Was it near Constantinople? Were the inhabitants black or white? Were they at war with the Russians? Did they make as good pistols and penknives as the English? Did I come from America by land or by water? &c. &c. Such were the interrogatories which were showered upon me from all quarters, and which, in many cases, I found difficult to answer, so as to make the matter fully understood.

At the period of my arrival, the Circassians were engaged in a war with Russia. This power claimed the sovereignty of the country, and had been for some years making strong efforts to force her yoke upon the people. The Russian armies had made repeated inroads, but had failed in obtaining any permanent possession of the territory. The Circassians, when they found themselves unable to resist an invading army, set fire to their dwellings, and retreated into the woods and mountains. The country being destitute of large towns, the Russians found it impossible to establish their authority over any part of the population. The most they could do was to march up and down, laying waste the country, and endeavoring to provoke the natives to meet them in pitched battle. The Circassians, however, understood too well the superiority of the Russian troops in discipline and equipment, and were aware of their own advantage in the Parthian mode of warfare. They accordingly confined themselves to harassing the Russian armies by sudden and desultory attacks with their cavalry. The rugged character of the country was highly favorable to the security of the inhabitants.

The hills and mountain sides are chiefly occupied by forests, with occasionally wide tracts of pasture plentifully sprinkled over with cattle, and checkered here and there with bright green patches of corn and millet. From the loftier highlands the traveller descends, by steep and gloomy ravines, through romantic glades and patches of dark forest, into level plains, skirted again by wood-crowned hills and dark mountains.

As I surveyed this wild and varied landscape from a commanding eminence, I was not only struck with admiration of the grandeur of the scenery, but my feelings partook of that proud and conscious security which strengthens the independent spirit of the mountaineer. It was difficult to understand how any man could look upon this country, and dream of its

conquest. I wished, at the moment, that I could have the Russian general at my side, and ask him a few questions about the plan of his campaign among these mountains, forests, and rivers. It was easy now to understand why the invaders, after so many repeated attempts, had effected so little toward the subjugation of the country. If the general dispersed his troops, they were sure to be cut off in detail by an armed population possessing all the advantages of local knowledge. If he advanced his columns in a mass, they could do nothing but wander through solitary defiles, annoyed on every side by the fire of an invisible foe, and compelled by the want of provisions to retreat at last.

It will surprise the reader, perhaps, to hear that my arrival in the country had something of the dignity of a great political event. The Circassians, long harassed by their Russian enemies, and sensible that, from their own imperfect military organization and want of discipline, though they might keep the invaders at bay, yet they could never prevent their inroads, had begun to cast their eyes to foreign countries for relief. At first they expected assistance from the Turks, next from the English, and when I made my appearance among them, a report was raised that I was an envoy from the American government sent out to negotiate a treaty. It was in vain that I represented to them that my only object was to see the country, and sell some merchandise. So much of intrigue, secrecy, and underhand manœuvring is always mixed up with diplomatic transactions in these countries, that my professions were regarded as only so many pretences, to conceal my real object. When we reflect on the many improbable and absurd things which are every day asserted in our newspapers, and are sure to find abundance of believers, we have no right to laugh at the credulity of the Circassians.

I set out in company with a body of horsemen for the interior, in order to be present at a grand council of the Circassians which was shortly to take place. The Russian army was in the vicinity, and we had not ridden many miles before the sound of cannon struck our ears. There was nothing in sight but mountain heights towering up to heaven in lonely sublimity, and dark forests waving with hollow murmurs in the breeze. The sounds grew louder and louder, and we were at a loss to determine from what quarter they proceeded, for the echoes were repeated through the deep glens in such a manner as to confound all sense of hearing. Some of our party, who had been as courageous as lions at first, riding gallantly at the head of the file, now showed a commendable prudence, and fell in the rear. One very talkative fellow, who had kept at my side, with his tongue in constant activity, from the time we set out, suddenly cut short his eloquence, and began looking out sharply to the right and left, as if he took every bush for an enemy. The sounds increased, and the booming roar of the cannon was now accompanied by the rattling peal of musketry, and the scattering, irregular fire of the Circassian rifles. Presently we heard the distant hurrahs of the Russians, answered by the shrill, wild war-whoop of their antagonists. These alarming sounds were caught up and repeated from echo to

echo, through the mountain defiles, with the most appalling uproar.

We fell in with several straggling parties of the Circassians as we proceeded, and were soon a respectable body in point of numbers. These men were all horsemen, each with his rifle slung behind him, and many of them with coats of mail beneath their open-breasted tunics. They sat bolt upright in their saddles, and, owing to the wild-looking *calpacs* on their heads, made a most ferocious appearance. Ere long we emerged from the mountain defiles into a spacious plain, along which ran a rapid stream bordered by native huts. As we rode over the plain, it was announced to us that Mansour Bey, the principal chieftain of the Circassians, was advancing to meet us; and presently he made his appearance at the head of a troop, with an *ouzden*, or noble, on each side of him. As soon as he came in sight, a large number of our own party clapped spurs to their horses, and, uttering loud yells, galloped forward as if to an attack. The other party did the same. With fierce onset they dashed towards one another; rifles and pistols were discharged; and the assailants encountered each other, man to man, and horse to horse, with so much vivacity and fury, that I was struck with astonishment, and imagined they would cut each other to pieces. But, after a most indescribable scene of noise, gesticulation, and hurly-burly, on a sudden they reined in their horses, and came to a stand. Not a drop of blood had been shed, nor a blow struck. It was a sham fight, got up according to their custom, extempore, to grace the occasion of this happy meeting.

This exhibition over, the main body on both sides came up, all dismounted from their horses, and I had an opportunity of making some observations upon the character of the multitude assembled in this place. It comprised a great proportion of the rank, property, and intelligence of the adjoining country; that is, the elders, judges, and nobles. There is no such thing as a system of representation in Circassia. So jealous are the sovereign people of their power, that no individual will trust his share of it out of his own hands, or even formally delegate it to any number of representatives for a moment. It is necessary, therefore, that every public assembly should bear a character sufficiently imposing to confer an undeniable stamp of authority on its proceedings, and convey an unequivocal expression of the popular will; for to none other will the people submit. Yet, in spite of this sturdy independence, there can be no doubt that they are *virtually* represented in these assemblies. Age, experience, courage, and eloquence, have all their due weight and influence, and, in adapting themselves to circumstances, and assuming the garb most flattering to the prejudices of the people, render their possessors the decided organs of the popular opinion.

The grand council was held in a magnificent grove of oaks, under the shade of which, and round the moss-grown trunks that served as pillars to the massive roof of foliage above, groups of *tamatas*, or elders, were seated engaged in earnest discussion. Arms were suspended, and horses saddled and bridled, tied to the boughs in every direction. In an adjoining meadow the young men were

galloping their horses about, and practising martial exercises. A great crowd gathered around us at our approach, and formed a lane through which we rode to the gate of our konag. Here a plentiful dinner was spread before me, and I was compelled by the Circassian law of good breeding to eat of it, though I had dined not an hour before. The multitude, in the mean time, crowded round the house, as eager to get a sight of me as the Boston boys are to stare at a live Indian.

After dinner, I was conducted into a grass-grown court in front of the house, so thronged with spectators, that it was with difficulty a lane was made through them to permit me to pass. An open space having at length been cleared in the centre of the court, and mats and cushions laid down, I took my seat with the most distinguished persons seated round me.

Casting my eyes round this circle, I could not but be struck with the singularity of my situation. I saw the turbaned heads of the judges, mixed up with the martial caps of the warriors; a throng of most grim-looking countenances were bent on me in every direction. Every thing was strange and wild. The crowd was so dense, that they not only pressed upon us from every side, but great numbers were clinging to the trees that surrounded the court-yard. Wonder, curiosity, and suspicion, seemed to fluctuate in legible characters in their countenances, for all sorts of stories had now become current concerning me.

The chief speaker began by asking if the American government would not send a fleet to Circassia — if our ships were as large as the Russian — if we had plenty of powder and lead — if I had any of my own to sell — why the American merchants did not come to Circassia to buy their wives, as the Turks did, &c. It was difficult to give intelligible answers to all these queries; but I assured him that I was not an ambassador, as he supposed, and knew nothing of the secret designs of our government. The conference lasted above an hour; and if he was not satisfied on this last point, he at least pretended to be so, and seemed inclined to postpone this delicate subject to a more favorable opportunity. The multitude of auditors, however, appeared to me unwilling to abandon the idea of my being an envoy in disguise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Honor.

TRUE honor, though it be a different principle from religion, is not contrary to it. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the law of God; honor, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature.

The religious man fears, the man of honor scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being — the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden.

RIDICULE. — He that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will in time find mankind united against him.

David Wilkie.

There are few artists who have done more for the amusement of mankind than David Wilkie, a Scotchman, whose pictures are rendered familiar by engravings to be seen in almost every shop-window.

He was the son of a respectable clergyman, and born in the county of Fife, Nov. 18, 1785. His genius was displayed in boyhood: at school he drew the heads of his playmates on his papers and slate; and sometimes he sketched the most striking countenances belonging to his father's congregation.

At the age of fifteen, Wilkie was sent to Edinburgh, and placed under the teaching of Mr. John Graham. Here he made rapid progress in painting, and soon obtained a prize for a scene from Macbeth. In 1804, he went to London; but being unfriended, he had no means of bringing his works before the public, but to place them in the shop-window of a picture-frame maker, at Charing Cross. Here he left a few paintings, and, at the end of a week, returned to see whether they had been sold. We may imagine the beating of his young heart, as he approached the shop, and may guess his feelings when he discovered that they were gone! They were, indeed, all sold.

In 1806, he painted his celebrated picture, entitled the *Village Politicians*, for the renowned Lord Mansfield. Wilkie charged thirty guineas for it; but his lordship grumbled at the price, and refused to pay for it. It was sent to the exhibition at Somerset House, where it excited great admiration, and one hundred and twenty guineas were named as its value. Under these circumstances, Lord Mansfield claimed the picture, and paid the thirty guineas! Thus we see that a great man, and a lord, may be guilty of the most shameful meanness.

It was also in 1806 that Wilkie painted his picture of the *Blind Fiddler*, of which we have given an engraving. This was executed for Sir George Beaumont, who paid fifty guineas for it. It is esteemed not only as the best of his productions, but no modern painting of its class has surpassed it. It was given by its proprietor to the National Gallery, in London, where it continues to delight such persons as have the opportunity to visit this noble institution.

Our artist was now famous, and in the full vigor of his genius. His productions followed each other with great rapidity, and they were all characterized by his peculiar excellences. Many of them are known to our readers by the engravings of them, and we need but mention the *Rent Day*, the *Cut Finger*, *Duncan Gray*, *Blind Man's Buff*, the *Penny Wedding*, the *Rabbit on the Wall*, and *Guess my Name*, to revive the agreeable recollection of these admirable performances.

In 1825, his health being impaired by over-toil, Wilkie, who was now *Sir* David, went to Italy, and spent two years there and in other parts of the Continent. Most of his pictures, after this time, differed from his earlier productions. These latter were chiefly of a comic character, and delineated the familiar scenes of common life; while among the subjects of his pencil, at the period of which we are speaking, were the *Maid of Saragossa*, *John Knox preaching*, *Columbus*, &c.

Some of these latter paintings are as remarkable for their sublimity of sentiment, and vigor of execution, as his first productions were for their humor. Such was the estimation in which they were held, that several of them were sold for $4000 each!

Upon the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1830, Wilkie was appointed principal painter to the royal family, which place he filled till his death. In August, 1840, he set out to visit Palestine, and, having travelled in that country, was on his return, in the ship *Oriental*, when, being near Gibraltar, he was taken sick of fever. Every thing was done in his behalf that could be done on shipboard; but he gradually failed, and expired on the 1st of June, 1841. The vessel returned to Gibraltar, to deposit the body of the great artist; but no one was permitted to land, and his remains were consigned to a watery tomb.

"The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the lifeless form is said;
And the rough tar's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the silent dead.

"The corse glides down alone — alone —
To its dark and dreary grave;
And the soul on a lightened wing hath flown,
To the world beyond the wave.

"'Tis a fearful thing in the sea to sleep,
Alone in a silent bed;
Tis a fearful thing on the shoreless deep
Of a spirit world to tread."

FRIENDSHIP.

"FRIENDSHIP's the wine of life; but friendship new
Is neither strong nor sweet."

History of Ancient Rome.

[Continued from p. 267.]

CHAPTER III. — SYLLA — POMPEY — CÆSAR.

IN the proportion in which Rome became a military state, its commanders acquired a dangerous influence in its affairs. Sylla and Marius, two of these commanders, were rivals in the desire of power. The former, while commanding in a war against Mithridates, king of Pontus, was superseded and recalled from Asia. He refused to obey the mandate; and, finding his army disposed to support him, he led it to Rome, expelled Marius and all his partisans, and for a time reigned triumphant. The desolate condition of the exiled Marius, sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage, is often alluded to. After Sylla had returned to pursue the war with Mithridates, his rival, recovering strength, once more acquired an ascendency in Rome, but was suddenly cut off in a fit of debauch. Sylla, now victorious in Asia, returned to Italy, and, being joined by Verres, Cethegus, and the young Pompey, gave battle to the party of his enemies, and entirely defeated them. His entry into Rome was signalized by a dreadful massacre, and a proscription, which had for its object the extermination of every enemy whom he had in Italy. Elected *dictator*, with the unlimited authority attached to that office, (one of occasional creation,) he acted with a degree of conscientiousness that could scarcely have been expected from one who had shed so much blood. He restored the senate to its judicial authority,

regulated the election to all the important offices of the state, and enacted many excellent laws against oppression and the abuse of power. He then voluntarily resigned his dictatorship, and, retiring to the condition of a private citizen, offered publicly to give an account of his conduct. Not long after, he died of the effects of debauchery. Sylla may be reckoned a remarkable example of that union of great vices with noble points of character, which marks a time of semi-civilization. Before the close of Sylla's career, Julius Cæsar, a young man of high birth and great talents, was rising into notice. The chief power in the state was divided between Pompey and Crassus; when Cæsar, by a master-stroke of policy, caused himself to be associated with them in what was called a "triumvirate," or government of three persons. He now subdued Transalpine Gaul, (including the present Belgium and France,) and, passing over to Britain, (54 B. C.,) also reduced the people of that country, which the Romans considered as one of the remotest corners of the earth. By the death of Crassus, Cæsar and Pompey were left sole rivals for power. The high military reputation of Cæsar gave him great popular influence, but Pompey was befriended by the consuls and a majority of the senate. A decree was passed, forbidding Cæsar to pass with his army the brook Rubicon, which divided Gaul from Italy. He, nevertheless, did cross the stream and advance to Rome, of which he immediately gained the mastery, Pompey retiring into Greece. Cæsar, marching into Spain, overthrew Pompey's lieutenants there, and, at his return, found he had been declared dictator. Then, learning that Pompey had raised a large army in Illyria, he marched thither, and, at the decisive battle of Pharsalia, extinguished the hopes of his rival. (49 B. C.) Pompey, who had divided the empire of the civilized world, fled, as a dispirited and powerless fugitive, to seek the assistance and hospitality of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, in Egypt, but was barbarously murdered the instant he stepped on shore. From the death of Pompey is to be dated the total overthrow of the Roman republic. The corruptions of the state had become too great to admit of any other cure than that of an absolute government. From this period, therefore, the senate and democratic bodies were dispossessed of all power, and Rome was never without a master.

CHAPTER IV.—THE EMPIRE.

Condition of the Nation.—At the period when the commonwealth passed into the hands of an absolute monarch, the Romans had attained the height of their power. Directing their main energies to military conquest, they had enjoyed some centuries of glory, with every kind of plunder which the conquered countries could produce. Every district in Europe, Asia, and Africa, lying within reach of the Roman legions, had become tributary to Rome. At this period, the nation reckoned about 7,000,000 of citizens, with twice as many provincials, besides as many slaves. From being an obscure town, Rome had become a wide-spread city, and was adorned with majestic temples, public edifices, and palaces. Other towns in Italy also rose into importance,

and became the residence of distinguished Roman citizens.

The public monuments of this remarkable people were placed, not only in the capital, but all over the provinces; and some of them are till this day reckoned among the greatest wonders of art. But the stupendous character of their undertakings was chiefly seen in their roads. All the cities of the empire were connected with each other, and with the capital, by public highways, which, issuing in various directions from the Forum — or great central place of public assembly — of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. On the north-west, the boundary of this extensive empire was the wall of Antoninus, built betwixt the Firths of Clyde and Forth, in Scotland, and on the south-east it was the ancient city of Jerusalem. If the distance between these two points be carefully traced, it will be found that the great chain of communication was drawn out to the length of 4080 Roman miles, or 3740, English measure. The public roads were accurately divided by milestones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road was raised into a terrace, which commanded the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has not entirely yielded to the effort of fifteen centuries. They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse; but their primary object had been to facilitate the marches of the legions; nor was any country considered as completely subdued, till it had been rendered, in all its parts, pervious to the arms of the conqueror. The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the emperors to establish, throughout their extensive dominions, the regular institution of posts. Houses were every where erected at the distance of only five or six miles: each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and, by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel a hundred miles in a day along the Roman roads.

By these means the Romans maintained their ascendency in every country, and diffused through the whole empire the improvements of social life. There was thus a nobleness and grandeur in various circumstances connected with the Roman sway, which, by a moderate, firm, and enlightened system of government, might have ultimately proved of the greatest importance in the social advancement of mankind. It was most unfortunate, however, both for this sacred cause and for the welfare of the Roman people themselves, that the plan of enriching the commonwealth at the seat of power, consisted almost exclusively in robbing foreign territories — a plan which it is impossible ever can permanently exist in any country, whatever be its power. Besides, with all the encouragement given to the fine arts, such as architecture, sculpture, and the production of luxuries, there was

no substantial industry or commerce, and no means were taken to enlighten and refine the community, by science, literature, or morals. The whole fabric of Roman greatness, in fact, rested on no sure foundation, and its gradual decline and fall, from the extinction of the republic, cannot excite the smallest degree of surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Petrarch.

FEW men have left behind them a more interesting character than that of Francesco Petrarch. He was born at Arezzo, in Italy, in 1304. The following sketch is copied from Parley's Cabinet Library: —

"He was educated for the bar; but his taste for elegant literature prevailed over every other consideration, and he devoted himself to the study of the classics, and the composition of poetry.

"At this period, the pope held his court at Avignon, in France; and here were assembled the gifted and the gay, from all parts of Europe. Taking up his residence at this place, and assuming the clerical dress, Petrarch became, at twenty-two, one of the most dissipated among the licentious throng that fluttered in the blaze of the pontifical palace. He soon made friends among some of the great personages at Avignon, and while he spent much time in pleasure, he ardently pursued his literary studies.

"In 1327, while attending service in the church of St. Clair, at Avignon, he was greatly struck with the beauty of a young lady near him. The passion thus suddenly conceived gave a new turn to his thoughts, and while it seemed to master his whole existence, it became the occasion of that celebrity which has ever since attended his name.

"The name of the woman who thus affected the heart of the priest was Laura, then nineteen years of age, and married two years before to Hugh de Sade. She was a lady of superior character; and though she often met her ardent admirer in society, she ever preserved the utmost discretion of conduct. When Petrarch avowed his passion, she rebuked him sternly, and avoided his presence; but when he was taken ill, she visited him as a friend, and was the instrument of giving a religious bias to his mind. For several years, a painful struggle was maintained between his passion and his sense of duty. He fixed his residence at Vaucluse, a romantic place five miles from Avignon, where he wrote some of those exquisite sonnets to Laura, which have continued to charm mankind to the present day.

"Time rolled on; the lovely Laura became the mother of a large family, and her beauty faded away; but the eye of Petrarch only saw her as in the days of her youth. In 1348, while he was in Italy, the plague was raging in France, and finally reached Avignon. Laura was seized with the disease, and died. Petrarch heard the tidings with incurable regret, and from that time seemed to devote himself to the emulation of her pious virtues. He continued to write verses; but the object which inspired him now was not the living form he had loved, but the sainted spirit with which his own purified soul delighted to hold communion.

Petrarch's Tomb at Arqua

The depth of his feeling may be imagined from the fact that, twenty years after Laura's death, and when he was himself verging toward the grave, he wrote of her, in the most affecting terms, as having been the chief source of his happiness and his misery. The following lines will serve at once as a specimen of Petrarch's sonnets, and an indication of that depth of feeling to which we have alluded: —

'The eyes I praised so warmly, and the face,
And arms, and hands, and feet, whose beauty drew
My spirit from myself, at their sweet view,
And made me strange among my fellow-race
Those crispéd locks that shone with golden grace,

Th' angelic mirth that, with enchanting glow,
Was wont to make a paradise below,
Fill now — unconscious dust — their narrow space;
And yet I live; O, life too hardly borne!
'Reft of the light I loved so well and long,
My weary bark in stormy seas is torn.
Be here an end of all my amorous song:
My vein of inspiration is outworn,
And nought around my lyre but notes of anguish throng.'

"Petrarch died at Arqua, July 17, 1373. Though he is chiefly known as the lover and poetical eulogist of Laura, he has other claims to remembrance. He was an active laborer in the field of literature, and may be considered as one of the chief instruments of promoting the dawn of learning, which had then commenced in Europe. He was an extensive traveller, and an able writer on a great variety of subjects. His friendships were sincere, and his political views liberal. He exercised a most extraordinary influence over the great men of his day; and he may be justly regarded, not only as an honor to his country, but a benefactor of mankind."

A Story of the Desert.

[Continued from page 272.]

LARIBOO was among the number overwhelmed; but it chanced that the sand rested lightly on her face, so that she had the power of breathing. The force of the blow stunned her, and rendered her insensible; and the Tuaricks, thinking her dead, left her where she fell. How long she remained insensible, she knew not. When she recovered consciousness, the painful glare of the midday sun had given place to the quiet and beauty of evening. The motion of the blowing sand sounded, in the deep stillness, like the murmuring of a mighty river; the moon and stars shed a soft, clear light from the cloudless heaven; and the breeze swept along with refreshing coolness.

When Lariboo first recovered her senses, she did not realize where she was. She tried to rise, but found herself kept down by a load of sand. She looked around her: all was calm and bright in that wide desert, which, like the ocean, seemed to stretch its flat surface almost to infinity; and all was still — so very still! not a bird, not an insect, broke the deep repose — and Lariboo was all alone in that barren wilderness!

Her first sensation was of joy that she had escaped from the power of the Tuaricks; but the next moment she was filled with fear. She remembered that she was without food, and many days' journey from any human habitation. Then came the thought of lions, and panthers, and — worst of all — hyenas. She knew that the last-mentioned of these terrible creatures were always prowling about in the night, seeking for the dead, whom they often dug out from beneath the sand; and her heart sickened to think of her babe. She strained her eyes in every direction to see if danger was approaching; but nothing was in motion; the earth below was as still as the heavens above. By degrees, this profound quiet produced drowsiness; and Lariboo slept soundly and sweetly, forgetful of solitude, starvation, and terror.

She was awaked by the pitiless rays

of the sun, shining full upon her, with the intolerable ardor of a tropical climate. With considerable exertion, she released herself from the sand under which she had been buried. The prospect around her was dreary and hopeless enough. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, stretched an endless level of sand; its glassy fragments here and there sparkling in the sunshine like polished steel. Not a cloud floated in the dazzling sky; not a breeze stirred the surface of the desert; the earth and the heavens seemed on fire; and where they met at the horizon, there appeared a fine glittering line of light, like the edge of a cimeter.

Lariboo's wish was to return to the spot where her babe had been thrown the day before; but it is extremely difficult to find one's way in the desert; the light sand is so easily blown about, that no tracks remain in it; and the high, steep hills, that are thrown up in one night, are scattered before the next. The only way in which she could guide her steps, was by observing the sun, and bearing in mind that the Tibboo country lay to the north.

All day long she pursued her journey with languid and weary steps; not a shrub or a fountain was to be seen; and she was dying with hunger and thirst. Had it not been for a faint hope of finding her babe alive, I do believe she would have died before that miserable day ended. She passed several human skeletons; but she saw nothing of her poor little infant. The sun was setting when Lariboo, weeping bitterly, gave up all hopes of finding her child, and laid herself down on the sand to die. She had not remained many minutes, when a dark speck in the air attracted her attention, which, as it came nearer, proved to be a gold-shafted cuckoo. The sight of this bird cheered her fainting heart. She knew that an oasis must be near; for birds never live in the desert, where there are no trees, berries, or insects. With something of renewed strength, she arose and pursued her journey to the westward, from which quarter the bird had first come upon her sight. She was not mistaken in her hopes. A little verdant spot soon appeared amid the waste, like a green island in the ocean. Here the almost famished traveller quenched her thirst at a little rill, and feasted upon berries. But, alas! this charming oasis made the mother's heart sad; for she was certain she had never seen it before; and by the same token she knew she was out of her path, and not likely to find the body of her child. However, she thought the poor little creature must, by that time, be out of its misery; and she tried not to weep because it had been taken away. Had Lariboo ever read the Word of God, it would have been a great consolation to her lonely heart; for then she would have known that her babe had gone to God, and that the holy angels would take care of it; but she had never read the Bible; and she thought she should never see her babe in this world or another.

Having taken food and rested herself on the grass, Lariboo began to look around, to see what she could discover in her lonely residence. A group of trees attracted her attention, and thither she directed her footsteps. The cool shade was very refreshing; and after

having wandered all day long in the desert, without meeting a single living thing, even a solitary fly, it was a real delight to watch the bright birds fluttering about, and to hear the monkeys chattering, and throwing down nuts and boughs from the trees.

Lariboo, having found a little clump of date-trees on a rocky eminence, and plenty of berries, resolved to stay in this charming place, for a day or two, to recruit her strength. She put her arms round a date-tree, kissed it, and wept like a child: she had been so long accustomed to the burning sands of the desert, that a tree seemed to her like a long-lost friend. At a little distance from the date-trees, the wanderer discovered a grotto, or cave, formed by the rocks; and being very much fatigued, she entered it, and, stretched upon the cool earth, fell into a profound sleep. It was past midnight when she awaked; and great fear came upon her heart when she heard the loud, powerful breathing of some animal near her. Was it a lion, a panther, a hyena, or the disgusting and fierce orang-outang? In vain she tried to conjecture from the sound of his breathing; and the cavern was so dark that she could distinguish nothing. Once or twice, indeed, as the moon glanced into the cave, she thought she discovered two great sparks of fire, which might be glaring eyes; but no motion was heard, and she thought it might perhaps be imagination. She slept no more that night. At the least noise, the wool seemed to stand upright on her head with terror, and her eyes felt as if they were starting from their sockets. When the light of morning dawned, she discovered a huge panther lying near her. The creature slept with his head between his paws, as comfortably as an old house-dog by the fireside. Lariboo's heart beat, as if it were flying from her body. She was afraid to move, to make her escape, for she could not gain the entrance of the grotto without stepping over the body of the savage animal; and should she awake, Lariboo had little doubt of serving her for a breakfast. She looked to see if she had lately taken food; and she felt somewhat encouraged to find her mouth and paws covered with blood. "She will not be so fierce if she is not hungry," thought Lariboo; "her stomach being already full, perhaps she will have the goodness not to eat me up, at present; and in the meanwhile I may escape." Then she thought of her infant exposed on the sand; and the blood on the panther's jaws made her head dizzy and her heart sick.

In the midst of her distress, she could not but admire the beauty of the animal. Her legs and throat were covered with pure white fur, extremely rich and soft; black circles, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets for her paws; her tail was white, with broad black rings; and the fur on the rest of her body was of a bright golden yellow, shaded with rich brown spots, like roses. The huge creature (larger than a large calf) lay stretched out in quiet majesty, her paws folded under her nose, and her smellers, like long silver threads, moving up and down, as she breathed in her deep slumber.

A Maltese cat, reposing upon an ottoman, could not have looked more graceful; and had it not been for the intense fear

with which Lariboo watched for the opening of her fiery eyes, I dare say she would have thought the panther much more beautiful than her favorite gazelles.

At last, the savage animal awoke. She stretched out her paws, shook herself, and washed her neck and her ears, as prettily as a little kitten. Lariboo's blood ran cold, and her heart seemed to drop down like lead. She did not dare to breathe. The panther was unconscious of the presence of her companion, until she turned her head to wash the fur on her glossy sides. She instantly stopped her operations, and fixed an earnest gaze upon the woman. Their eyes met. Extreme terror affects one like the nightmare. Lariboo felt as if she would give worlds to look away from the dreadful creature; but she could not. The panther came up to her, and put one paw on her arm — their eyes still fixed upon each other, as if neither had the power of looking elsewhere. Lariboo, with great boldness and presence of mind, put her hand up and stroked the smooth fur of the panther, patted her neck, and gently scratched her head — a motion which all animals like particularly well. The experiment succeeded. The eyes of the panther gradually softened in expression; and at last she began to wag her tail, like a joyful dog, and to purr like a petted cat. Her purring, to be sure, had not much resemblance to the gentle sound puss makes when she is pleased; it was so deep and strong, that it sounded much more like a church-organ.

Lariboo was very glad to gain the friendship of her fearful companion. She redoubled her caresses, with the hope of saving her life. Still she had no much hope. "Her stomach is full, now," thought she; "but no doubt she will eat me up, when she is hungry."

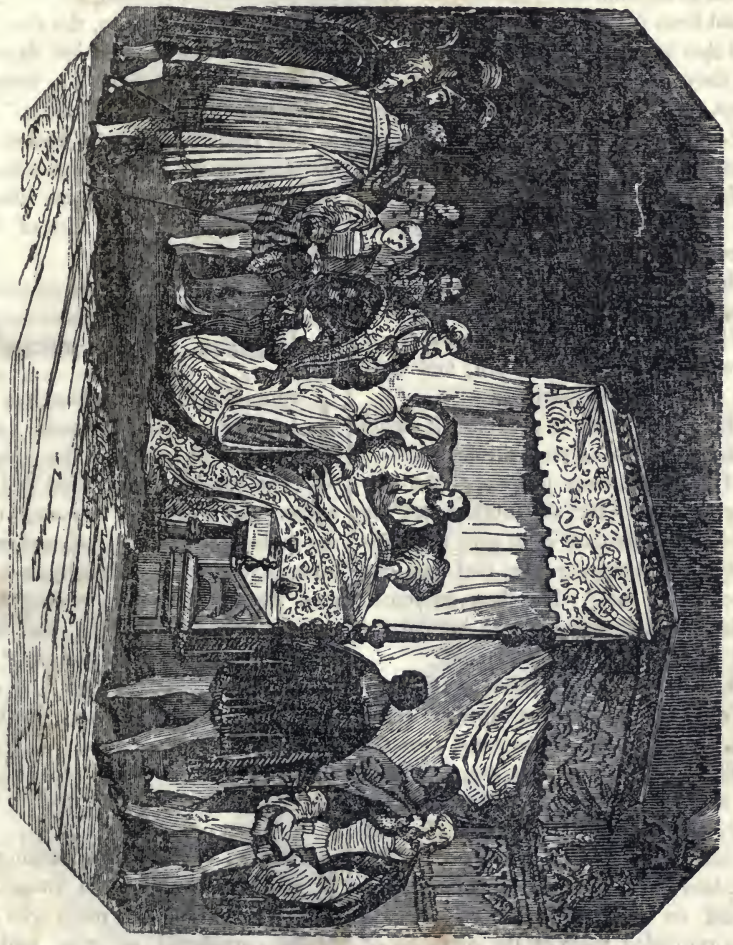
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Meeting of Francis I. and Charles V.

THIS interview is the subject of a famous picture by Alfred Johamet, of which we give an engraving. As the characters are depicted in the costume of their age, it is useful for the information it conveys, as well as interesting from the lively manner in which it portrays a striking point of history.

Francis I., king of France, was defeated in the battle of Pavia, Feb. 24, 1525. Being taken prisoner, he wrote to his mother upon the melancholy occurrence, in which he used the famous expression, "*All is lost, except our honor.*"

He was confined in prison at Madrid, by order of his captor, the renowned Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany. He was under the care of a vigilant keeper, whose austerity of manners imbittered the imprisonment of the captive monarch. He was only allowed that exercise which could be derived from riding on a mule, and was always surrounded with armed guards on horseback. Francis repeatedly solicited an interview with Charles; but the emperor, not wishing to grant him one till a price had been set upon his ransom, made a pretence that circumstances forced him to attend the Cortes, assembled at Toledo. This indignity, in conjunction with others, so affected the high-minded French mon-



The Meeting of Francis I. and Charles V

arch, that all the natural gayety of his spirits forsook him; and after languishing for some time, he was seized with a violent fever, during which he often complained of the unprincely manner in which he had been treated. He at last became so ill that his physicians informed Charles that they saw no hope of his recovery, except he were gratified with an interview, upon which his mind was so strongly bent. Charles, afraid of losing, by the death of Francis, the advantages that might result from his victory, resolved on paying him a visit, and on giving him hopes of a speedy delivery, in order to preserve his life.

When Francis saw him enter the room, he raised himself up in bed, and said, with anger and reproach, —

"Have you come to ascertain if death has deprived you of your prisoner?"

"You are not my prisoner," the emperor replied, "but my brother and my friend. My intention is to give you your liberty, and whatever else that you can expect from me." He then embraced the king, and conversed with him in the most familiar manner imaginable.

This visit produced a salutary effect upon Francis; for, after the lapse of a few days, his physicians pronounced him out of all danger. He, however, had soon the mortification to find that he had vainly placed confidence in the words of the emperor. Charles returned to Toledo, leaving all further negotiations to be carried on by his ministers. Francis often reminded them of the promises of Charles, but received only evasive answers.

The great obstacles that stood in the way of the liberation of Francis, were the exorbitant demands of the ambitious emperor; and which, according to Robertson, "so exasperated the captive monarch, that he took the resolution of resigning his crown, with all its rights and prerogatives, to his son, the dauphin, determined rather to end his days in his prison than to purchase his freedom by concessions unworthy of a king."

This resolution caused Charles to abate considerably his former demands, and the treaty procuring Francis his liberty was signed at Madrid on the 14th of January, 1526.

Humane Driver rewarded.

A POOR Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule, laden with gold for the king's use. The beast, being so tired that he was neither able to go, nor to sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off, and carried it himself, with great difficulty, a considerable way. Alexander, seeing him just sinking under the burden, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thine own!"

SWEARING. — There is something so low, coarse, and wicked in swearing, that it is surprising that men, who wish to be considered as wise and polite, should ever be found in the habit of it. It is a vice to which there is no temptation, and one of those sins which are called presumptuous.

The Fox and the Grapes.

We sometimes see people strive to attain what is beyond their reach. After many vain attempts, they give up the pursuit, and then pretend that the object they sought so ardently is worthless, and that they would not have it if they could. Such people are alluded to in the following fable: —

A fox, who, having failed to pick,
Though prowling all around the village,
The bones of goose, or duck, or chick,
Was bent on any sort of pillage, —

Saw, from a trellis, hanging high,
Some grapes, with purple bloom inviting;
His jaws, with heat and hunger dry,
The luscious fruit would fain be biting.

His carcass, than a weasel's thinner,
Made him for every prize alert;
He thought, though fortune brought no dinner,
'Twas best secure a good dessert.

A tantalizing branch to gain,
With many a spring, and many a bound,
He strove; and finding all in vain,
With this remark he quits the ground: —

"Let those, who like such trash, devour!
I'll range elsewhere for better prog;
The worthless grapes, so green and sour,
Are scarcely fit to feed a hog!"

Adventures of a Rain-Drop.

When I was first aware of existence, I found myself floating in the clouds, among millions of companions. I was weak and languid, and had indeed fainted entirely away, when a breeze from the north was kind enough to fan me, as it swept along toward the equator. The moment my strength was renewed, I felt an irresistible desire to travel. Thousands of neighbors were eager to join me; and our numerous caravan passed rapidly through immense deserts of air, and landed in the garden of Eden. I fell on a white rose-bush, which Adam was twining around the arbor where Eve was sitting; while she thanked him with

her smiles, and shook my companions from the cluster of grapes she had plucked for him. I shall never forget the sounds she uttered! Mankind must have lost the knowledge of them now, for I never hear such tones; though, in a few instances, where childhood has been gifted with a rich, melodious voice, and I have heard it poured forth in careless happiness, it has seemed to me like the language of paradise.

As it was a cloudy day, and the sun did not appear, I slipped from a rose-leaf to the bottom of a superb arum, and went quietly to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was bright in the heavens, and birds were singing and insects buzzing joyfully. A saucy humming-bird was looking down upon me, thinking, no doubt, that he would drink me up; but a nightingale and scarlet lory both chanced to alight near him, and the flower was weighed down, so that I fell to the ground. Immediately I felt myself drawn up, as if very small cords were fastened to me. It was the power of the sun, which forced me higher and higher, till I found myself in the clouds, in the same weak, misty state as before.

Here I floated about, until a cold wind drove me into the Danube. The moment I entered this river, I was pushed forward by such a crowd of water-drops, that, before I knew whither I was bound, I found myself at the bottom of the Black Sea. An oyster soon drew me into his shell, where I tumbled over a pearl, large and beautiful enough to grace the snowy neck of Eve. I was well pleased with my situation, and should have remained a long time, had it been in my power; but an enormous whale came into our vicinity, and the poor oyster was rolled down his throat, with a mighty company of waves. I escaped from my pearl prison, and the next day the great fish threw me from his nostrils, in a cataract of foam. Many were the rivers, seas, and lakes, I visited. Sometimes I rode through the Pacific, on a dolphin's back; and, at others, I slept sweetly under the shade of fan coral, in the Persian Gulf. One week, I was a dewdrop on the roses of Cashmere; and another, I moistened the stinted moss on cold Norwegian rocks.

Years passed away before I again reposed on the banks of the Euphrates. When I did, Adam was banished from the garden of Eden. Many a time have I clung to the willows, and looked in pity on the godlike exile, as he toiled in the fields, with his children around him; and when he sought the shade, again and again have I leaped down to cool his feverish brow. Pleasant as I found this benevolent office, I delighted still more to nestle among the pretty, yellow ringlets of the infant Abel, and shine there, like a diamond on the surface of golden waves. Alas! it is anguish to remember how I kissed his silken eyelash, when he lay stretched in death, under the cruel hand of Cain.

Time rolled slowly on, and the world grew more wicked. I lived almost entirely in the clouds, or on the flowers; for mankind could offer no couch fit for the repose of innocence, save the babe's sinless lip. At last, excessive vice demanded punishment. The Almighty sent it in the form of rain; and, in forty days, the fair earth was overwhelmed. I was permitted to remain in the foggy atmos-

phere; and, when the deluge ceased, I found myself arranged, with a multitude of rain-drops, before the blazing pavilion of the sun. His seven-colored rays were separated, in passing through us, and reflected on the opposite quarter of the heavens. Thus I had the honor to assist in forming the first rainbow ever seen by man.

It is now five thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight years since I first came into being; and you may well suppose that, were all my adventures detailed, they would fill a ponderous volume. I have traversed the wide world over, and watched its inhabitants through all their infinitude of changes. I have been, in tears, on the lyre of Sappho, when her love-inspired fingers swept across its strings. In the aromatic bath, I have kissed the transparent cheek of proud Aspasia; and I have twinkled on Plato's pale, intellectual brow, when he dreamed his ethereal philosophy in her magic bower. I remained at the bottom of the cup in which Cleopatra dissolved her costly pearl, and I plunged indignantly from the prow of Antony's vessel, when he retired from the fight, and gave the world for beauty.

I have been poured forth within the dazzling shrine of Apollo, and mixed with the rosy libations to Bacchus. The Brahmin of Hindostan has worshipped me in the sacred stream of Ganges. With me the Druid has quenched his sacrifice, the Roman pontiff signed the sacred emblem of the cross, and the Levite made clean his hands before he entered within the sanctuary. The princely archbishops of England have taken me from magnificent baptismal fonts; and, in the wild glens of Scotland, the persecuted Covenanter has sprinkled me on many a guiltless head. I have jumped from the banyan-tree on the back of a Hindoo god, and glittered on the marble cheeks of deities in Athens. I have trembled on the Turkish crescent; slept on the Russian cross; died on the Chinese pagoda; and awaked between the Persian and the sun he adores.

Warm climates have ever been my favorites; for there, I was often in heaven, in a state of melting, delicious languor; and my visitations to earth were ever among the beautiful and the brilliant.

For one hundred years I was doomed to reluctant drudgery in the cold regions of the north; during which my soul was sent forth, from gypsy kettles, over the Geysers of Iceland, and imbodied again to freeze the head of the Kamschatkadale to his bear-skin pillow. I could tell wonders to Captain Parry, and absolutely craze Symmes with my discoveries. I could, if I chose, make known to hardy adventurers, who have risked life and limb to ascertain it, whether or not wild geese summer at the pole; but the giant king of the glaciers has forbidden me to reveal many things, which it is not expedient for the world to know at present. I dare not disobey him, for he once enchained me, in the dreary chambers of an ice-mountain, forty long years; and, had not the huge mass been seized with the modern spirit of enterprise, and moved southward, I might never have regained my liberty. The first use I made of freedom was to revisit the scenes I had enjoyed so much when men were comparatively strangers on

earth. I sought repose, after my wearisome journey, in the holy stream of Jordan; but scarcely had the waves given me their welcome embrace, ere the celebrated Chateaubriand conveyed me from thence to France, to perform my part in the august baptism of the infant "King of Rome." For such an office, I was willing to leave my beloved Palestine; for seldom have I rested on a boy of loftier promise, or more cherub loveliness; but I liked not the service in which the crafty politician employed me a few years after. It shames me to tell that the water, sprinkled on the son of Bonaparte, aided to prepare the vile pages of "Le roi est mort — Vive le roi!" with which the capricious Frenchman afterward welcomed the tenth Charles of Bourbon. Disgusted with the servile race of courtiers, I hastened to England, in hopes of finding an aristocracy too proud, in their long-inherited greatness, to sue for the favor of a never-satisfied multitude, or to triumph over them with all the vulgar superciliousness of newly-acquired power. Few, very few such I found; for true nobility of soul is rare; but many a glorious exploit was achieved by me in that favored land of intelligence and freedom. Once, while hovering listlessly in the air, I aided in forming the rainbow which Campbell has immortalized in such splendid verse; and on the next day, Wordsworth apostrophized me, as I lay quivering on the edge of his favorite daisy.

I moistened some of the pages of Scott, before they were wet with the world's tears; and I trickled from the point of Mrs. Hemans's pen, when her eloquent spirit held communion with Tasso. I have evaporated on the burning page of Byron, and sparkled on the spangled lines of Moore.

* * * * * *

It would take too long a time to detail all the services I rendered the great, the gifted, and the fair, during my residence in the "fast-anchored isle." Suffice it to say, with all its advantages, I found much to displease me; and I was anxious to visit a new republic, which I had heard of, "beyond the ocean, where the laws were just and men were happy."

This land, too, has its evils; but I love it better than any spot I have seen in all my wanderings. Niagara has thrown me forth in spray; and, frozen on its rugged cliffs, I have seemed "like a giant's starting tear." I have streamed from the Indian oar into the mighty rivers of the west, and slumbered in the cold blue depths of Canadian lakes. I frolicked in the joyous little stream which honest aunt Deborah Lenox praised so sensibly, and I formed a part of the "rivulet" which brought back the happy dream of childhood to the soul of Bryant; that soul on whose waveless mirror nature is ever reflected in a pleasant smile, all radiant with poetry.

But, in good truth, I have had little leisure for recreations like these; for raindrops, as well as every thing else, are pressed into full employment in this land of business. I have labored hard in mills, manufactories, and distilleries, and died a thousand deaths in pushing forward the swift-sailing boats on the Hudson and Mississippi. A few months since, I rose from the water-works of Philadelphia, and soon hovered over the Boston Athenæum. I happened to alight on the head

of a poet, who was just quitting the gallery, and was scorched to vapor in an instant. I descended just in time for a Frenchman to mix me with the "eau de miel," which he was pouring into an elegant cut-glass vial. A fashionable fop, who considered perfume "the sovereignest thing on earth," presented me to a celebrated belle. I shall probably die on the corner of her embroidered handkerchief; but for me to die, is only to exist again; of course, my adventures will be as long as the world's history.

Days of my Youth.

There is no part of life so happy as youth. The following lines, written by the late lamented Thomas Hood, in England, show with what regret we look back to the pleasant days of childhood: —

O, when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind:
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind.

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing; —
But now those past delights I drop;
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles — once my bag was stored —
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipped his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite — how fast and far it flew,
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote — my present dreams
Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all, and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead,
My flights soon find a fall:
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a whoop,
And seldom with a call!

My foot-ball 's laid upon the shelf; —
I am a shuttlecock myself,
The world knocks to and fro.
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow.

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship 's an endless task;
My head 's ne'er out of school.
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grow strangely cool.

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh:
On this I will not dwell and hang;
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though this should meet his eye.

No skies so blue, or so serene,
As then; no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

O for the garb that marked the boy —
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red! —
The crownless hat — ne'er deemed an ill —
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

O for the ribbon round the neck!
The careless dogs' ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

O for that small, small beer anew;
And (Heaven's own type,) that mild sky-blue,
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master e'en—and that small Turk
That fagged me!—worse is now my work;
A fag for all the town!

O for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay! though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke—and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights, rehearsed in bed;
The Fairy Tales, in school-time read
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come!
The prize of merit won for home!
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home; the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach;
The winding horns, like rams';
The meeting sweet, that made me thrill;
The sweetmeats, almost sweeter still,
No "*satis*" to the "*jams*."

When that I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind:
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind.

[For Merry's Museum.]

The First and Last Fight.

William Clay was a mild and gentle boy, more fond of his books than of play, and truly courageous. He was not wanting in physical courage, and, what is better, he had moral courage. He resided in a seaport city of New England, and attended one of the public schools. Mr. Hale, the master, considered him one of his best scholars; but to the boys he was an "Odd Fellow." At recess, while the other boys were at play in the yard, he would remain at his desk, solving an algebraical problem, or poring over his grammar. The school which he attended was very large, and contained boys of every variety of character. Among them there were some who liked to tease the "deacon," as he was called. William bore all their teasing manfully, and stood the fire without flinching. But they did not stop here; for there were some of the boys who doubted whether William had any "spunk." Now, in this particular, it must be acknowledged that William was deficient. He did not consider himself bound to knock a boy over who either purposely or accidentally tripped him up; and, moreover, he was afraid to do wrong, which last is the strongest possible proof of a want of "spunk." Often had the boys attempted to satisfy themselves on this subject by picking quarrels with William; and if he had not been possessed of a very good disposition, the doubts of the school would have been long since dispelled. He bore their taunts and jeers like a hero. If they called him a coward, he permitted

them to hold and proclaim their opinion in peace; and when George Long told him that he lied, he calmly asked him to prove it. At last, a few of the boys determined to get "Deacon Clay" into a fight at all events; and to work they went to accomplish it. One afternoon, as William was going to school, and had nearly arrived there, John Pond, by agreement, overtook him, and said, "Bill, if I was you, I wouldn't take so much from George Long. Why, t'other day, he told you you lied, to your face, and yesterday, he told me he wa'n't afraid of you. He said he'd fight you with one hand." "Well," said William, "let him think so, and say so too, if he likes, and, as this is a free country, I'll think as I like." By this time, they had reached the school-door; and William, giving this answer, went in, and thought no more about it. After school, as William was crossing the head of the first street, he was thus accosted by George Long: "Here, deacon, did you say you could flog me? 'Cause, if you did, I want to see you." "I never said any such thing, George," replied William. "Well," said George, clinching his fist, "somebody told me you did, and I'd like to see you about it."

"I don't want to know who told you so," said William, "but whoever it was, stated what was false." "Here, John," called out George, "deacon says you lied, when you said he told you that he could flog me." "What's that?" cried John, stepping up, and thrusting his fist quite into the face of William. "Did you say I lied? Say that again, if you dare." William's face was mantled with the rising blood; but, controlling himself, he answered, "I said no such thing. I said, that whoever told George that I said I could flog him, stated what was not true." "Well, I told him," said John. "Take that, and tell me I lie again." The blow with which he accompanied these words was too much, for William, raising his arm, levelled him to the earth. He immediately repented it; but he had no time to think, for John was up like a flash, and "at him," and it was now necessary to defend himself. "A fight — a fight!" cried the boys, as they gathered around; "the deacon is fighting!" and soon a ring was formed. Again and again William repelled John, but as often he returned to the contest. At last, George, seeing that his friend was likely to be beaten, joined in, to assist him. William seized him by the jacket, hurled him to the ground, and again repelled John; but, at the same moment, he felt a strong arm seize him from behind, and, looking up, saw Mr. Hale. His rage was gone in a moment, and shame at being found in such a position was his only feeling.

The master sent each boy home, determining to let the matter rest until the morrow. Slowly and sadly William returned to his home, filled with shame and sorrow, for he had allowed himself to be overcome by his passions, and *he* could find no excuse for it. As every boy should do, he unburdened his care to his father, who consoled him, (for such a disposition needed no reproof,) and advised him to seek the throne of grace in his trouble. Fervently did he, that night, pray for pardon, and that he might be enabled to restrain himself, and, when he rose in the morning, he felt that he was forgiven. In the mean time, Mr. Hale

learned the particulars of the combat from his son, who had happened to be near, and was one of the few boys who honored and defended William's moral courage and forbearance. On the following morning, he inquired into the affair before the school, and began by asking William to state the circumstances. William did so with great kindness, extenuating the faults of his playmates, and taking to himself more than his share of the blame. This generosity so affected George, that he arose, entirely exculpated William, and took all the blame to himself.

Mr. Hale, seeing the favorable state of things, merely reprimanded John and George, and cautioned William and the other scholars against letting their passions obtain the mastery over them. There was one good result from this affair: — no one ever after desired to try the "spunk" of William, and the boys ceased to tease him.

HARRY LAKE.

S——, *Nov.* 13, 1844.

[For Merry's Museum.]

The Birthday.

Ella and Rosa were good little girls,
With laughing blue eyes, and bright sunny curls;
Twin-sisters they were, and their birthday
Came every year on the first of May.
And when it came, who so gay and bright,
And who had a heart one half so light,
Who woke so early, who rose so soon,
Who sang or carolled so blithe a tune,
As Rose, with her cheeks so plump and so red,
And Ella, with lips like a coral bed?
"Look, Ella!" said Rose, as she flung up high
The window, and gazed on the far-off sky;
"Look, dearest! how cloudless, how heavenly blue!"
As she spoke, a bird swiftly by her flew.
"And that robin! the saucy little thing!
It most touched my face with its wicked wing.
There, there, up it goes to its much-loved nest,
In its beak a worm for a young redbreast."
"Yes, Rosalind, yes," said Ella; "and see
How the ground is covered under that tree
With the pink peach-blossoms; and O! how pale
Are those silvery hyacinths so frail,
Drooping and dying too quickly away,
No more to be kissed by the sun's warm ray
The gaudy-striped tulips, gay little dears,
How wet they are drenched with the dew-drop tears!
And my darling daffodils! what a glow
Of gladness rests on their golden-tinged snow!"
"Dear me!" cried Rosalind, "you're so in love
With these flowers, you've forgotten your tame dove;
Cooing and billing, and hungry, alone,
Telling his grief with a piteous moan."
"Yes, Rosa," said Ella; "and now please to mark
Your little canary-bird; only hark
To his plaintive chirrup, — he must be fed
As soon as my dove with its soft still tread,
Moving over the ground with turned-in toes;
Do see Mr. Pinkfoot! how funny he goes!"
"And," said Rosa, "besides, we have yet to weed
One half of our beds, and six papers of seed,
Of different kinds, are yet all unsown;
O, how smoothly the grass has Robert mown!
Come, dearest sister, now let us run out,
To greet our birthday with a laugh and a shout!"
And with arms entwined the twin-sisters went,
To work and to play to their heart's content.

Breakfast-time came; and so eager were they
To tell of the flowers, and the new-mown hay,
Their pets the birds, and the purring gray cat,
That lay asleep on the sunny door-mat,
With her frolicsome kittens frisking around,
Or hiding in fear at the bark of the hound,
That it was really quite a long while
Before they had noticed their mother's sly smile,
As she talked to their father, and on them
Cast a merry glance, with a slight "ahem!"
As if to say, "O, how stupid, my dears,
And dull, you both are!" But Rosa soon peers,
Half-asking, into her father's grave face,
And with laughing eye and fond childlike grace,
Says, "Papa, you are such a very kind man,
We've expected a birthday present, and ran
Away from our work at the sound of the bell,
The moment its *ring-a-ting* on our ears fell.
And we know that when breakfast is over, we'll see
That it's pretty enough to jump for in glee!"
"Hear those saucy young jades!" the father cried,
(Whilst his ringing laugh every word belied;)
"They think I have nothing to do, but to spend
Guinea on guinea, without any end.
I must teach them better!" but as he spoke
A queer little growl on the clear air broke;
And then followed fast such a musical bark,
That the children looked up, and cried aloud, "Hark!"
Said Ella, "That sounds like a very young dog."
"Is it not," asked her father, "the croak of a frog?"
"O papa!" screamed out Rosa, "you're making a goose
Of your poor little girl. Now what is the use
Of teasing us both so? Do pray let us look
In the pantries and closets, in every nook,
Till we find this young barker. Papa, may we go?"
"Yes, love," was the answer. Cried Ella, "I know!"
And bounding along, "Here, here! Rosalind, here!
Help me open this closet-door — quick! — there's a dear!"
Very soon this was done, and then what a rout
And a racket there was, as two puppies came out.
They were pure and white as the snowiest milk,
And their curls were as soft as the smoothest silk.
"Listen!" said Rosa; "hear this dear creature whine!
My name's on its collar of silver; it's mine!
And yours, — how exactly like mine it does look!
Like cherries, or leaves from the same spelling-book.
Thanks, father and mother, so good and so kind!
These gifts of all others we're gladdest to find."
The puppies were fed, and caressed, and admired,
And yet their young mistresses did not grow tired.
They romped and they raced, in the green court-yard,
With their noisy young pets, each following hard
Their flying footsteps, now forward, now back,
Hither and thither, in varying track.
The day, though so happy, at last passed away,
For such is the fate of the merriest day;
And Ella and Rosalind tripped up the stairs,
With their warm little hearts devoid of all cares.
For only one single minute before,
They had softly opened the closet-door,
And had looked on their puppies fast asleep,
"Quite buried," they whispered, "in slumbers deep."
They were ready soon for their own cot-bed;
Side by side, kneeling low, their prayers were said;
Then just as Ella half-blew out the light,
Rose pulled down the clothes, and cried in delight,

"Two great waxen dolls, as sure as I live!
Why, what a dear man papa is, to give
His little twin-girls such beautiful things!
If I were an angel, and had some wings,
I'd fly to his room, and give him a kiss,
Which should be so loving, he'd call it bliss."
"Nonsense, good Rosa! do you think he would care?
Just look at these dolls with their soft brown hair!"
"Come, my dark-eyed one," said Rosa, in glee,
"Come, love!" cried Ella, "come, darling, to me!"
They clasped their dolls in a loving embrace,
Viewing with ecstasy each rosy face;
And, having planned how they were to be dressed,
They put them away, and lay down to rest
Thus gayly was spent the happy birthday,
And the end had come of the first of May.

JACAPA

Our Correspondence.

Our young friend, Harry Lake, of Salem, will see that we have inserted his story. We are glad that he, as well as many of our other friends, seems particularly pleased that *Parley's Magazine* is united to *Merry's Museum.*

Mr. Merry:

Would you please give these lines a place in the Museum, and oblige

M. D. T——T.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE WILLIAM.*

The little boy is gone;
His book and playthings left;
The clothes he used to wear
Are laid beside the rest.
He wants no more
Earth's trifling things,
For Heaven brings
Her sweetest store.

The little boy is gone;
No more he'll cheer the way
Of those he loved on earth;
How dismal seems the day!
He'll cheer above
Th' angelic song,
In praises long,
Of boundless love.

The little boy is gone;
His aptness, look, and smile,
The features of his face,
A heart that knew no guile, —
Although death comes,
These all survive,
And ever live
Beyond the tomb.

The little boy is gone;
The circle round do weep,
To think he'll no more be seen,
Or hear that voice so sweet.
Dry, dry those tears,
Nor wish him home;
He's only gone
From sin and fears!

The auburn lock he left
Is kept to look upon,
Along with smiles and tears,
Till time with us has flown.
So let our love
In future be,
To trust in thee,
Great God above.

The little boy is gone;
But where, O where? we say:
He's gone to live on high,
In realms of endless day.
There rapturous strains
Wake every string,
While angels sing,
"The Lord doth reign."

* Son of V D. Ellsworth Esq. Fairfield, Ct.

Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Pa.,
July 11, 1845.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

I HAVE consulted my father about taking your Museum another year, and he has kindly consented to furnish me with money for this purpose, as he thinks that it is a very instructive and amusing work.

I shall be very much pleased if you continue to put music in each number, for I am very partial to music.

I will now try and give you a short description of my place of residence. The town is beautifully situated in the forks of the Juniata River and Kiskacoquillas Creek. We are surrounded with forges, furnaces, and rolling mills, ours being the iron region. A number of persons talk of erecting a cotton-factory here; and I do assure you, Mr. Merry, that in a few years we may rival in business many larger towns. In fact, our creek commands water-power not surpassed in the east, and our location, on the canal and turnpike, affords an easy access to the great markets at all seasons of the year.

Many of my playmates are your subscribers, and are all equally delighted with your work. They are very impatient to see the August number. This being my first letter to you, please correct it before you insert it.

Your obliged friend,
ELIZABETH COGLEY,
aged 12 years.

Leominster, Aug. 6, 1845.

DEAR SIR:

WILLIAM and I have laid our heads together, and made a geographical enigma; and so we thought we would send it to the best place; accordingly, we send it to you.

I am composed of 32 letters:

My 19, 11, 5, 17, 31, 22, 30, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 1, 14, 22, 25, 4, is a river in Western Europe.

My 13, 26, 5, 11, is a town in Africa.

My 1, 31, 32, 10, 4, 21, is a town in Michigan.

My 4, 23, 9, 6, 31, 32, is a portion of the United States.

My 3, 18, 30, 30, 24, is a town in Turkey.

My 28, 21, 2, is a town in Austria.

My 5, 31, 19, 7, is a town in New York.

My 4, 10, 26, 32, 6, 21, is a river in Africa.

My 1, 29, 12, 4, is a town in Maine.

My 20, 31, 13, 7, 16, 15, is a town in Michigan.

My 19, 18, 24, is a cape on the American coast.

My 4, 27, 21, 8, 30, 7, is a town in Spain.

My 3, 2, 19, 7, 30, is a river in Virginia.

My whole is a distinguished general.

Respectfully,
C. H. E. and W. T. A

The following contains correct solutions to the several riddles referred to. We like the idea suggested by T. P., that our little friends should see how many words they can make out of the word *philanthropist*, and hope to hear from our correspondents as proposed.

Lebanon, July 7, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

I HAVE ventured to *guess* some of the answers to the puzzles in the June number of the Museum, and send you the following.

PUZZLE No. 1, p. 187.—Answer, *Independence.*

PUZZLE No. 2, p. 188.—Answer, *Charlotte Corday.*

I have not been able to answer the riddle at page 189. We have a mode of amusing ourselves up here, that I suggest as a pleasant pastime. We take a pretty long word, as *emigration*, *mutation*, or *philanthropist*, and see how many other words we can make of the letters in the same. It is really wonderful to discover how many we can thus make

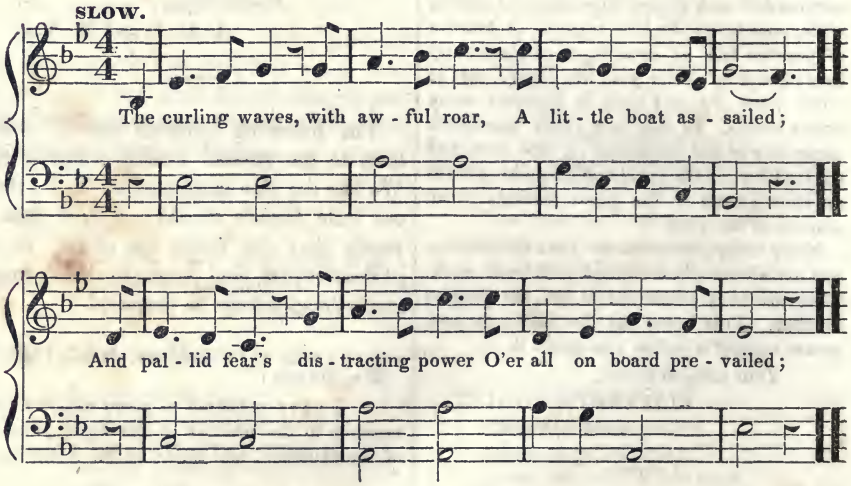
up from one word. I have made seventy-five out of *philanthropist*: can any of your correspondents do more?

Yours, truly, T. P.

Our *Gray-Eyed Friend*, C. G. W., of Stonington, will see that we have no space for his puzzle. We are also obliged to omit several communications besides his. We acknowledge the receipt of letters from Charles F. H., of Goshen; L. H. A., of Opelousas; S. B. H., Sandusky; R. R. N., Guilford; and W. H. R., of Burlington.

The Pilot.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm,
And fearless, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"And fear'st thou not," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the child replied:
"My father's at the helm."

Thus, when our earthly hopes are reft,
Our earthly comforts gone,
We still have one sure anchor left, —
God helps, and he alone.

He to our cries will lend an ear;
He gives our pangs relief;
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy, each torturing grief.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. X. NOVEMBER, 1845. No. 5.

We have some fine shops in Boston, but they hardly equal many of the business establishments in London. In a former number of the Museum, (Vol. V. p. 114,) we gave a picture of one of the shops of Ludgate Hill; and above is a view of one erected by Messrs. Battam, Craske, & Colby, corner of Oxford and

Berners Streets. The front of this is in the Elizabethan style, and is very splendid. The columns are wrought with great labor, presenting a good deal of fine carving, and portions are richly gilt. To use the words of the architect, they consist of "a low pedestal, a deep console, a second pedestal, a terminal, a semicaryatic figure, a block, a reversed console, and another block immediately beneath the architrave: the upper supports are a pedestal, a reversed console, and a block with a rich finial."

Our young readers will not, perhaps, be much enlightened by these hard words; yet, by looking at the engraving, their meaning may be easily made out.

Oxford Street, in which this splendid shop is situated, is one of the most busy and bustling in London. It runs parallel to the Strand, and is one of the great thoroughfares of this mighty city. It is very wide; and, from nine o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, it is truly amazing to see the crowds of people, the streams of coaches, cabs, and omnibuses, which flow in a ceaseless tide along its pavements.

At night, the shops are so brightly lighted as to cast their rays quite across the street, and the whole scene appears like an illumination. The establishment represented in the preceding page is splendidly lighted, and it then seems almost like a creation of fairy land.

SUSPICION is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.

The Flower Girl.

"LOVELY, joyous-looking maiden,
With fresh buds and blossoms laden,
Whither dost thou go?
Art thou bound to forests darkling,
Or to fields, where, bright and sparkling,
Gentle waters flow?"

"No, I leave these pleasant places,
To encounter busy faces
In the crowded street;
To refresh their senses, weary
Of these rows of houses, dreary,
With my flowers so sweet.

"In yon busy, bustling city,
Will I sing my simple ditty,
Show my fresh-culled flowers,
My wild-rose, with its petals tender,
Harebell, with its stem so slender,
Tell of woodland bowers.

"These are from the verdant meadow,
Plucked beneath yon beech-tree's shadow,
Violets blue and bright;
And in yon still pool were growing,
Swayed by every breeze that's blowing,
These lilies snowy white.

"Now to yonder town I'm going,
There to show them, fresh and glowing;
All will strive to buy;
And at night, when, home returning,
I have shown my simple earning,
Who so blest as I?"

Rochester, N. Y——. F

PASSIONS are strong emotions of the mind, occasioned by the view of approaching good or evil. These emotions are planted in man by Providence, in order to give him activity and fit him for society. The directing of our passions to improper objects, or suffering them to hurry us away with them, is the great danger in human life.

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

[Continued from p. 295.]

CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH the Russian armies were in the immediate neighborhood, and we could every day hear the sound of their cannon, yet the secluded little valley in which I was lodged remained free from the annoyance of their visits. In fact, they could prosecute their march only in places where the country lay considerably open, and afforded no place for ambush. The dwellings of the Circassians are chiefly in the glens and gorges which wind into the very heart of the mountains, and afford a safe retreat and security from the invader. The house assigned me for a residence belonged to one of the beys or princes of the country. This dwelling, which of course was a *konag*, or guest-house, stood in the middle of an enclosed grass-plot, on the bank of a rivulet. On the opposite bank, partly screened by the foliage, was what we should call the farm-yard, with its various barns, outhouses, pens, &c. On the slope of a hill, at a little distance, was the barn with its dependencies. There were only two or three other buildings in this neighborhood. One of these was at a considerable distance up the glen, and belonged to a goatherd. He had a fine garden, and a large number of mulberry-trees.

Here I passed four weeks in a state of perfect quiet, notwithstanding the vicinity of the enemy. Sometimes, a peasant would make his appearance with the alarm that the Russians were coming; but we knew them too well to imagine they would ever venture into that lonely place. Besides, we were always sure of a safe retreat, for the glen above us contracted into a narrow gully or chasm, over which the woods closed on each side. This wild recess had so dark and dismal an aspect, that it put me in mind of John Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death; yet we should not have scrupled to dive into it at the approach of a Russian regiment.

Although this was quite an out-of-the-way place, yet I had a great number of visitors—many more, indeed, than I found agreeable to me. They commonly came early in the morning; so that I could never get any sleep after daylight, and, in fact, I never could enjoy any thing like privacy. During the daytime I received my visitors, or amused myself with riding and walking. Between sunset and the late hour of supper, we lay on our mats around the blazing hearth, and listened to the long stories related by our host, who was what the sailors call a great yarn-spinner. His household, on these occasions, formed a respectful and attentive auditory, standing in the lower part of the room, for they were not permitted to sit down. The relations of master and servant here, as in most other parts of the East, are of a primitive and affectionate character, and savor nothing of that cold, mercenary spirit which belongs to the hireling and his employer. The servants of my host, to use an expression common here, "never departed from his word;" that is, it had the authority of a father with them. Their faith in their domestic

oracle was unbounded. The stories which he recounted of his wars and travels were highly interesting, and now and then had a strong dash of the marvellous.

In this amusing occupation of story-telling we spent our evenings. At a late hour the door would fly open, while the crowd in the lower part of the room made way for a train of tables and dishes, preceded by ewer, basin, and napkin, for supper; which consisted of substantial fare, such as beef, mutton, goat's flesh, &c. One ceremony attending their feasts I must not omit,—that of the mutton-bone. Whoever gets that flat transparent bone which forms the shoulder-blade, scrapes it clean, holds it up to the light, and examines the spots and clouds that appear in it, for these are believed to be of important good or evil augury. He then passes it to his neighbor, and particularly to any old wrinkled and spectacled crone that may happen to be present, and is supposed to possess the power of seeing farther into a millstone or a mutton-bone than any body else. I could hardly keep from laughing to see these portentous bones travelling about from hand to hand, the soothsayers examining them with the most immovable gravity. The general faith in this bone-gazing is very strong, and what is predicted from it is often assumed as matter of fact and history, and reported about the country accordingly. From this cause, the quantity of false news in circulation is always enormous; and a Circassian mutton-bone will spread abroad as much of what we call *humbug* as an American penny paper.

It is but justice to say that the better-informed among the Circassians laugh privately at this foolish practice. These people, however, are not alone in the superstition, for it prevails also in Greece and other parts of the Levant. When a correspondent of Mavrocordato, the Greek chieftain, once wrote to him for news, he sent him in return a string of mutton-bones, adding, "This is a file of our newspapers."

Removing my quarters from this lonely glen, I took up my route for the interior. The country in the level parts appeared exceedingly fertile, and, among the mountains, was highly picturesque. It was every where, except in the mountainous districts, intersected by enclosures; some composed of quickset hedges, and others of the trunks and branches of trees interwoven. Enclosures, here, form the only title-deeds to an estate. When the fences are down, the land reverts to the common stock, and may be appropriated on the same conditions by any one who is disposed to build new fences and cultivate it. Thus the occupants are all "squatters," as we should call them, with this advantage over those of our own country, that they cannot be ejected from their farms, nor compelled to pay for them. The Circassians cannot understand how, except for immediate use, any person can claim an exclusive right to the soil. With them all the elements are in common, earth as well as air, fire as well as water; since fuel may be had in any quantity for the cutting. Property here consists in the hands employed in cultivation, cattle, the produce of the earth, and agricultural labor.

With such notions of property, it is easy to understand that the Circassians must have many customs which distin-

guish them from most other people. They have their origin in a spirit of unbounded generosity, and a brave contempt of worldly pelf, when put in competition with it. It is impossible that any man under these circumstances can grow rich, as we should understand the word, since the indigent demand, almost as a right, to be supported from the superfluity of their more fortunate brethren. The Circassian who is known to possess two shirts, or two pair of shoes, is expected to part with one of them for the benefit of the shirtless or unshod. However punctilious in other respects, with regard to property they make no ceremony at all, but give and take with equal indifference. At all the houses in which I lodged, I met with the same courteous and hospitable treatment. It is true, I often made presents, but I was told they were unnecessary, and that I was introducing a bad custom into the country by making them. But, to declare the whole truth, I must add that my presents were rarely declined; nay, even, in some instances, they were importunately solicited; but these were exceptions.

The Circassians are fondly attached to their horses, which are a hardy and docile race, well adapted to the service in which they are employed, involving frequently great privation and fatigue. They treat them with great care, and even affection; and although they are never seen to caress their children, they will kiss and fondle their horses. For some months in the year, these animals are set at liberty, and roam in herds over extensive pastures. In the winter, it is considered a friendly office and a usual compliment to take charge of another person's horse, which may be out of condition, and return him plump and serviceable. The horses are never shod.

What surprised me most of all, in my ramblings throughout this country, was the general security of life and property here. The imagination of the traveller, as he wanders through the narrow defiles and gloomy forests which abound in every quarter, would naturally people the whole wild territory with banditti, and conjure up to his sight a lurking robber at every turning of the road. But a journey of a few weeks will undeceive him; and having obtained a domicile, and the name of his host, or konag, for a passport, he will encounter little danger, and will meet with a cheerful welcome, wherever he goes. There are, however, some practices which, according to our notions, are sufficiently irregular and barbarous. The mountaineers, to guard themselves against the violence of military chiefs, have sought defence in voluntary associations, whose bond of union is an oath, imposing, in the absence of all other ties, obligations of a most sacred character. The members of these communities all regard each other as brothers, and, to strengthen the illusion of their being such, they are not allowed to marry within the community. Thus composing but one family, the members of each society are bound to afford each other succor and support, and, if any one of their body be slain, to demand satisfaction for his death from the tribe of the slayer. Every individual of this tribe, on the other hand, no less than the offender himself, becomes responsible for the deed; and, till satisfaction be given, the two tribes remain at feud. The fine established for manslaughter is two hun-

dred oxen for a male, and one hundred for a female.

Every society, thus incurring the responsibility of its crimes, claims the exclusive right of punishing its own members. Whatever be the offence, — murder, theft, abduction, &c., — there are penalties established for them all. Matters are adjusted by a jury of twelve persons — six from each of the tribes; and their verdict must be unanimous. The penalty is not paid by the criminal, but contributed by the whole tribe. On the other hand, it is not paid over to the injured individual, but distributed among his society.

In consequence of this custom, it happens that, until satisfaction has been accorded and differences settled, the tribes are at war with each other, and, should any of their members meet in travelling, he of the aggrieved party is bound to take revenge and slay his adversary. Such a summary mode of proceeding would, however, prove any thing but satisfactory to his own society, it being an act by which they would forfeit their right to compensation, and which they would resort to only when they despaired of obtaining it. It is curious, therefore, to observe how studiously the members of societies who are at feud avoid meeting each other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HONESTY. — To be punctual in our engagements, and just in our dealings, though it may sometimes seem to be contrary to our present advantage, is always sure in the end to promote our true interests.

A fair and honest course of conduct will always be rewarded by the approbation of our fellow-creatures; and this approbation will naturally be followed by good offices and grateful returns, which will certainly tend to promote and give success to all our undertakings.

It is a maxim worthy of being written in letters of gold, that there is no method so certain of defeating the plots of wicked men against us, as by acting uprightly.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. — Even the meanest insect receives an existence from the Author of Being, and why should we idly abridge their span? They have their little sphere of bliss allotted them; they have purposes which they are designed to fulfil; and when these are accomplished, they die. Every thing that has life is doomed to suffer and to feel; though its expression of pain may not be capable of being conveyed to our senses.

To torture is unmanly; to tyrannize, where there can be no resistance, is the extreme of baseness. He who delights in misery, or sports with life, must have a disposition and a heart neither qualified to make himself nor others happy.

A REPARTEE. — In reply to some observations of Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons, Sheridan observed — "The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."

POLITENESS. — Every man may hope, by the help of good breeding, to enjoy the kindness of mankind, though he should have no claim to higher distinction.

The Cuttle-Fish.

In a former number,* we gave a curious account of a sea animal, belonging to a class called *sepia*, described by Mr. Beal. We now give a likeness of a terrible-looking creature, of nearly the same kind, which is called *cuttle-fish*. This creature is common in all seas, and I have often noticed them while standing on the rocks at Nahant.

The cuttle-fish has eight legs, and a head quite distinct, with large, staring eyes. It sees and hears well, and moves easily from place to place. It consists of a jelly-like mass — except that the interior contains a bony substance, which is used for cleaning the teeth, for polishing, and for birds in cages to whet their beaks upon. This creature has a pouch, containing an inky substance: when pursued, it discharges some of this into the water, which is thus rendered turbid, giving an opportunity for the animal to escape.

There are several kinds of animals resembling the cuttle-fish; but it is curious that each kind lives together, and if any one of another species comes among them, they all unite and chase him away. The whole company combine to drive away the intruder. They seem to be under the command of a leader, and proceed with great regularity. They encircle the cause of their movement, taking care, however, to leave an open space for his retreat.

There are wonderful tales told of some of the fish of this class. It is said that, in hot climates, some of them have arms forty feet in length, and that they have strength enough to take a man out of a boat, and make a meal of him, down in the depths below.

* Merry's Museum, 1844, p. 88.

Discontent. — "These are," says Archbishop Tillotson, "beyond comparison, the two greatest evils in this world — a diseased body and a *discontented mind*."

"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER I.

As we are about to give a sketch of some important events in the life of the younger Jacob Karl, we must detain the reader, in our first chapter, with a few particulars of his early days.

Jacob was the son of an Englishman, who came to this country, and settled, many years ago, in one of the villages near Boston. The latter was what is called an *eccentric man;* that is, his ways were all strange and peculiar. He lived in a small brown house, with few articles of furniture, and having no companion except Jacob and an old black cat. His garments were of a fashion many years gone by, and were at once threadbare by use and glazed over by a fine mixture of dust and grease. His form was bent, his step feeble, and his face had a pinched and starved expression.

In truth, old Karl had an appearance of great age and extreme poverty; yet he was not, in fact, over sixty, and he had a large leathern bag, carefully concealed, which contained gold, silver, and copper coin, to the value of about five thousand dollars! Why, then, did he live and look so much like a beggar?

That, gentle reader, is a question of thine own asking, and we do not deem ourselves bound to answer. Nevertheless, out of grace to one we greatly esteem, we will state a few facts, which may give a clew to old Jacob Karl's life and character. He was born and nursed in extreme poverty, and early acquired the idea that the possession of money is the possession of happiness. He grew up with this vain conceit, and the more he gained, the more eager he was to amass wealth. He began at first to hoard up pence, then shillings, and at last pounds. Finally, he became what is called a *miser*, and his whole soul was absorbed in the desire to increase and keep his cash. So deeply bent was he upon this one idea, that he kept both himself and his son Jacob on the very verge of starvation. Even old Fire-eyes, the black cat, had been subjected to the same regimen, had she not been gifted with a faculty of looking out for herself. Indeed, it often happened that a robin, or a sparrow, and, now and then, even a mole and a squirrel, was wrenched from her claws, to make the old man's meal; though puss grew wise at last, and usually kept her affairs to herself.

Old Karl's avarice, and the anxiety of mind attending it, made him prematurely gray, decrepit, and feeble. Yet all the time he fancied that he was taking the best way to secure happiness. He was naturally what is called a man of strong mind; he had, indeed, seen a good deal of the world; read some books, and thought and reflected much more. But his mind was overturned by one error, and the whole sum and substance of his knowledge was at last concentred in two principles — first, that *man is made for himself*, and second, that *money is bliss*. Both by example and precept, he endeavored to impress these ideas on the mind of his son, Jacob, and we must admit that he was but too successful.

We cannot dilate further upon this point of our story, but must proceed to launch our hero upon the tide of life and

adventure as speedily as possible. It will be sufficient, therefore, to say here, that one cold winter's night Jacob was awakened by what seemed to him an unusual noise, proceeding from his father's bed. He got up, and groped his way, as well as he could, to the place. It was very dark; but he could discover the cat standing on the foot of the bed, her hair and tail erect, and her eyes shining like two balls of greenish moonlight. The old man was breathing as if half suffocated. Jacob was a boy, but of sufficient experience to see that his father was ill. He spoke to him, but he gave no reply. He then looked about for a light; but as the luxury of a lamp or candle was not tolerated in the hut, it was long before he was able to succeed in obtaining what he desired. At last he found a splinter of pine, and, after a smart blowing, in which he used his cheeks for a bellows, he succeeded in lighting it.

He now proceeded to the bedside, and was struck with a strange sense of horror as he gazed upon his dying parent. The first sight of death is a terrible revelation to youth; the image of the destroyer, once set upon the soul, is never fully effaced. From that moment, it is written upon the heart that man must die, and a shadow, never to pass away, is over every scene of after-existence.

Young Jacob was used to the haggard countenance of his father; but never had he seen him wear such a cold, pallid, fearful aspect as now. At first his eyes were closed; but as the strong light of the torch fell on his face, he opened them, and gazed full upon his son. He now seemed anxious to speak; his lips moved, but no sound issued forth. He evidently struggled hard; his limbs were convulsed; his breast heaved; and, at last, a faint whisper was uttered. The boy held his ear close; and he caught this sentence, "Good-by, Jacob — good-by — *take care of Number One!*" Having said this, a tremor ran through the old man's frame — his eyes closed, and all was still.

The sable old Fire-eyes now leaped from the bed, and, taking up her position beneath it, curled her tail close around her feet, and sat with a vigilant and ghost-like countenance, waiting for the further progress of events. Jacob drew close to the embers, and, trying to keep himself warm, watched till morning. The time passed slowly, and, as the poets say, "on leaden wings." The boy had, therefore, much time to ponder upon what had just passed, and to repeat over and over to himself the dying injunction of his parent. It may seem strange — yet he looked with a kind of reverence upon the old man; partly because he was his father, and partly because of that necessary ascendency which a strong mind, and one of determined purposes, acquires over all around.

We note these things with some particularity here, for our story turns much upon that principle of selfishness woven into young Jacob Karl's mind, and which is contained in the homely yet significant adage — "*Take care of Number One.*" But we need not say more upon the topic now, and only add that, when the morning came, Jacob called in the neighbors, and his father was duly buried. The progress of our tale must be reserved for another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mahomet II.

It is a curious and striking fact that the Turks, an Asiatic people, have now been, for about four centuries, the possessors of one of the finest portions of Europe, including the very capital of the Greek emperors, and a large part of the territory which belonged to the Cæsars. Here they have lived, maintaining their Asiatic religion, dress, language, manners, and customs, with little change.

The chief instrument of permanently establishing the Ottoman power in Europe was Mahomet II., called, by his countrymen, "the Victorious." He was born at Adrianople, in 1430, his father, Amurath II., being the sultan of the Ottomans, who then had made considerable encroachments upon the Greek empire, and left its emperor but little more than the possession of Constantinople.

Coming to the throne at an early age, Mahomet determined to capture that splendid city, and thus complete the conquest of the Greek dominions, which had now been progressing for many years. In April, 1453, he appeared before the capital with 300,000 men, supported by a fleet of 320 vessels. The beleaguered city had no more than 10,000 soldiers for its defence; yet for fifty-three days these held out against every attack of the assailing force. The efforts on both sides seemed only like the struggles of men reckless alike of suffering and death.

Baffled and perplexed by the vigor and obstinacy of the defence, Mahomet resorted to every device which military art and genius could invent. At last, with almost incredible labor, he constructed railways, upon which he transported a portion of his ships, for two miles, from the Bosphorus, into the harbor before the devoted city. This extraordinary measure sealed the fate of Constantinople. A battery of cannon was raised, and on the 29th of May the Turks entered the place by storm. Constantine, the emperor, was slain, sword in hand, and for three days the city was given up to pillage. It is not possible to tell the awful tale of that dreadful period. Sixty thousand men and women were seized, carried away, and sold as slaves.

After the three days, Mahomet entered the metropolis, henceforth to be the seat of his successors, and, passing on, came to the palace of the emperor—a gorgeous pile of buildings, but now stripped, desolate, and uninhabited. "The spider," said Mahomet, quoting a passage of Persian poetry, "has woven his web in

the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

History of Ancient Rome.

[Continued from p. 301.]

CHAPTER V. — THE FIRST CÆSAR.

THE successes of Cæsar placed him at the head of the Roman world. His only remaining opponent was Cato, who has been described as one of the most faultless characters in Roman history. This eminent patriot was, however, unable, by force of arms, to restore the liberties of the people, or to arrest Cæsar in his victorious and ambitious career. Being at last deserted by his friends, and dreading to fall into the hands of his enemy, after pondering a while on the nature of the immortality of the soul, he stabbed himself with his own sword — an act which Roman morality held as perfectly justifiable, and which was committed by many of the first characters of the state, when they happened to be deserted by fortune. After the death of Cato, Cæsar was without a rival. Returning to Rome in triumph, he established his power as dictator, and shortly afterwards received the title of *imperator*, or emperor, with full powers of sovereignty. The assumption of these dignities, as may be supposed, served to unite the friends of the republican form of government, and those also who had thriven on the diseases of the state, with the view of making away with the usurper. A deep-laid conspiracy was accordingly formed against Cæsar, composed of sixty senators, at the head of whom was Decimus Brutus, whose life Cæsar had spared after the battle of Pharsalia, and Cassius, who was pardoned soon after. Cæsar was privately made acquainted with the existence of plots against his life; but, being of a fearless disposition, he proceeded, on the day intended for the fatal blow, to the senate-house. Here, by a preconcerted signal, he was stabbed behind, in the shoulder, by Casca. All the conspirators now rushed forward, and he received a second stab, in the breast, while Cassius wounded him in the face. In this emergency, he defended himself with great vigor, rushing among them, and throwing down such as opposed him, till he saw Brutus among the conspirators, who, coming up, struck his dagger into his thigh. From that moment Cæsar thought no more of defending himself, but, looking upon the ungrateful assailant, cried out, "And you, too, Brutus!" Then, covering his head, and spreading his robe before him, in order to fall with a greater decency, he sank down at the base of Pompey's statue, after receiving twenty-three wounds from hands which he vainly supposed he had disarmed by his benefits. Thus died this remarkable man, the greatest who ever aspired to sovereignty in Rome, the victor in five hundred battles, and the conqueror of a thousand cities, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. (44 B. C.)

Upon the death of Cæsar, the conspirators were unable to form a government, or to inspire confidence in their designs; and in the distractions which ensued, Mark Antony, an ambitious man, and formerly a lieutenant of Cæsar, endeavored to raise himself to the supreme command. In this effort he was not successful. Octavius, grand-nephew and

adopted son of Cæsar, also came forward as a candidate for power; and so likewise did a third personage, named Lepidus. As no one of these ambitious men possessed sufficient force to attain supreme command, they entered into a coalition, forming a tripartite power, termed a triumvirate. Being opposed by Brutus, a dreadful civil war ensued, the atrocities of which are scarcely paralleled in history. Brutus was ultimately killed, after which event the triumvirate quarrelled among themselves, and Octavius, by force of arms becoming conqueror, attained the dignity of emperor of Rome.

CHAPTER VI. — JULIUS CÆSAR'S SUCCESSORS.

On arriving at this proud eminence, Octavius, now called Augustus Cæsar,* relinquished the ambitious designs of his predecessors; he endeavored to consolidate the empire, instead of extending it to undue bounds, and introduced a spirit of moderation into the public councils hitherto unknown. Knowing the taste of the Romans, he indulged them in the pride of seeing the appearance of a republic, while he made them really happy in the effects of a most absolute monarchy, guided by the most consummate prudence. Historians delight in recounting the number of good deeds of Augustus, and the glories of his time; and from him the phrase of "the Augustan age," applied by writers to periods in the history of nations remarkable for the prosperity and refinement which prevailed, has been derived. It was in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of this magnanimous prince that Jesus Christ was born, in the Roman province of Judea. In the year 14 of our era, Augustus was succeeded by Tiberius, a person of an entirely different character, and under whom the corruptions of the state became very great. In the nineteenth year of his cruel reign, Christ was crucified, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Jerusalem. In the year 37, Tiberius was put to death, by smothering him with pillows, or, as some historians allege, by poison; and he was succeeded by Caligula, a person of vicious habits and still more cruel character. This emperor was prodigal and extravagant to a degree almost inconceivable. The luxuries of former emperors were simplicity itself when compared to those which he practised. He contrived new ways of bathing, where the richest oils and most precious perfumes were used with the utmost profusion. He found out dishes of immense value, and had even jewels, we are told, dissolved among his sauces. He sometimes had services of pure gold presented before his guests instead of meat. But his prodigality was the most remarkable in regard to his horse. He built for it a stable of marble, and a manger of ivory. Whenever this animal, which he called Incitatus, was to run, he placed sentinels near its stable the night preceding, to prevent its slumbers from being broken. He appointed it a house, furniture, and a

* A number of the imperial successors of Julius Cæsar assumed the title of *Cæsar*, in addition to their other designations, in the same manner as we find the appellations of Pharaoh and Ptolemy were assumed by many of the Egyptian sovereigns. The name of Cæsar has been curiously enough preserved until modern times, in the title of *Czar*, which is given by the Russians to their monarchs.

kitchen, in order to treat all its visitors with proper respect. He sometimes invited it to his own table, and presented it with gilt oats, and wine in a golden cup. He often swore by the safety of his horse; and historians mention, that he would have appointed it to a consulship, had not his death prevented. Caligula perished by assassination, after a reign of less than four years; of him it has been said, that nature seemed to have brought him forth to show what was possible to be produced from the greatest vice supported by the greatest authority. He was succeeded by Claudius, who was a feeble and contemptible emperor, and who was finally cut off by poison. Nero, the next emperor, was at once noted for his cruelty, his vanity, and his debased passions. The atrocities he committed go beyond the reach of language to describe, and are such as perhaps never entered into the mind of any human being. A conspiracy having been raised against him, and being at length hunted by assassins, he fell by a stroke of his own dagger. Of the succeeding emperors, we need not here enter into a detail. Under Vespasian, the tenth, and Titus, the eleventh emperor, the state rallied a little, and justice and an appearance of decency were once more resumed.

The reign of Trajan, the fourteenth emperor, almost renewed the glories of Augustus. (A. D. 107.) He advanced the empire to a greater degree of splendor than it had hitherto attained. He pursued his military conquests into new regions, even to Hindostan, and added greatly to the extent of the Roman territories; although this was not ultimately attended with any good effect. Trajan is distinguished as the greatest and the best emperor of Rome. Having given peace and prosperity to the empire, he continued his reign, loved, honored, and almost adored, by his subjects. A pillar commemorating his great actions, erected in Rome, is still in existence. His successor, Adrian, was also a good sovereign, and was distinguished for his abilities and literary acquirements. After this period, the empire was never again under the authority of any ruler remarkable for his magnanimity. The greater part of the successors of Adrian were dissolute and vicious in their habits, and under them the empire waned to its close. The only one deserving to be noticed was Constantine, the forty-first emperor. (A. D. 311.)

At the death of Constantius, the fortieth emperor, he bequeathed the sovereignty to his son Constantine, a young prince of promising abilities. In the attempt, however, to take possession of his inheritance, he was opposed by three contending rivals — Maxentius, who governed in Rome, a person of cruel disposition, and a steadfast supporter of paganism; Licinius, who commanded in the east; and Maximin, who also governed some of the eastern provinces. The first step taken by Constantine was an expedition with an army to Rome, to expel Maxentius. One evening, while the army was on its march, Constantine, who was of a meditative disposition, sat in his camp reflecting upon the uncertain fate of sublunary things, and the dangers of the enterprise in which he was engaged. It was then, according to a fabulous legend of the Christian church, that, as the sun was declining, there suddenly appeared a pillar of light in the

heavens, in the form of a cross, with the inscription, in the Greek language, "In this, overcome!" So extraordinary an appearance did not fail to create astonishment and religious awe in the mind of Constantine, and he resolved forthwith to adopt the religious persuasion of the hitherto persecuted Christians. On the day following, he caused a royal standard to be made like that which he had seen in the heavens, and commanded it to be carried before him in his wars, as an ensign of victory and celestial protection. After this, he consulted with several of the principal teachers of Christianity, and made a public avowal of that sacred persuasion. Constantine, having thus attached his soldiers to his interest, who were mostly of the Christian faith, lost no time in entering Italy with 90,000 foot, and 800 horse. With this large force, he fought with and overcame Maxentius, and entered Rome in triumph. One of his first acts was to ordain that no criminal should for the future suffer death by crucifixion, which had formerly been the most usual way of punishing slaves convicted of capital offences. Edicts were soon after issued, declaring that the Christians should be eased from all their grievances, and received into places of trust and authority. Thus the new religion was seen at once to prevail over the Roman empire, and, being associated with the state, the bishops and other clergy were endowed with an authority which had formerly been wielded by the priests of the ancient paganism.

Shortly after the establishment of Christianity, (A. D. 321,) Constantine executed a resolution of transferring the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, or Constantinople, as it was afterwards called, in honor of his name. As Greece and various provinces in Asia now formed a part of the Roman empire, it was believed that Constantinople would form a more central situation for the capital. Whatever truth there might be in this, the transfer, instead of proving in any respect advantageous, weakened the fabric of the state, and exposed it to a more speedy dissolution. Constantine died when above sixty years old, leaving a mixed character "of piety and credulity, of courage and cruelty, of justice and ambition," and was succeeded by his three sons, Constantine, Constantius, and Constans. These divided the empire among them, but it was subsequently united by Constantius, after a war of twelve years' duration. This union was of no long continuance. Theodosius, in the year 395, permanently divided the empire into the Eastern and Western Roman Empires, the capital of the former being Constantinople, and of the latter Rome. The history of these two divisions of the Roman territory now also separates; and, following the usual practice of historians, we shall leave the Eastern or Byzantine Empire to form the subject of a separate narrative, and conclude with a few words upon the latter days of the old Roman or Western Empire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROVERB. — "*Much falls between the cup and the lip.*" This proverb warns us against placing too sanguine a dependence upon future expectations, though very promising; intimating, that the fairest hopes are often dashed in pieces by the intervention of some unforeseen and unexpected accident.

The Longest Ladder in the World.

On approaching the roads of Jamestown, in the Island of St. Helena, your attention is attracted by an enormous ladder, that extends from the town beneath to a fort directly over the town, on the summit of a hill 800 feet high. On inquiry, I found that sentinels were placed both below and above, for the purpose of preventing any one ascending or descending without an order from the town-major. This regulation was adopted in consequence of the number of accidents, attended with fatal consequences, that had occurred. Together with a companion, after dinner, I rambled down to the guard-house, and having found the town-major there, we obtained an order to permit our ascent. The ladder is composed of steps more than three feet in width, and some four inches in breadth, firmly fastened in sides of great strength. On either side is a hand-rail of such a width, that you can conveniently lay a hand on either side. The steps are upward of eighteen inches apart, and great numbers of them much decayed. At regular distances are small seats for resting-places. On one side, without the ladder, a description of slide has been formed, along which pulleys are fixed, for the purpose, it would seem, of raising any thing from the town beneath, or lowering from the fort above. The face of the hill, against which the ladder is erected, is extremely steep, so as utterly to preclude the idea of any ascent without artificial means; in places there are perfect precipices, the rocks completely overhanging. At the bottom we found no sentry, and so proceeded to ascend at once, but had not attained above the height of one hundred feet, when we heard a voice hailing us, and perceived a sentry calling on us to return, who, in his walk, had been concealed from us, when below, by an intervening projection. Down we had to go, and having shown our pass, and satisfied the Cerberus, commenced our ascent again. At first we proceeded rapidly, but soon found that not to answer, the height of each step causing considerable exertion. More slowly then we moved along, attained the third resting-place, where we seated ourselves, and turned round to view the town beneath, with its narrow streets and confined situation, cowering, as it were, between the two mighty hills that seemed to press it on either side. Aloft we turned our eyes, anxiously wishing ourselves at the top; but we had the best part of the ascent yet to accomplish, and to our task once more we went. As we attained a greater height, we found the steps getting more and more out of repair, in some places two or three steps together broken, so that we had to clamber up the best way we could. On, on we went, with alternate rests; the town, the bay, and shipping beneath, gradually became more minute, the moving bodies seeming almost mites. When we reached within a hundred feet of the top, the unusual fatigue almost overpowered us; the dizzy height so affected us that we felt as if we could scarce preserve ourselves from falling; yet we persevered, and did succeed in reaching the top. A moment later, one human being would

have passed into another world. My companion, who was before me, had scarce passed the gate at the top, when he fainted, completely overcome; and he afterwards declared to me, that, for the last hundred feet or so, nothing prevented his physical energies from being overcome by the fatigue and the position he was in but the immediate prospect of reaching a place of safety. Many lives have been lost on this ladder, particularly those of passengers, whom curiosity induced to attempt the ascent. The artillerymen and garrison of the fort are not (however used to going up and down) exempt from casualties; and it was only the very week before my visit to St. Helena that an artilleryman was killed, in attempting to descend the ladder against time for a wager. Ladder-Hill Fort completely hangs over the bay; it is of great strength, and commands the roadstead beneath. In the batteries are mounted generally eighteen twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, but there are some few guns of a larger calibre. A singular accident happened a few years previous on this battery. A passenger from one of the ships in the bay had ascended to the fort, and, looking from the ramparts of one of the batteries, perceived his vessel beneath, and thought he could reach her with a stone; but in his attempt to do so overbalanced himself, and fell from the awful height, being dashed literally to pieces in the fall.

After passing an hour at the fort, we descended, but by the road, which is cut in a zigzag manner in the side of the hills. — "*Reminiscences of a Nine Years' Travel*," in the *Liverpool Times*.

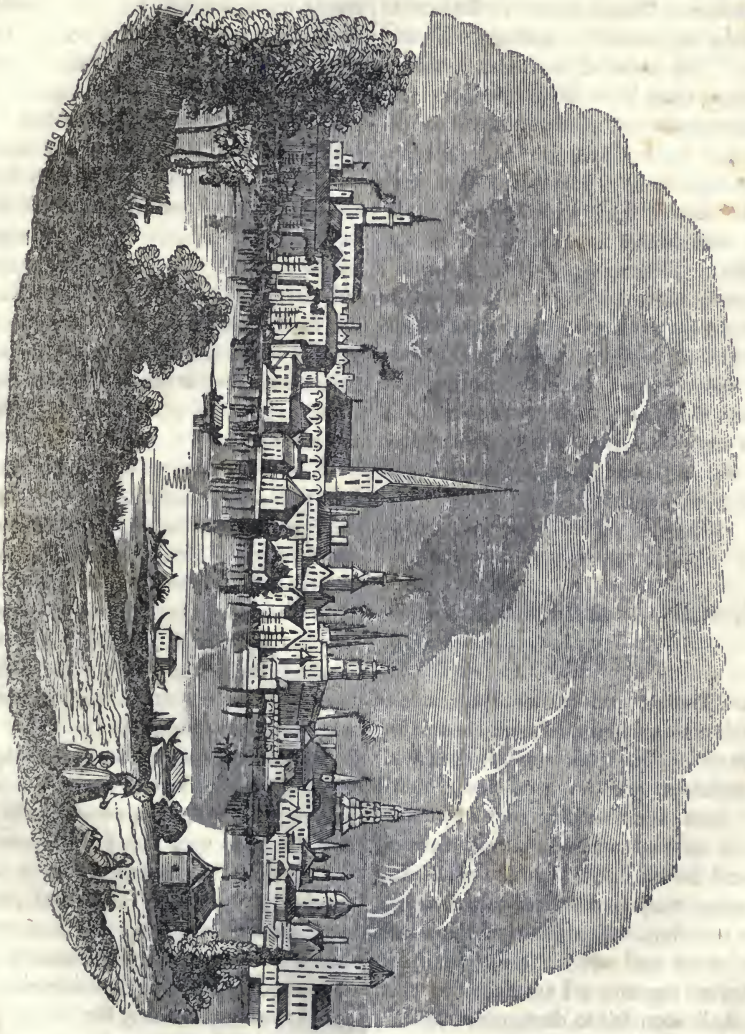
Amsterdam.

This city, which is the commercial metropolis of Holland, is in some respects one of the most singular places in the world. The site was originally a salt marsh, lying over a vast bed of peat, in some places forty or fifty feet thick. In order to obtain a foundation, long masts were driven into the earth; and upon the ends of these the houses and streets are built. By the wonderful industry of the inhabitants, the difficulties of the situation have been overcome, and Amsterdam now contains two hundred thousand people.

The streets generally cross each other at right angles. Some are broad and handsome, being lined with rows of elms, walnut-trees, and limes. The canals within the town are so numerous as to divide the city into ninety islands, and the bridges are two hundred and forty in number. One of these, the Amstel-Brug, consists of thirty-five arches; through the eleven central ones large ships may pass. Near the bridge is a sluice and gate, by which the River Amstel may be stopped, and the country around the city laid under water.

The Town Hall of Amsterdam is built of stone, and is 282 feet long, 235 feet wide, and 116 high. It stands on 13,659 piles of wood. The interior is adorned with a profusion of statues and pictures, which attest the splendor of the commerce of Holland in former days. The room called the *marble hall* is said to be the finest in Europe, being 120 feet long, 56 broad, and 98 high.

Amsterdam has no water that is fit to



Amsterdam.

drink, or is suitable for culinary purposes, but what is brought in boats from the Vecht, a distance of fifteen miles. The pure water of Utrecht is sold in the streets for table use, and for making tea and coffee. The want of so indispensable a necessary must be unfavorable to health, and the stench that arises from the canals in the hot days of summer is sometimes almost intolerable. The fuel of this great city is chiefly turf, which is found in great abundance in most parts of the kingdom. Billets of wood are occasionally used, and coals from Newcastle or the Forth by those who can afford to pay for them. It is remarkable that Amsterdam has changed so little for the last century, that the guides and descriptions of the city published a hundred years ago may still be considered as correct and useful companions.

Confessions of a Medicine-Chest.

CHAPTER I.

DEAR, kind, gentle reader, I am a conscience-stricken medicine-chest! My participation in so many deeds of darkness, and the recollection that I have been accessory to so many early deaths, so many needless sacrifices of life and health, have begun to make my old sides warp and widen, my dovetails draw asunder, and my hinges and lock grow weak and rusty. I am, in short, old before my time; I am decaying fast, and shall soon fall to dust, overwhelmed with the consciousness of crime. If, by making my delinquencies public, I can in any degree atone for my own errors, and my being a party to the self-willed ignorance and selfish juggling of those who have had charge of me, I shall be amply remunerated for the travails of authorship, in prosecuting which I have been obliged to use a tolerably thick mixture of rhubarb and magnesia as a writing fluid, the back of an old "poor man's plaster" for paper, and the point of a spreading-knife for a style! But these somewhat tedious labors will be but as dust in the balance if I can persuade a single devotee to physic, that laudanum and paregoric are not specifics for all the ills of life; that a slight paleness is not always to be put to flight by a nauseous dose; and that at every slight twinge of pain, a poultice need not be applied to the afflicted part.

It is now nearly ten years since I left my dusty corner, on the shelf of an apothecary, to be domesticated in the family of Mrs. Tibbetts Smith. At the time of my being purchased by her, she was beginning to show symptoms of the approach of old age, whose coming has since been sadly hastened by the merciless drugs that it has been my doom to administer.

I knew at once, by the lady's appearance, that she loved to dabble in the healing art; and, by a very peculiar odor that she bore with her, I discovered that her pockets were stuffed with every species of medicinal herb and root. It was always my way to listen to the wants of customers that came into the shop, and to observe the eagerness and activity of my master, Dr. Jones, as he filled little bottles, and measured out pounds, ounces, and drachms. But upon this occasion my attention was unusually

aroused, as Mrs. Tibbetts Smith, in a voice suited to her robust person, intimated her desire to look at a very large medicine-chest. "There's a sizable cretur, now," said she, "up there, doctor." And she stretched out, in a direct line to my keyhole, a withered hand, between the fingers of which I discovered sundry small fragments of pennyroyal.

"Good-by, old Dusty Corner!" said I to myself; for my heart was lighter then than it ever can be again. "Yes, marm," said Galen, as he mounted to my resting-place, on a ricketty pair of steps, "yes, marm, this is just the identical idea for a person as likes a good-sized bottle, and a drawer for sticking-plaster, and things of that sort, into the bargain. I could a sold this feller ten times over, if his bottles had only been a leetle bit smallerer; but you, marm, who knows fleebotomy so well, and knows what's what about yarbs and all sorts of docterin'—" "O doctor, now!" interrupted the gratified Mrs. Smith. "Well, marm, its no use denying it, for all the world knows it! You, marm, must know that a small dose is no kind of use whatever, marm." Here he winked at camphor and squills, of each of which there was a pint, to say the least, beneath my lid. "Don't talk to me of small doses!" said Mrs. Smith,—and she drew a breath of such fearful length, as to settle the question forever.

I now was fully aware of the dreadful life I should lead, if I should fall into the hands of this sorceress. I soon saw, to my sorrow, that I must change my hitherto idle, though innocent course of life, for one in which the crimes that I should commit, and the damage to life that I should occasion, were to be reckoned by the number of doses I should give. The chaffering between the two traffickers in health and physic was now taking a turn favorable to my removal; for Dr. Jones had agreed to fill my gallipots, bottles, and pill-boxes, without making any extra charge.

O, what a wistful glance I now cast at Dusty Corner! What would I have given to have been once more seated between that jar of mouldy raspberry vinegar and that empty brandy bottle without a cork! All the thoughts and feelings of my past life underwent a complete revulsion. I had been accustomed to sneer at a medicine-chest which occupied a neighboring shelf, because his bottles and boxes were less capacious than mine. Ah! how gladly would I have exchanged sizes with him, as his diminutive appearance had saved him from becoming a candidate for Mrs. Smith's acceptance! I always had a horror of cheats of all descriptions, and had therefore lavished no little contempt upon Dr. Jones's scales, which were notorious for scant measure. But now, as I saw myself in a fair way for committing various crimes and misdemeanors, I would have become a false weight with gladness, stopping short only of petty larceny. Yes, I would have stripped myself of my unhallowed dignity, and descended to the sneaking life of an ounce weight, out of whose bottom I had distinctly seen Dr. Jones dig fifteen grains. I would have given all my hopes of happiness could I have been transmuted into a spreading-knife or a castor-oil label. I verily believe I would

not have hesitated in exchanging destinies with a homœopathic pill! Such was my agony that, as Mrs. Smith shut my lid to have a look at me all over, I sighed forth an inward groan, which took vent in a creak of my hinges. Dr. Jones, who probably had no idea of the strife that was going on within me, cruelly mistook the lamentation which I had uttered for an application to be oiled, and he forthwith lubricated my joints with a feather kept for the purpose. This was the only hint I had ever received as to the nature of my master's religion; but this act seemed, in my agony of mind, so much like a resort to *extreme unction*, that I set him down, ever after, as a Catholic.

But my thoughts were soon obliged to take another turn, as I felt myself lifted in mid-air, in Dr. Jones's arms, by which I was conveyed to her wagon. I was very carefully laid upon a bed of spearmint, and tightly wedged in by a large sassafras root. I was then covered with a tartan shawl, the edges and ends of which were strongly crammed into every cranny between sassafras and me; upon the top of that was gently laid a horsehair pillow, and upon the top of all sat the portly form of Mrs. Tibbetts Smith. And so, if you will believe me, we rode for eight miles. I would have given the world for a smart joggle, but Mrs. Smith effectually prevented that. Under all the circumstances, I should certainly have fainted, had it not been for the kindness of Sal Volatile, who breathed, through a chink in her cork, a portion of her soul-reviving pungency. "Ffmm — ffmm — ffmm," snuffed Mrs. Smith; "lauk me, I thought I smelt salvolat — I should think I might keep it from joggling, as I weighed over two hunder pounds last time I sot on Major Whiting's scales; and I aint no lighter now, I guess. But you shan't joggle, if I can stop you!" Saying this, and suiting the action to the word, she jammed the sassafras root in still tighter, and squeezed the shawl down still closer. My situation, however, was not much worse than before, and I began to entertain hopes that the time of my delivery was near at hand. Suddenly we stopped: Mrs. Smith jumped out with as much agility as her two hundred pounds would allow. I was fondly awaiting the removal of the tartan and sassafras, when I saw her climbing into the wagon again, with a large stalk of milkweed, which she had picked, and which she threw upon some mint by my side. This was afterwards applied to a wart upon one of her children's faces. Along the whole of the road, her attention was entirely occupied in endeavoring to descry some medicinal herb, whose virtues might be tested on the members of her large family.

By the time we had reached her house, we had collected fourteen sprigs of bayberry, half a dozen handfuls of pennyroyal, seven huge dandelions, and one wild artichoke. These, on our arrival, were carefully laid by on shelves to dry, to be taken down and administered in the various forms of infusion, decoction, and potion, as occasion might require. As for me, I was carefully placed under a side-table, upon a square piece of carpet, which Mrs. Smith had previously prepared for my reception. I had expected to be overhauled in all my parts, and to undergo a rigid examination at the

hands of my future mistress. This pleasure she postponed to another day, when she could be alone, and devote her whole soul to a thorough ransacking of my contents.

As it was near night when we arrived, and as Mrs. Smith and her children went early to bed, I was soon left to my own thoughts. The embers in the fireplace were fast dying away, and tables, and bureaus, and chairs, were becoming involved in the general obscurity. My reflections by that fading light were by no means pleasant. I had, in one short day, become acquainted, in some degree at least, with the character of my mistress, and had a shrewd foresight of the uses to which I should be applied. I knew her to be an ignorant dabbler in the mysteries of the science to which I had the honor to be an humble appendage. She was thoroughly medicine-mad, and used often to say that it was only by the continual use of physic, in every shape, that she kept her children alive. These children, whose constitutions, I supposed, were to bear as best they could the repeated doses to be doled forth from beneath my lid, I had seen on the night of my arrival. They were five—three boys and two girls; with interesting countenances, but melancholy expression, whose health and spirits had been frittered away by their mother's ceaseless drugging.

"Here, then," thought I, "is my fearful sphere of action. I am doomed to be an unwilling witness, nay, a conscious participant, of killing by inches—or doses rather; I must sit quietly by, and hear the stopples of my bottles, as they clink upon the glass, ringing the knell of my unhappy devotees. Whether I dry up their blood, and exhaust the current in their young veins by my opium and brandy, or wear out their strength and energy by my salts and senna,—whether I quicken into fever or bring stagnation to the pulse,—I am alike guilty by my participation in the crime." As the embers on the hearth grew still more dim, my thoughts assumed a darker hue. My prospects were dreary in the extreme. I would have given any thing to be in a situation where I might have dispensed my simples and compounds to the benefit and advantage of those who used them; but I saw nothing before me but an indiscriminate emptying of my bottles and boxes, doled out by the hand of ignorance, and taken by that of credulous and misplaced confidence. My prediction has proved too true. Almost the only sound that has reached my ear, for the past ten years, has been the clink of the spoon as it rattled in the tumbler, or the seething of the weed as it simmered over the fire. But my ink is getting dry, and my paper—or rather my plaster—is filling up, and I must wait till Mrs. Smith has paid another visit to Dr. Jones, before I can resume my story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Happiness.

VARIOUS, sincere, and constant are the efforts of men to procure that happiness which the nature of the mind requires; but most seem to be ignorant both of the source and means of genuine felicity.

Religion alone can afford true joy and permanent peace. It is this that inspires

fortitude, supports patience, and, by its prospects and promises, throws a cheering ray into the darkest shade of human life.

"Where dwells this sovereign bliss? Where doth it grow?
Know, mortals, happiness ne'er dwelt below;
Look at yon heaven; go seek the blessing there;
Be heaven thy aim, thy soul's eternal care;
Nothing but God, and God alone, you'll find,
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind."

Voltaire.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Paris, in February, 1694. He was feeble at his birth, and it seemed doubtful whether he could be reared. So early was his genius manifested, that he is said to have written verses before he left his cradle. His published works are very numerous, and all are marked with extraordinary wit and brilliancy of imagination. But nearly all are filled with infidelity, and most of them display great coarseness of taste and depravity of heart. The following anecdote of him will be read with interest.

He possessed a young eagle, to which he was extremely attached. The petted bird one day fell ill, which gave its master the greatest anxiety on its account. Every morning and evening he asked the servant, to whom the care of it had been intrusted, how it was, and gave her the necessary directions for its nursing. Madeline, however, came one morning, and, with a smile on her mouth, said, "Sir, your eagle is now recovered." "Ha! has he? how glad I am!" "But, sir, he is dead, I mean." "What, dead! and you bring me the news with a smile on your countenance!" "Alas, sir, he was so thin and lean, is it not better that he should have died?" "A fine reason you give me then," roared the exasperated Voltaire, starting from his chair—"a fine reason! So, I presume, you would have me done away with, because I am thin. Only think of that hussy, to give me the news of my poor eagle's death, laughing, and because he was thin! Do you imagine that it is only big, fat, unwieldy *bêtes*, like you, that have a right to live? Away, away! Begone out of my sight! If you mean to kill all those that are thin, go and find employment with persons as fat as yourself."

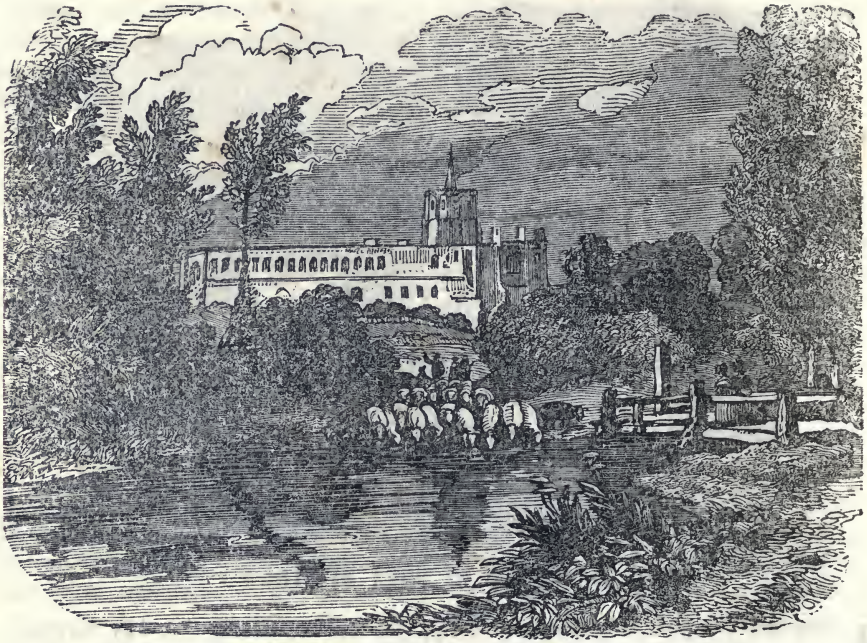
Madame Dennis, who saw her uncle in such a passion, pretended to dismiss the servant, but merely ordered her to conceal herself in one of the outhouses. Voltaire, at the end of three months, happened to speak of this servant. "She has been very unfortunate," said his niece. "She has not been able to find a place, as it was generally known that you had dismissed her." "That was her fault: why did she laugh at the death of my eagle, because he was thin? But, still, she ought not to starve. Let her return; but never let her meet my eye." So Madeline came forth from her hiding-place, and took especial care that her master should not see her. This, however, was a difficult matter. She met Voltaire one day in a narrow path: Madeline cast her eyes down, and attempted to mutter a few words of apology; but Voltaire interrupted her, and said, "Well, we won't speak of it any more; but recollect that all those that are thin are not to be killed."

Birthplace of Joan of Arc.

In the little village of Domremy, situated on the bank of the Meuse, near the borders of Belgium, is still to be seen the humble cottage in which the renowned Joan of Arc was born. Though it is a good deal changed since the birth of the heroine, it is still visited by travellers, and is held in great regard by the people around. There is an ancient statue of her still to be seen above the door-way, representing her in a kneeling posture: this, however, is much dilapidated.

The Vessel without a Pilot.—*A Fable.*—A pilot having refused to take a ship out of port during very stormy weather, the vessel resolved to break through all restraint; and, having reasoned with herself that the sea was large enough to ramble in without danger, and that she was capable of travelling any where if she had sea room, she one night broke from her moorings, and set off without a guide. For a while she rode in a very stately manner on the water. "How finely I go!" said she; "I need no rudder to guide me. Here is room enough; what danger can there be in the midst of this mighty ocean?" While indulging these dreams, she struck upon a rock, which lay concealed under the water, and instantly split, and went to the bottom.

Patience and resignation are sure to meet their reward.



The Abbey Church at St. Alban's, England.

THE old town of St. Alban's is about twenty miles from London, and among the objects of interest there is the ancient abbey church. This is a fine specimen of the oldest edifices of this class. It is externally very plain, and almost rude: a portion of its walls is built of the Roman tiles from the ruins of the old city of Verulam; the other parts are of freestone. The arches of the ancient cloisters are still to be seen; and specimens of Saxon, Norman, and the plain as well as florid Gothic styles of architecture, indicating the great age of the structure, and the steps by which it has reached its present condition, are found in different parts of it.

The dimensions of the edifice strike us with wonder: the entire length is 600 feet; the extreme width of its transepts is 174 feet! The nave, with its aisles, present a single room of vast length, with a width of 74 feet.

This church was part of an ancient abbey at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., and its revenues were nearly 10,000 dollars a year!

DEATH.—"I look upon death," says Dr. Franklin, "to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

The Dover Railway Tunnel.

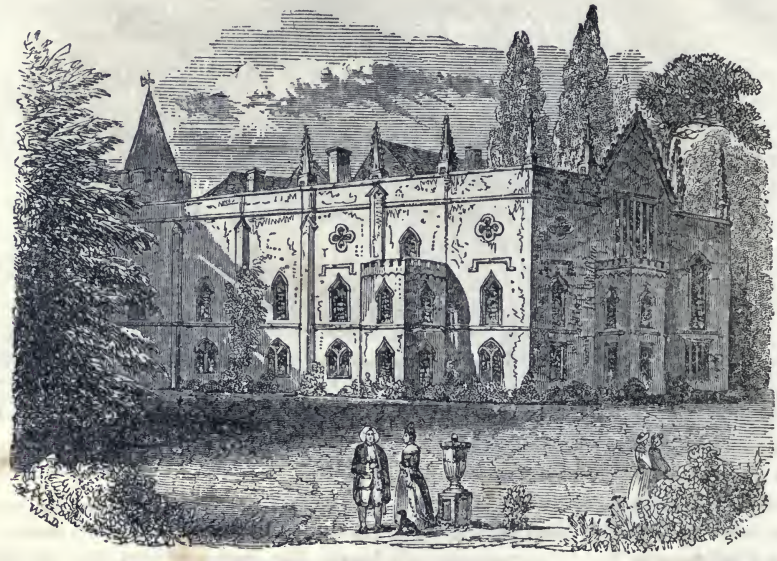
In every part of Great Britain, the traveller is struck with the evidences of enterprise which characterize the people; among these there are few works more remarkable than the "*Shakspeare Cliff tunnels.*"

Every one has heard of *Shakspeare's Cliff.* This is a high bluff of chalk, west of the town of Dover, on the north side of the British Channel. Its white appearance gave the name of *Albion*, signifying *white*, to England. It is so elevated that the coast of France, twenty-one miles distant, may be easily seen from it. But however bold and striking, the chief interest attached to this mound is derived from Shakspeare's description in the tragedy of "King Lear."

"Hark! do you hear the sea?"
——————"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock."

A few years since, the "*South-Eastern Railway*," to run from London to Dover, was projected, and is now completed. Two tunnels, through the cliff before described, became necessary, and the whizzing locomotives fly along the dizzy precipice above described, as if it were an ordinary highway. In spite of the reverence for Shakspeare, this cliff has become a thoroughfare for impatient travellers, the choughs and crows have vanished, and, in their place, a steam-car and its train may be daily seen, gliding like arrows along the brow of the precipice.

The first tunnel above mentioned is called the "*Abbot's Cliff Tunnel.*" It is a mile in length, and comes out, on the face of the rock, sixty feet above the sea. It passes along the front of the rampart, for about a mile, and then enters the "*Shakspeare Tunnel*," which is also a mile in length. This again issues on the face of the cliff, and proceeds to its terminus at Dover.



Strawberry Hill.

The village of Twickenham, in England, is alike celebrated for its beauty and the remarkable personages who have made it their residence. It is situated on the River Thames, about eleven miles south-west of London. It is quite a populous place, and the river's bank is lined with the most charming villas, presenting every variety of architecture and rural embellishment. Between this place and Richmond, which is the most beautiful town in England, is a walk along the bank of the river which is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the world.

The celebrated poet Pope was so charmed with Twickenham, that he made it his residence. He occupied himself, during the latter part of his life, in embellishing his villa, which soon became a most delightful place. It was afterwards, however, even more interesting, from its having been the residence of so fine a poet and so great a man. It is a curious and pleasing fact, that a person of great genius seems to endow every thing which is connected with his memory with a sort of never-dying interest. For this reason it is, that the birthplace of Shakspeare is

visited by thousands of travellers, who seem to approach the spot as if it were hallowed ground. The same is the fact in regard to the birthplace of Robert Burns, of Dr. Johnson, and thousands of others.

But Twickenham has lost some of its interest, from the circumstance that Pope's villa has been torn down, and another is built near it: a grotto, in which the poet loved to sit and converse with his friends, is in ruins, and a willow-tree, which he planted, and which was long an object of regard, has perished. Another is in its place, but it was not planted by that magic hand which wrote the "Essay on Man."

Pope died in May, 1744, and was buried with his parents in the church at Twickenham. Soon after this event, Horace Walpole, son of Sir Robert Walpole, a celebrated statesman, purchased an estate in this village, and built a queer, half-Gothic dwelling, which is still standing. It goes by the name of Strawberry Hill, and is an object of interest, as being connected with the name of its founder.

Walpole was a man of some note in his time, and had intercourse with the authors, wits, and geniuses, of his day. He wrote several works, among which his "Castle of Otranto" had the greatest reputation during his time. His letters, however, are by far his most valuable productions, and may be regarded as among the finest ever written. A volume of anecdotes, published since his death, is an amusing work.

Walpole had an income, from certain offices of the government, of 15,000 dollars a year; these were what are called *sinecures*, where the pay was large, and the service rendered was nothing. One of the offices was that of "*Comptroller of the Pipe.*" And so Walpole received some 5000 dollars a year, under pretence of taking care of his majesty's pipe! This is, of course, nothing more than a cunning way of swindling the people, who had to work hard to get so much money; and it might seem strange that a man of decent character could be found to engage in such a mean kind of thievery: but, unhappily, the history of governments in all ages is full of such instances. Even in our own day, it often happens that a public agent or officer gets many thousand dollars of the people's money, for which he renders no adequate service.

By means of his ample income, Walpole was not only able to build himself a very expensive house, but to fill it with a collection of curiosities, chiefly paintings, sculpture, mosaics, bronzes, &c. Many of them were fine, and some valuable; and most of them are remaining at Strawberry Hill to the present day. Besides all this, Walpole had a printing-office in his house, and hence he issued some splendid editions of his own works, and those of others. The following sketch will give a good idea, not only of Strawberry Hill, but its architecture and occupant.

"There was no spot of ground probably any where that would have so exactly suited the tastes of Horace Walpole as Strawberry Hill. It had great capabilities; had memories of its own; it was in a storied neighborhood; it was surrounded by cheap celebrities, in the way of acquaintances; it was a sort of modern antique; and it was within an hour's

drive, or thereabouts, of London. This was precisely what Walpole desired. He liked to be within reach of the echoes of town, and to be able to get into the crush at a short notice. As to the country, he had no true passion for it. Perhaps it may be doubted whether he had a true passion for any thing.

"Strawberry Hill fitted him also in another point of view. It was small. A large place would have bewildered him; a small one afforded him endless pretexts for the exercise of his ingenuity. Precisely in proportion as he was pinched for room, his invention expanded. And see what wonderful things he did with a few acres, and a tiny villa! He conjured up a vision of conventural architecture, a chapel, cloisters, a Gothic castle, with towers and pinnacles shooting up through the startled woods, and a sweep of verdure sprinkled with clumps of noble trees, broken by misty walks, such as had not then been seen in England, except, perhaps, at Houghton, or at Pope's grounds, or General Dormer's garden at Rousham.

"Colley Cibber had lived in the cottage before Walpole purchased the place. He wrote a play there, but left not a solitary scratch on the rind of an oak to testify his sometime whereabouts. He and Walpole are said to have met accidentally when the former was eighty years of age, and hale and cheerful, making allowances for the wear and tear of his life. Walpole complimented him on looking so well. Cibber replied that he was thankful, at his age, not that he looked so well, but that he looked at all.

"An anecdotical history of Twickenham would make a curious miscellany. Walpole liked the place because it was so crowded with remarkable personalities of one sort or another. He was fond of curiosities, and these were among them. Twickenham was a great place even so far back as the time of Henry VIII. It grew up under the wings of Wolsey. The celebrated Bacon lived here in Elizabeth's time, and entertained her at Twickenham Park in a style of almost regal magnificence; and Essex lived here; and the merry Bishop Corbet, one of the most bibulous of men and poets, lived in an old mansion on the Common. Some of the Commonwealth people also conferred their notoriety upon Twickenham. Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, a great speaker and Parliament man in the early times of the Stuarts, resided here; and his wife, Elizabeth Rudyerd, is buried in the parish churchyard.

"Close to him, at Whitton, lived Sir John Suckling, a name affectionately known among the lovers of English poetry. Here, also, lived Catharine of Aragon, (after her divorce,) the historian Clarendon, the 'infamous' Wharton, the speaker Lenthal, and Boyle, the philosopher. About a century afterwards, Sir Godfrey Kneller died in the very same place. His house still stands — the rest are ashes.

"Coming down a little later, there was Pope, who died only three or four years before Walpole went to Strawberry Hill, where he was scarcely settled when he wrote to one of his friends about Pope's ghost flitting under his windows in the moonlight. Lady Fanny Shirley, and her mother, the Dowager Lady Ferrers, lived opposite to him in the lane; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in a house

that is now, or was not very long ago, a lady's school. There was also Fielding, the novelist, a cousin of Lady Mary's, and Sir John Hawkins, the author of the History of Music. In fact, wherever the newcomer moved, he fell in with fine recollections, or people worthy of them.

"Amongst his own actual contemporaries, Walpole reckoned Paul Whitehead, the poet, who lived on the Common, close to where Bishop Corbet had lived before him; and Hudson, the painter, who had recently retired upon an independence, and built a villa next door to Pope's. Admiral Byron, too, was one of his neighbors, the famous fellow who published the narrative upon which the shipwreck in Don Juan was founded, and who discovered the Patagonians, for which notability he was visited with a specimen of Walpole's most elaborate irony.

"But his principal delights, in the way of local intercourse, lay in the society of Lady Suffolk, (Pope's Mrs. Howard,) and Mrs. Clive, the actress. The former lived at Marble Hill, a splendid residence built for her by George II., and the latter at Little Strawberry Hill, within five minutes' walk of the skirts of Walpole's lawn. They were both very old women, and great gossips. Mrs. Pritchard, the actress, also lived close at hand, in Ragman's Castle, a cottage near the river, in the purchase of which she outbid the Earl of Litchfield; and Garrick was another of his neighbors; so that Walpole was at no loss for theatrical historiettes when every thing else failed him.

"It is rather a curious trait in Walpole's character that, with such opportunities as he possessed of cultivating the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of his day, he preferred the society of a few old women, who, for the most part, were capable of little more than listening to his disquisitions, or retailing their own adventures. On one occasion he dined with Garrick, admitted that he possessed great social resources, but confessed that he liked his wife better. The Lady Diana Beauclerc was a special favorite with him. She copied some of his pictures for him, gave him drawings to embellish his cabinets, and illustrated the "Mysterious Mother" in a series of sketches. The secret of his admiration for *her* is apparent enough. Old Lady Suffolk used to tell him court stories about the queen and the ministers; Walpole delighted in a little high-life scandal, and her ladyship was not sorry to have so congenial a friend in her decline. Mrs. Clive, too, with her romping spirits, had been so accustomed to flattery all her life, that she could not do without it in the end, and was well content to purchase it from Walpole on any terms. Besides, she had a budget of anecdotes about the players and dramatists — Barry, Mrs. Centlivre, Arthur Murphy, Colley Cibber, and the rest — that must have helped Walpole wonderfully through the twilight, when it was getting too dark for him to work in his niches and china closets. The society of these lively chattering ladies felicitously hit off his peculiarities. They took all his criticisms for granted; they were charmed with his wit; they were astonished at his antiquities; they were strictly deferential to his aristocracy; and they wanted nothing from him. Now, it is quite clear, that, had he been surrounded by men of letters, his criticisms might have been questioned, his wit dined out,

and his antiquities slurred over, while his aristocracy would have gone for nothing, and he might have been every now and then subjected to a loan. His vanity and his pocket alike flew for security to the blind Du Deffand and the deaf Suffolk.

"Yet, although he thus clung to the female sex, he never seems to have entertained the least intention of marriage. He never even suspected himself of a suspicion of the kind. He admitted women, only upon sufferance and good behavior, to a cup of tea or a game of loo, and there the matter ended. It entailed no consequences, no noises in the mornings, no disturbances with servants, no household ceremonies, no settling-days. A Mrs. Walpole — Mrs. Horace Walpole — the Hon. Mrs. Horace Walpole, would have been an unintelligible individuality — an incomprehensible existence — a sort of nonentity.

"Indeed, love was not in Horace's line. He wanted cordiality for it. His sympathies were drawn into the narrowest compass. The only person in the world he seemed to care enough about to make sacrifices for was Field-Marshal Conway. His attachment to Conway began in his youth, and lasted to the hour of his death. It was an unimpeachable friendship. He offered to divide his fortune (or, rather, the income of his sinecures) with Conway when they were both starting in life; and many years afterwards, when Conway was in disgrace, he vindicated his character and conduct in a very able pamphlet — one of the best of his numerous productions, because he was in earnest in it. All this looked like a capacity for strength of feeling; but it was an exception to his whole life. There was nobody else he ever expended so much anxiety upon. His affections were not expansive; they had a perpetual tendency to contraction; and his solitary friendship for Conway was rather an illustration of it than otherwise. Conway was his cousin. He kept his attachments in the family. They went in and in, from the touch of strangers."

The Quack.

The following story exhibits one of the many instances in which people are deceived by quacks:—

There are probably many people now living who remember the celebrated quack doctor Reuben Nathans, who flourished some forty years since, and whose medicines, the "Chinese Balsam of Life," and the "Celebrated Hair-invigorating Lotion," made so much noise at that time. But few, I presume, have heard the anecdote I am about to relate concerning him. When the "doctor's" medicines were first announced to the world, a simple-minded laboring man purchased one bottle of the lotion and another of the balsam, for his wife, who had a consumptive cough of many years' standing, and was beside threatened with the total loss of her hair. The woman used both remedies according to directions, and, as is usual with ignorant people in such cases, thought they were really doing her a vast deal of good. The cough seemed to her to be going away rapidly; she "breathed freer," while her hair appeared to be coming back again thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines; and

when her first lot of balsam was all used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked the man how the medicine operated.

"O, grandly!" replied the husband; "my wife's cough' s e'en-a'most gone, and her hair' s all coming back again as fiery as ever."

"Ah," said the doctor, "that's the way *my* medicines always work. There's no mistake about *them*. They're just what I call them, 'the greatest wonder of the age.' I 'spose you've no objection to give me your affidavit?"

"O, no," replied the man; "that's just what my wife wants me to do."

The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and witnessed. On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose and smelled of it.

"Why, what can this mean?" he exclaimed, in some astonishment; and then, after looking at the label, he smelled of it again. "Why, sir, this isn't 'balsam,' though the label says so, but the 'hair lotion.'"

"Hair lotion or not," replied the man, pointing to the bottle, "that's what cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home is what made her hair grow again."

"Strange! strange!" repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance; "I don't know what to make of it. Will you be kind enough, sir, just to step back and get me the other bottle? the hair lotion, I mean."

The man did so, and soon returned with the lotion bottle. The doctor took it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"And this," said he, "is just as surely the balsam as the other is the lotion. Don't you think there was some mistake on your part, sir? Are you *sure* that what was in this bottle made your wife's hair grow again?"

"Just as sartin as I'm alive," replied the man; "for I always turned it out, while Betsey held the spoon."

The doctor sat down in a chair, and, laying a finger on his nose, seemed buried in profound thought.

"Ah! I see," he at length exclaimed, and, jumping up, he filled the empty bottle again. "There, sir," said he, giving it to the man and hurrying him to the door; "all's right, sir; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone, and you shall have another for nothing."

As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his "confidential" man from the "laboratory."

"Moshes," said he, "we've made a great mistake in our guess work, after all. I've been studying ver' hard lately, and have just discovered that our *lotion* is the stuff to cure the coughs and the consumptions, and the balsam is the besht to make the hair grow. We must change the labels."

"That's unlucky," replied the man, for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send away to-morrow."

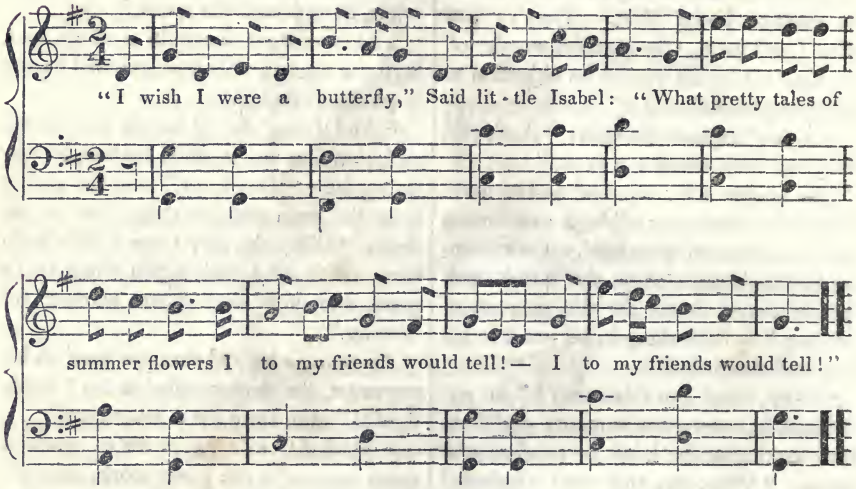
"Vel, vel," said the doctor, "you can change the labels if you have time; if not, send them off as they are. 'Tisn't mosh matter!" — *Knickerbocker.*

To Correspondents.

☞ Our correspondence must be deferred till next month. We have lots of nuts to crack; so prepare for a feast, Black Eyes and Blue!

The Butterfly.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



"I'd never rest upon a rose,
A tulip, or a pink,
But of their varied hues and tints
I afterwards would think.

"I'd rove from morn to setting sun,
And never stop to rest,
Unless it were on some sweet flower
That I might love the best.

"To rest upon a deep red rose
Would give me great delight;
But then I'd love as well to rest
Upon a rose that's white.

"The lily and the primrose pale,
The violet so blue,
I'd stop and give to each a kiss,
As onward still I flew.

"I think you told me once, mamma,
That up, where shines the star,
There is a world of fadeless flowers
More sweet than these by far;—

"And children who are good and pure
May rove amongst them free:
O, if I were but there, mamma,
How happy I should be!"

ERRATUM.—By mistake, the words in the preceding number of the Museum set to music were said to have been composed for this work: they were not original.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. X. DECEMBER, 1845. No. 6

THOUGH the month of December is one which brings gloomy clouds and stormy winds, it is not by any means without its pleasures. The children, not apt to look deeply into the future, are delighted to see the first snow-flakes, and with them the first day on which the "*ice will bear*" is little less than a jubilee. And then that good old generous festival, Christmas, comes on the twenty-fifth of the month, and sour must be the bosom that does not feel the kindly influence of this holiday.

Christmas is the anniversary of Christ's birthday; and it is fit and proper that it should be signalized by deeds of charity, and by a general feeling of good-will to men. In the olden time, the day was noticed by voluptuous eating and deep drinking; and Christmas was then personified as a fat, lusty old guzzler, rising out of a punch-bowl, as is represented in the engraving above. This was a great abuse of this happy fête-day; and it shows how coarse and brutal men may become, even in noticing a religious festivity. At the present day, in foreign countries, Christmas is still celebrated by many foolish observances, and some vicious practices. But, as the world improves,

these evils are mitigated, and Christmas is now generally noticed in a proper manner. It is a day in which our hearts should be thankful for the undeserved blessings we enjoy; for light, and life, and happiness; and, above all, for the gift, beyond price, of Christ's wondrous mission to mankind. Our bosoms being filled with such emotions, we should make this day an occasion of good deeds to the poor, the unfortunate, the wretched; a day of forgiveness to enemies, of charity to all the world.

Exercise.

WITHOUT the regular exercise of the body, its health cannot be maintained: the body becomes weak, the countenance pale and languid, and the spirits depressed and gloomy. Regular bodily exercise, on the contrary, creates a healthy appetite, invigorates the powers of digestion, causes sound and refreshing sleep, a freshness of the complexion, and cheerfulness of the spirits; it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to an advanced age.

During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body, and renders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent for its comfort on artificial heat. The periods of the day best adapted to exercise are early in the morning, and towards the close of the day.

Walking is the most beneficial and most natural exercise, because, in the erect position, every part of the body is free from restraint, while, by the gentle motion communicated to each portion of it, in the act of walking, free circulation is promoted. Next to walking, riding on horseback is the kind of exercise to be preferred.

Many other species of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health; such as working in the garden or in the fields, running, leaping, dancing, and swimming.

Grace.

BE graceful in your manners. The different effect of the same thing, said or done, when accompanied or deserted by graceful manners, is almost inconceivable; for these prepare the way to the heart.

From your own observation, reflect what a disagreeable impression an awkward address, a slovenly figure, an ungraceful manner of speaking,—whether fluttering, muttering, or drawling,—make upon you at first sight, in a stranger, and how they prejudice you against him.

Nicholas Poussin.

THIS distinguished artist was born at Audely, in Normandy, in 1594. He was descended from a noble family, whose fortunes had been ruined by the civil wars in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III. At an early age, he evinced a talent for drawing; and, after forming an acquaintance with Quintin Varin, an artist of some eminence, he induced his father to permit him to adopt painting as a profession.

After having studied for some time at Paris, in the greatest misery, he determined on visiting Rome; but his money failing him, he was forced to return to the French capital. The poor fellow, at this period, was so reduced, that, having met a recruiting party, he determined on enlisting, in order to save himself from starvation; but the sergeant, seeing his thin and haggard appearance, would not accept of his services, deeming him too weak for the hardships of a military life. Thus it is to his apparent weakness, caused most probably by want and discouragement, that we owe the greatest artist that France ever produced. If it had not been for this, what might have been his lot! Poussin, being a man of enterprise, might have become a general, perhaps a marshal of France, for in his time such changes occurred; but it was ordained otherwise; he became a great artist, a profound thinker, a genius, whose works will be appreciated, and whose fame will be acknowledged, in all civilized countries.

The famed Italian poet, Chevalier Marini, being at Paris about this time, was so struck with some of the paintings of Poussin, which he chanced to see, that he sent for him, and, finding that he was not only talented with respect to his art, but that he was a man of superior intellect, with a richly-endowed mind, he invited him to accompany him to Rome.

Nothing could have been so agreeable to Poussin's inclination as such a proposal, for he had long felt an ardent desire to see the metropolis of art; and it would have been gratifying to him to have visited it in company with one so congenial with his own taste; but he was at that time engaged on his picture of "The Death of the Virgin," for the church of Notre Dame, and was therefore under the necessity of declining the invitation, promising, however, that he would follow him to Italy as soon as circumstances would permit him.

In 1624, he found himself at liberty to indulge in his ardent inclination; and, on his arrival at Rome, was kindly received by the poet, who introduced him to Cardinal Barberini, nephew of the pope. This, however, was of no immediate advantage to him, as the cardinal soon after left Rome, on his legation to France and Spain. About the same time his friend the Chevalier Marini died — thus leaving the painter in a foreign land, without friends and without money, a stranger and unfriended, in a large city where his growing abilities were not known. It was therefore with difficulty that he could maintain himself by the produce of his works, which he was obliged to dispose of at a price scarcely defraying the expense of color and canvass. Reduced to a state of indigence and obscurity, which would have turned the love of a less courageous admirer of the art into disgust and despondency, he comforted himself with the reflection that he could subsist on little — that he was still at Rome, where he could indulge himself in the study of Raphael and of the masterpieces of his art.

At this period he formed an intimacy with the eminent sculptor, Frances du Quesnoy, whose finances were not in a more flourishing state than his own. He lived in the same house, studied with him, and modeled after the most celebrated statues and bass-reliefs.

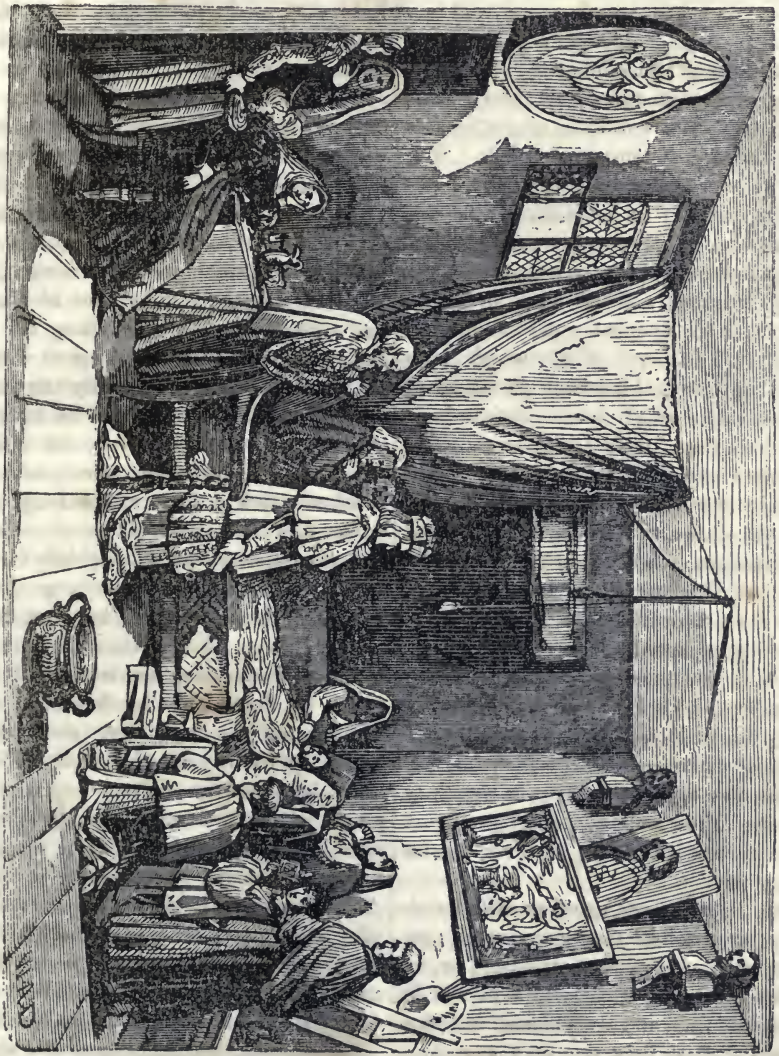
The Cardinal Barberini, immediately after his embassy, engaged Poussin to execute some works for him; and, if the patronage of that prelate did not load him with riches, it at least rescued him from poverty. He painted his celebrated pictures of "The Death of Germanicus," and "The Taking of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus," so much to the satisfaction of his employer, that he procured for him the commission to paint, for St. Peter's, "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," now in the pontifical palace of Mount Cavallo: thus the reputation of Poussin spread over Flanders, Spain, Italy, and France, and orders were sent to him from all these countries. The Cardinal of Richelieu, having purchased his famed picture of "The Pest," wished to have others, and resolved on inducing him to come to Paris. He received this commission with regret, for he was wedded to the great objects by which he was surrounded, and it was not till he had a letter written by the king, Louis XIII., assuring him of his favor and protection, that he acceded to the request.

On his arrival, he was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for the chapel of St. Germain en Laye, when he produced his admirable work of "The Last Supper." He was afterwards engaged to decorate the Gallery of the Louvre, but had no sooner prepared the designs, representing "The Labors of Hercules," than he was attacked by the machinations of Fouet and his adherents; and even Foquiers, the landscape painter, presumed to criticize his works and to detract from their merits. Disgusted with these cabals, he turned a longing eye to the quiet felicity he had abandoned at Rome, and in the year 1642 he returned to the emporium of art, under the pretext that he was going there to settle his domestic affairs. From that time he confined himself chiefly to pictures of an easel size, for which he had a continued demand; and, although constantly employed, he never charged high for them; if more (which was often the case) was sent than the moderate sum which he had marked on the back of the picture, he always returned it. This great painter, like genius in general, preferred a state of tranquil mediocrity to ostentation; and it is reported by Felibien, "that the Cardinal Mancini, who frequently visited him, having staid later than usual, Poussin lighted him to his carriage with a lamp in his hand.

"'I pity you, Poussin,' said the cardinal, 'that you have not one domestic for such an office."

"'And I,' Poussin replied, 'pity your excellency much more for being obliged to keep so many.'"

During a period of twenty-three years after his return to Rome from Paris, he continued to enrich the cabinets of Europe with his pictures, which will be regarded as their principal ornaments. In retirement and study, this celebrated artist and humane man reached his seventy-first year, when he died from an attack of paralysis. His death-bed was surrounded by persons of the highest rank, testifying their sympathy. His funeral was attended by the principal painters of Rome, with a great number of the inhabitants, thus paying the last tribute of respect to the shade of departed genius. He was buried, according to his desire, in the church of St. Laurent, in Lucina.



Death of Nicholas Poussin.

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

[Continued from p. 326.]

CHAPTER V.

CIRCASSIA, as I have intimated before, has no sovereign prince, or chief magistrate. The chieftains of the highest rank are denominated *pshees*. The will of every pshee is a law to his followers, and they do his bidding, whatever it may be. Wherever he presents his rifle, a hundred others are presented in the same direction; and the booty which he collects in his wars is the reward of their fidelity. The mode of life which these chieftains have led has been the cause of the bad name which the Circassians have obtained from their neighbors. The prisoners obtained in their wars have established a servile class in the country; and the slaves, whose beauty in ancient and modern times brought so high a price at Constantinople, have been at once the provocatives and the victims of their depredations.

The second class consists of the *ouzdens*, or nobles. These men, although they never mingle their blood by intermarriage with the inferior ranks, or freemen, yet are no way superior to them in wealth or power. Their only advantage, so far as I could understand it, consists in an empty title.

One circumstance struck me as exceedingly singular in the manners of the Circassians. There are, or should be, no bachelors among them. If a man is in want of a wife, and finds himself too poor to buy one, as they are very expensive articles, his society raise a subscription for him. These wives, when their husbands die, revert to the joint-stock company, who dispose of them again, as they think proper.

The reader may now feel curious to know how I succeeded in my trading projects. To tell the truth, I must say that Circassia did not seem to be the country for large mercantile operations. A Yankee pedler might, indeed, get rid of a tolerably rich stock of notions, by perambulating the country; but he would find a great difficulty in realizing the result of his sales, in a convenient shape. As the Circassians have hardly any trade among themselves, they have no money. As they have neither mines, nor manufactures, nor agriculture, their stock of articles which possess an exchangeable value, must be very small.

I proceeded on my journey into the interior, hoping to find something like a town or large settlement; but none such met my view. I was compelled to put off my wares along the road, and this could be done only by bartering my trinkets for the very few productions which the country afforded, such as foxskins, beeswax, &c. There was another article which I was not so willing to take, namely, women, although they may be considered as the staple of the country. A fine bargain was offered me of a beautiful young girl of seventeen, whom I might have sold, as they told me, at Constantinople, at a profit of a hundred per cent. I had no notion of making such a purchase; but I pretended to chaffer about her, merely to learn their notions of this sort of traffic. On being admitted to a

sight of her, she proved to be extremely handsome, but was frightened absolutely out of her wits at the thought of being sold to an American, a species of person of whom she knew no more than she did of the Hottentots or the Chinese. This, however, was not the sole cause of her fright. Another fellow, whom I strongly suspected of a design to speculate in her himself, had been telling her a heap of bugbear stories about me. He informed her that the Americans were all ogres and cannibals; that we ate little boys for breakfast, young girls for dinner, and old gentlemen for supper; that the luckiest fate which could betide her, in my hands, was to be nicely pickled and peppered, and served up cold at a temperance tea-party. You may be sure that I laughed heartily when I heard all this; but it was not so easy to quiet her apprehensions of being devoured, and it was only when I gave her repeated assurances of my design not to purchase her that she began to recover from the fright.

A scene quite characteristic of the country presented itself to my view on the fourth day of my journey. This day had been sultry, and my ride through a very wild region, unenlivened by the sight of towns or villages, was lonely and silent. Towards evening, I came suddenly upon a sort of rural encampment. The cool evening breeze had begun to impart a balmy freshness to the atmosphere, and the sylvan and secluded aspect of the spot, contrasted with the warlike appearance of the inhabitants, presented a scene of mingled interest at once soothing and exciting. The herds of cattle, just driven in from pasturing, had partly filled the court-yard, and were scampering hither and thither, with a troop of children and dogs at their heels. A number of strapping girls, half veiled and loosely clad, were busily engaged in milking the cows and goats. Mixed up with them, reposing on the green turf, collected in clusters, or sauntering about, were the robust and martial figures of the mountaineers, some washing their hands and feet for the evening prayer, some engaged in graceful evolutions, some with their short wooden pipes in their mouths, some singing, and others telling stories of their day's adventures. As the night drew on, this scene was diversified by the brilliant sparkling of the fire-flies, as they flitted among the shadows of the tall trees, while the dusky forms of the warriors were seen stretched beneath them, wrapped in their shaggy capotes. Meantime, the nightingales sang in the most lively strains; but their harmonious concert was seriously disturbed by the growling of innumerable dogs, the croaking of frogs, and the shrill howling of troops of jackals, which came prowling around our quarters in search of prey.

Next morning the camp broke up, and I continued my route in company with the warriors. At every step, our eyes were struck with the spectacle of the ravages of war. The trees, in every winding of the valley through which we passed, were scarred with cannon and musket-shot. On one broad-breasted oak, I counted the marks of more than thirty balls. The Circassians in my company seemed anxious that I should understand it was not by their rifles the trees had been so severely wounded; for they are not in the habit of throwing away their shot, and

seldom fire unless sure of their aim. I could see, also, that the balls had been carefully extracted from the trees, and in fact I concluded, from the scarcity of lead, that their chief supply is obtained in this manner. On the trunks of many of the trees were carved crosses, sabres, and other similar devices, indicating that Russian officers had been interred at their feet. These sylvan monuments were scattered along the whole line of march. In other places we found barrows containing heaps of the vulgar slain, who had been buried indiscriminately. The more open country presented recent traces of the enemy's encampments; black spots, where the herbage had been burned by the fires of the bivouacs, and stakes driven into the ground for the pickets. Up and down the country were strewed the ruins of houses and cottages, which had been set on fire and abandoned by the inhabitants on the approach of the Russian armies.

If this scene of ruthless destruction was afflicting to a stranger, who had been only for a moment impressed by the beauties of the Circassian landscape, what must it have been to those whose sympathies and attachments had been associated with it from earliest infancy — the natives of this beautiful country, who, instead of a scene of peaceful repose, — the place of their familiar haunts, and old hereditary trees, where they and their forefathers had sat in council, — now gazed on the marks of rapine and desolation, and the tents of the destroyer!

We approached very near the Russian encampment, and could distinctly see their tents pitched in long white rows, in front of which the soldiers were drawn up in line, and, as we could discern with our telescopes, were eating their dinner, with their guns stacked within reach, in case of an alarm. Not caring to meddle with such troublesome neighbors, I pursued my journey, and, leaving the lofty heights which had afforded me this interesting prospect, I once more sought the shelter of the valleys. I put up for the night at the habitation of a person who had taken up a temporary abode in a secluded spot overhanging a waterfall, which tumbled over the rocks into the recess of a deep mountain glen. About a month before, he had, with his own hands, set fire to the buildings of a very rich farming establishment, which he occupied some miles distant, as the Russians approached, and fled into this wild solitude. He seemed already to have made himself at home in his new locality, where, having plenty of wood, water, and pasturage, he had little more to desire. He had constructed a comfortable house, with granaries for his corn and folds for his cattle. The guest-house was not yet quite completed; it wanted its coat of plaster, and resembled a square cage of wicker-work. Still it served very well for a summer house, and the cheerful alacrity with which the people set about administering to my comfort strewing the floor with fresh leaves, and spreading mats and cushions, made up for all deficiencies. The scenery in this spot was extremely wild; but, higher up the valley, the forest had every where yielded to the inroads of cultivation, opening wide into sunny glades, pastures, and cornfields, and betraying, by the smoke that curled over them in every part, the dwellings of man. It was chiefly, how-

ever, in the glens and gorges winding into the very heart of the mountains, that the permanent habitations of the natives were situated. Thus fortified by these mighty bulwarks heaving and towering all around, and in the very midst of the Russian armies, this romantic valley presented to the eye a picture of repose, a little Arcadia of pastoral beauty, with nothing in sight to disturb a feeling of security.

I spent several days here, in the course of which I was visited by every man, as I suppose, in the neighborhood. One morning, as I went out, I found extraordinary preparations were in hand for something or other. On inquiry, I found it was a sort of "Boz dinner," or a general entertainment, got up as a greeting to my honorable self. Although not at all accustomed to cut a figure on public occasions, yet I had no resource but to submit, and pocket the compliment. A green arbor had been constructed as a canopy to shelter the guests from the beams of the sun, which are here excessively powerful. Cushions, mats, and carpets, were spread upon the grass, and on these we reclined at our ease. The cooing of the stockdoves, and the murmuring of the mountain-stream, stealing on its way through the adjacent groves, added to the soft and dreamy tranquillity of the scene. It is unnecessary to describe the dishes that were served up, the speeches spoken, the "sentiments" delivered, and the modest diffidence with which I bore these blushing honors. It is enough to say, in the language of the newspapers, that "the whole went off with great hilarity and good feeling." I must add, however, that although the tickets to the dinner were free, mine cost me a pretty penny, in the way of presents; for I discovered, before the party separated, that I was expected to bestow some small token of my regard upon various distinguished men who had done themselves the pleasure and me the honor of attending the "Trotter Festival."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDERICK THE GREAT, who was a man of some vulgar and uncouth notions, was in the habit of spending his afternoons drinking beer, and smoking a pipe, in a little island on the Spree. A few of his ministers were generally invited to meet him at the low tavern, and there they used to discuss various political topics. In one of these meetings, a minister of the Emperor Charles VI. sat between his majesty and his prime minister. The king's wrath became excited by an answer made by the Austrian, and, as his fist was more ready for a reply than his tongue, he gave him a box on the ear. M. de Siekendorf, without hesitation, gave a sounder one still to the Prussian minister, and said, "Pass it on!"

ELIZABETH, empress of Russia, used to travel with amazing velocity. In winter, she performed the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, a distance of 200 leagues, in forty-eight hours. The imperial sledge, which was provided with a "fourneau," stove, a card-table, and a sofa, was drawn by twelve noble steeds, each pair of which had a postilion. This equipage was followed by a dozen grooms, each provided with

a fresh horse, in order to replace those that dropped through fatigue and exhaustion. Before the departure of this extraordinary *cortége*, the roads were all minutely examined, and the snow brought to so smooth a surface that scarcely an indentation was to be discerned.

The Island of Chusan.

In a former number of the Museum, (vol. vi. p. 99,) we gave some account of Hong Kong, one of the islands taken by the British in their late war with China. We now give a view of the harbor of Chusan, another Chinese island captured during the same contest. This lies at the mouth of the great river Yeang-tze-Kiang, and was esteemed, for many reasons, a place of much importance.

The first attack on this island was made in June, 1840, and soon after the large city of Tinghai was taken. The following account, derived from the journal of a British officer, describes this place, immediately after the capture of the island.

"The town of Tinghai, or Tinghai-neen, lies at the mouth of a valley, or rather gorge, imbosomed in luxuriant paddy, except towards the rear, where is a beautiful hill. The whole place is encircled with fortifications, and the neighboring heights are clothed with wild shrubs, most of which are tea-plants. The wall is about sixteen feet in thickness, and twenty feet in height, and has four gates; and surrounding it, except at the north-west angle, is a canal, which serves as a ditch to the fortification. Two powder-magazines were found neatly packed and filled with ammunition, and with implements for the manufacture of powder. On the walls were mounted gingalls and cannon of various calibres, but none exceeding a nine-pounder; and wall-pieces with shifting breeches, each having eight or nine spare breeches attached to it, ready loaded.

"The streets are narrow, and many of the houses dry-rubbed and polished outside; but the roofs are the most picturesque part of the buildings. Many of the respectable houses have pretty gardens attached to them, with a high wall shutting them out entirely from the town. The interior of some of the houses was found beautifully furnished and carved: one, that is now inhabited by the governor, and believed to be the property of a literary character, was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments opened round the centre court, which is neatly tiled. The doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof, are carved in the most chaste and delicate style; and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to execute. The furniture was in the same keeping, denoting a degree of taste the Chinese have not, in general, credit for with us. The bed-places in the sleeping apartments of the ladies were large dormitories, for they can hardly be called beds: at one corner of the room is a separate chamber, about eight feet square and the same in height, the exterior of this is usually painted red, carved, and gilt; the entrance is through a circular aperture three feet in diameter, with sliding panels; in the interior is a

View of the Island of Chusan.

couch of large proportions covered with a soft mat and thick curtains of mandarin silk; the inside of the bed is polished and painted, and a little chair and table are the remaining furniture of this extraordinary dormitory. Many of the public buildings excited great astonishment among those who fancied they were in a half-barbarous country. Their public arsenals were found stocked with weapons of every description, placed with the greatest neatness and regularity in their different compartments. The clothes for the soldiers were likewise ticketed, labelled, and packed in large presses; and the arrows, which from their size and strength drew particular attention, were carefully and separately arranged. To each arsenal is attached a fire-engine, similar to those used in our own country. The government pawnbroker's shop was also a source of interest; in it were found dresses and articles of every kind, evidently things belonging to the upper as well as the lower classes, for many of the furs here taken were of valuable descriptions. Each article had the owner's name attached, and the date of its being pawned. This is another of the plans of the local government for raising their supplies."

The town is intersected with canals, which run at the back of many of the principal streets, and communicate with the suburbs and port. The joss-houses of Tinghai are surpassed by none in China. In the great temples, some of the figures are upwards of fifteen feet high; one of the smaller images was the figure of a woman, with a glory round her head and a child at her breast, which may have been taken from pictures of the Virgin which the Chinese formerly obtained from the Jesuit missionaries. A white elephant was likewise much noticed, it being hitherto known only as a figure of worship in Burmah and Siam.

Very few women were found in any of the houses; although, as it afterwards appeared, whole families of Chinese were then residing in the town locked up in their dwellings, and were not discovered until the ulterior occupation of the city by the troops for winter quarters. All the women seen here had the little feet which, to the south, characterize the higher orders; and they made use of a crutch when walking. Many of the silks taken in the houses of mandarins and persons of wealth were magnificently embroidered.

A Night's Adventure.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

"HIST! hist! are you still there?"

"We are, both of us. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, the wretch! I have tried for the last time to obtain from him—you know what: he received me no better than usual. So now, since extremities have become indispensable, let us proceed as agreed upon. Kirmann, courage, my boy! 'Tis close upon the stroke of twelve: he will then go out: follow, till you see him entering a dark and deserted street, then pounce upon him, hand to wrist, and make him deliver up the objects in question. No pity, my friends! swear that you will have none."

"We swear!"

"'Tis well; I shall be near at hand, and watch the result."

The three individuals thus conversing did not present the ordinary resemblance to malefactors. One of them — he who would appear to direct the enterprise — seemed to be a good sort of citizen, well clothed, healthy, of honest dimensions, and such a one as you may see every day in any frequented street, with a full handkerchief under his arm, or an empty one in his hand. Something observable in the gait, starched look, and apparently disjointed haunches, would lead you to believe that this man employed himself at some *very* common trade, which, that we may make no mistake, we shall not yet name.

The smaller of the remaining two had one of the most grotesque faces you can conceive. His projecting proboscis, trussed up between the eyes, might prove that nature had not forgotten to make some noses for the convenience of spectacles. His mouth was encircled with scanty and large teeth, and, add to all this, he was humpbacked. By the unsteady glimmer of a lamp swinging in the night wind, it was not impossible to perceive that the keen sight of the dwarf glanced with delight upon a pistol which he held in his right hand.

The third personage, owing to his physical conformation, partook, in some manner, of a relationship between his two associates. Gaunt, withered, and cadaverous-looking, his left arm raised as if to point his weapon at the breast of a giant, it gave him no distant resemblance to a gibbet. Ever and anon he was quaking. Was it from cold or fear? It struck the hour of midnight.

From a house well known in the quarter of St. Martin slowly poured out nearly a dozen men. The two suborned individuals, ever on the alert, were issuing at intervals, for the purpose of reconnoitring, from the dark alley which they had chosen for concealment; they were obliged at least twenty times to go back and wait anew. At length, they espied the being of their search. It was a kind of fashionable animal, frizzed, scented, and adopting a peculiar tie of the cravat. He crossed over to the other side of the street, shivering, and humming an air, and was soon lost in one of the narrow cross-streets. He walked on rapidly, as if to avoid coming in contact with another wayfarer, whose heavy footsteps sounded not far off; but, changing all at once from the disposition of dread to that of boldness, he suddenly stopped short, and allowed sufficient time for those to come up who were effectually pursuing him.

"Halt!" cries one of them: "money or life!"

"Eh? what? eh?"

"Money or life!"

And the mouths of two pistols were presented, the one at his hat, the other at the height of his stomach.

"Speak but a word, and you are a dead man!" chimed in the two voices.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen! I have nothing to give you. I possess but this watch, and 'tis a pinchbeck one."

"In that case, then, off with your clothes!"

"Do, kind gentlemen, be content with my hat. I have of late made the dearest sacrifices to clothe myself. My poor aged mother denied herself her little earnings to pay for my outfit."

"Liar! off with your coat, and no delay, or else —— Ah, to commence, throw away that switch."

"There, then, gentlemen — there is my beautiful superfine black coat and velvet collar; you can get a hundred and twenty francs for it any where, if the tailor has not deceived me."

"Now, your vest."

"Would you send me away *en chemise?*"

"Now, off with the rest."

"O merciful Heaven! the sole pair I possess! for pity's sake, gentlemen, for pity!" A peal of laughter answered his supplication; and the same voice continued, —

"Away with you, and beware how you look behind you!"

The bird so strangely plucked of his plumage waited not for a second injunction. He sped on his course, propelled forward by the fresh morning breeze, and a slight crack of a whip, which descended on his shoulders as he was turning the first corner. He received, the following morning, by the earliest post, a billet thus penned: —

"Considering you as much a coward as a swindler, I contrived last night to set my two journeymen, Paul and Kirmann, across your path, each furnished with a chocolate pistol. You might have supped off them. I had them previously attested by my worthy friend, the commissary of police. You preferred restoring the clothes with which I had furnished you, and for which you had refused paying me. You have done right, for we are now quits. Get angry, if you choose, and receive the felicitations of your very humble servant,

"YOUR TAILOR."

A Persian Fable.*

IN former days, there was an old woman, who lived in a hut more confined than the minds of the ignorant, and more dark than the tombs of misers. Her companion was a cat, from the mirror of whose imagination the appearance of bread had never been reflected, nor had she from friends or strangers ever heard its name. It was enough that she now and then scented a mouse, or observed the print of its feet upon the floor. When, blessed by favoring stars, or benignant fortune, one fell into her claws, she became like a beggar who discovers a treasure of gold; her cheeks glowed with rapture, and past grief was consumed by present joy. This feast would last for a week or more; and while enjoying it, she was wont to exclaim, "Am I, O God! when I contemplate this, in a dream, or awake? Am I to experience such prosperity after such adversity?"

But, as the dwelling of the old woman was in general the mansion of famine to this cat, she was always complaining, and forming extravagant and fanciful schemes. One day, when reduced to extreme weakness, she with much exertion reached the top of the hut; when there, she observed a cat stalking on the wall of a neighbor's house, which, like a fierce tiger, advanced with measured steps, and was so loaded with flesh that she could hardly raise her feet. The old woman's friend was amazed to see one of her own species so fat and sleek, and broke out into the following exclamation: —

* Literally translated from the Persian, by Sir John Malcolm.

"Your stately strides have brought you here at last; pray tell me from whence you came — from whence you have arrived with so lovely an appearance. You look as if from the banquet of the khan of Khatai. Where have you acquired such a comeliness? and how came you by that glorious strength?"

The other answered, "I am the sultan's crumb-eater. Each morning, when they spread the convivial table, I attend at the palace, and there exhibit my address and courage. From among the rich meats and wheat-cakes, I cull a few choice morsels; I then retire, and pass my time till next day in delightful indolence." The old dame's cat requested to know what "rich meat" was, and what taste "wheat-cakes" had. "As for me," she added, in a melancholy tone, "during my life, I have neither ate nor seen any thing but the old woman's gruel, and the flesh of mice." The other, smiling, said, "This accounts for the difficulty I find in distinguishing you from a spider. Your shape and stature are such as must make the whole generation of cats blush; and we must ever feel ashamed while you carry so miserable an appearance abroad. You certainly have the ears and tail of a cat; but in other respects you are a complete spider. Were you to see the sultan's palace, and to smell his delicious viands, most undoubtedly those withered bones would be restored; you would receive new life; you would come from behind the curtain of invisibility into the plain of observation: when the perfume of his beloved passes over the tomb of a lover, is it wonderful that his putrid bones should be reanimated?"

The old woman's cat addressed the other in the most supplicating manner: "O my sister!" she exclaimed, "have I not the sacred claims of a neighbor upon you? Are we not linked in the ties of kindred? What prevents your giving a proof of friendship, by taking me with you when next you visit the palace? Perhaps from your favor plenty may flow to me, and from your patronage I may attain dignity and honor. Withdraw not from the friendship of the honorable; abandon not the support of the elect."

The heart of the sultan's crumb-eater was melted by this pathetic address. She promised her new friend should accompany her on the next visit to the palace. The latter, overjoyed, went down immediately from the terrace, and communicated every particular to the old woman, who addressed her with the following counsel: "Be not deceived, my dearest friend, with the worldly language you have listened to: abandon not your corner of content; for the cup of the covetous is only to be filled by the dust of the grave, and the eye of cupidity and hope can only be closed by the needle of mortality and the thread of fate. It is content that makes men rich. Mark this, ye avaricious, who traverse the world. He neither knows or pays adoration to his God, who is dissatisfied with his condition and fortune." But the expected feast had taken such possession of poor puss's imagination, that the medicinal counsel of the old woman was thrown away. The good advice of all the world is like wind in a cage, or water in a sieve, when bestowed on the headstrong.

To conclude: Next day, accompanied by her companion, the half-starved cat hobbled to the sultan's palace. Before

this unfortunate wretch came, as it is decreed that the covetous shall be disappointed, an extraordinary event had occurred, and, owing to her evil destiny, the water of disappointment was poured on the flame of her immature ambition. The case was this: A whole legion of cats had, the day before, surrounded the feast, and made so much noise, that they disturbed the guests, and, in consequence, the sultan had ordered that some archers, armed with bows from Tartary, should, on this day, be concealed, and that whatever cat advanced into the field of valor, covered with the shield of audacity, should, on eating the first morsel, be overtaken with their arrows. The old dame's puss was not aware of this order. The moment the flavor of the viands reached her, she flew like an eagle to the place of her prey. Scarcely had the weight of a mouthful been placed in the scale to balance her hunger, when a heart-dividing arrow pierced her breast. A stream of blood rushed from the wound. She fled, in dread of death, after having exclaimed — "Should I escape from this terrific archer, I will be satisfied with my mouse, and the miserable hut of my old mistress. My soul rejects the honey if accompanied by the sting. Content, with the most frugal fare, is preferable."

METAPHYSICS. — A Scotch blacksmith, being asked the meaning of *metaphysics*, explained it as follows: "When the party who listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himsel, that is metaphysics."

Letter from Dr. Darwin's Cat to Miss Seward's Cat.

WRITTEN BY DR. DARWIN.

Litchfield Vicarage, Nov. 8, 1780.

DEAR MISS PUSSY: As I sat the other day basking myself in the sun in the Dean's Walk, and saw you in your stately window, washing your beautiful round face and elegant brinded ears with your velvet paws, and whisking about, with graceful sinuosity, your meandering tail, that treacherous hedgehog, Cupid, concealed himself behind your tabby beauties, and shot one of his too well-aimed quills, and pierced — O cruel imp! — my fluttering heart.

Ever since that fatal hour have I watched day and night in my balcony, hoping that the stillness of the starlight evening might induce you to take the air on the leads of your house. Many serenades have I sung under your window, and with the sound of my shrill voice made the whole vicarage reëcho through all its winding lanes and dirty alleys.

All heard me but my cruel fair one! She, wrapped in fur, sat purring with contented insensibility, or slept with untroubled dreams.

Though I cannot boast the shining tortoise-shell that clothes my fair brinded charmer; though I cannot boast those delicate varieties of melody, with which you sometimes ravish the ear of night, and stay the listening stars; though you sleep hourly, lulled on the lap of the Muses, or patted by those fair fingers which hold the pen of science, and every day, with her permission, dip your white

whiskers in delicious cream! — nor am I utterly destitute of all advantages of birth and beauty derived from Persian kings, my white fur still retains the splendor and softness of their ermine. This morning I sat upon the doctor's tea-table, and saw my features reflected in the slop-basin, my long white whiskers, ivory teeth, and topaz eyes; — and sure the slop-basin does not flatter me, which shows the azure flowers upon its border less beauteous than they are.

You know not, dear Miss Pussy, the value of the heart you slight. New milk have I in flowing streams, and mice pent up in twenty garrets for your food and your amusement. — O, permit me this afternoon to lay at your divine feet the head of an immense Norway rat, who has even now stained my paws with his gore. If you will do me the honor to sing the following in the evening, I will bring a band of cat-gut and cat-caul to accompany you in chorus.

1 Cats I scorn, who, sleek and fat,
Shiver at a Norway rat:
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the cat that's made for me; —

2 He whose nervous paw can take
My lady's lapdog by the neck;
With furious hiss attack the hen,
And snatch a chicken from the pen.

3 If the treacherous swain should prove
Rebellious to my tender love,
My scorn the vengeful paw shall dart,
Shall tear his fur, and pierce his heart.

Chorus. — Quow, wow, qual, waw, mow.

"Deign, most adorable charmer, to purr your assent to this my request; and believe me to be, with the most profound respect, your true admirer,

SNOW.

Talleyrand.

CHARLES MAURICE TALLEYRAND DE PERIGORD, was one of the most wonderful men of modern times. He was born at Paris, in 1754; and, being lame and feeble from his birth, he was educated for the church. By the influence of his family, he obtained rapid promotion, and, at the age of thirty-five, he was bishop of Autun.

In 1789, he was a member of the French Assembly, and joined heartily in the revolutionary movements of that body. He not only aided in measures calculated to prostrate the clergy, but joined in the movements of the period, which set religion wholly aside, and substituted human reason as the supreme guide of society.

But at last the times became too stormy

for his timid disposition; and, accordingly, he fled to England, being able to save only a small part of his large fortune. The British government were jealous of him, and he was obliged to quit the country. In this dilemma, he came to the United States, where he spent some time.

After the fall of Robespierre, and the termination of the reign of terror, Talleyrand went back to Paris, and was made minister of foreign affairs, the government being then in the hands of the Directory. In this capacity, he was engaged in a shabby attempt to extort money from our American envoys who arrived in Paris in 1797. "France wants money," said the minister, "and must have it." This affair became public, and the popular clamor against the minister caused his dismissal from office.

The disposition of Talleyrand led him to avoid taking a bold and open part; and he always sought to obtain power by fixing upon some leading character, to whom he made himself useful, thus promoting his own ambition. For this reason he espoused the cause of Bonaparte, and, when the latter became consul, the former was again appointed minister of foreign affairs. From this period till 1807, Talleyrand was Napoleon's chief counsellor; but at this date a coolness took place between them, which was never removed. The ex-minister had gained the title of Prince of Benevento, and acquired an immense fortune, and was therefore a man of consequence. But he was remarkable for his satirical wit, and, being a person of great taste and refinement, he was rather disgusted with the rude manners of some of Napoleon's new-made lords and ladies. He did not spare his sarcasms; and as they were very biting, and were repeated as good jests through all Europe, he became an object of no little hatred: at the same time, his great sagacity, and talents for political intrigue, made him equally feared. An instance of his penetration of mind, and talent for significant remark, was furnished when Bonaparte set out for the conquest of Russia, with near half a million of men. "This," said he, "is the beginning of the end." And such it proved, the beginning of that downfall which was consummated three years after at Waterloo.

When the allied armies, in 1814, entered Paris, the Russian emperor, Alexander, took lodgings at the house of the Prince of Benevento. From this time the latter joined the interest of the Bourbons, and, when Louis XVIII. was restored, he became his prime minister. In 1830, he was sent to England as ambassador, which place he held till 1835. On his return to Paris, he became a private citizen, and so continued till his death.

The last days of this extraordinary man corresponded with his previous career. Like Richelieu and Mazarin, he died surrounded by a crowd, and his death-bed scene had all the appearance of a political levee.

The first symptoms of the complaint which carried him off were a shivering fit and repeated vomiting. He underwent an operation at the loins with great fortitude, merely once saying, "You give me great pain." He was perfectly aware of his danger. Having asked his medical men if they thought they could cure him, they rightly estimated his strength of mind, and told him at once that he

ought to put his affairs in order, and for the future attend to nothing but the care of his health. Being in his eighty-fifth year, his strength was soon exhausted by the disease.

The afternoon of Thursday, the 17th of May, 1838, will be noted as the date of the prince's death. He expired at four o'clock, the immediate cause of his dissolution being gangrene.

He had for some time prepared, and addressed to the pope, a written retraction of his conduct at the famous ceremony of the Federation, where he forgot his episcopal ordination, and condescended to bless that democratic festival. He received absolution; and, extreme unction being administered, he died in the peace of the Catholic church, although the archbishop of Paris, to whom he had sent a copy of his letter to the pope, kept aloof from his bedside. Louis Philippe, however, visited the death-bed of the veteran statesman, whose respect for etiquette and courtly ideas was manifest in his dying moments. He insisted on presenting the king to all who happened to be with him, and, in the true aristocratic spirit of his order, he acknowledged the royal visit, not as the act of warm private friendship, but as "a *great honor* done to his house." Madame Adelaide, sister of the king, also visited the prince, and M. Thiers, and Count Mole, with other distinguished public characters, attended his last moments.

His funeral took place amidst great pomp and magnificence. The body was laid in the church of the Assumption, and the masses said were short. At the four corners of the hearse walked Marshal Soult, Count Mole, Chancellor Pasquier, and the Duke de Broglie; and immediately afterwards came the clergy, the ministers, the *corps diplomatique*, the peers, deputies, members of the institute, and the civil and military authorities, all dressed in their state costumes and walking uncovered.

After all, the best and most truly earned fame of Talleyrand is that of an epigrammatist. His remarks were pointed arrows, which he knew how to fling effectively from his retreat or his palace of the Rue St. Florentine, and which were always found to imbody in a few words the current judgment. Yet his wit was the wit of intellect, not of temperament. It was full of meaning; always suggestive of thought; most frequently caustic. His reserve, probably constitutional, but heightened by the circumstances of his early life, and cultivated upon principle, was impenetrable. In advanced life, it seemed even to have affected his physical appearance.

It has been said, that, when at rest, but for his glittering eye, it would have been difficult to feel certain that it was not a statue that was placed before you. When his sonorous voice broke upon the ear, it was like a possessing spirit speaking from a graven image. Even in comparatively early life, his power of banishing all expression from his countenance, and the soft and heavy appearance of his features, was remarked as contrasting strangely with the manly energy indicated by his deep and powerful voice. Mirabeau, in the beginning, Napoleon at the close of the revolution, threw him into the shade; but he outlasted both. The secret of his power was patience and pertinacity; and his life has the appearance of being pre-

ternaturally lengthened out when we recollect the immense number of widely-removed characters and events of which he was the contemporary.

"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER II.

[Continued from p. 329.]

THE funeral of old Karl was not a matter of great ceremony, and was soon over; yet it made a deep impression upon his son. When it was past, and the boy came back to his home, the place seemed even more desolate than the grave. The old black cat, now his only companion, more lank and lean than ever, looked upon him, with her large green eyes, in a manner so anxious and wistful as to excite a gush of sympathy in the child's bosom. Reaching forth his hands, he took her to his bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. This gave him some relief; but when evening arrived, his sense of desolation became overpowering. Feeling that he could remain there no longer, he took his cap, and sallied forth, scarcely knowing whither he went. By a kind of instinct, his feet took the path to the graveyard, and in a short time Jacob was standing by the heap of fresh earth, beneath which his father lay. He sat down, and old Fire-eyes, having followed him, took up her position on a moss-covered tombstone, close by.

Jacob's eyes were now dry, but his heart was burdened with unspeakable sorrow. He sat for a long time musing upon his own fate and his father's memory. After a time, his eyes wandered to the scene around, — to the gravestones that stood erect, or inclined at various angles, in the field before him. He then looked a while at the stones, and finally, resting his head upon his folded arms, he fell asleep. He then dreamed of many things, passing, in wild confusion, before him. At length he seemed to be again at home, and his father to be on his death-bed. The old man was faint and gasping; but he whispered something about a heap of gold and silver buried deep in the cellar, and hidden beneath a stone; and finally, as he was breathing his last, he seemed to exclaim,— "*Jacob, take care of Number One!*"

At this point of his dream the boy awoke. Finding himself cold and stiff, he arose, and, followed by the cat, returned toward his miserable dwelling. As he was approaching the hut, he thought he saw the glimmering of a light within the house. He advanced cautiously, and, peeping in at a hole, saw a man, with a candle, descending into the cellar. Here the latter began to throw aside a heap of boards and sticks; and at last, lifting a large stone, he stooped down, and drew from a cavity in the ground a heavy sack. Taking a peep into the mouth of the bag, the man's eyes seemed to expand, as if he enjoyed a sudden glimpse of Paradise. As he turned his head from this view, he caught a sight of old Fire-eyes, who, by this time, had entered a corner of the cellar, where she stood glaring at the thief, with a look of awful wonder. The man's hand trembled, his teeth chattered, the bag slipped from his fingers, and fell to the earth with a clash, which seemed to declare the riches of

its contents. At this, the old cat fled, and the robber, getting courage, clutched the sack, tied it up hastily, and, looking warily around, left the cottage and strode across the fields. Jacob marked his countenance well, and the image was too deeply stamped upon his mind ever to be effaced.

The boy now entered his cottage, and though, for a time, his mind was greatly agitated with the scene he had just witnessed, he at last threw himself upon his humble bed, and fell asleep. The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke. The day was fair and bright. The shadows of the night had fled, and Jacob felt, even amid the scenes of his late sorrows and anxieties, a youthful flow of cheerfulness and hope. Yet what was he to do? He was but ten years of age, and of course could not live alone. He had no friends, no counsellors. His father's habits had kept all the world away, and he had lived almost as much apart from society as if he had been of a different race from the rest of mankind. His house was half a mile distant from any other, and two miles from the village. He had never been at school, or at church, and if he had occasionally met any of the children of the neighborhood, they had generally passed shyly by on the other side of the way.

Jacob's experience in the ways of the world was therefore small. He could neither read nor write, and his stock of knowledge consisted almost wholly in facts derived from his own observations, from the bubbling up of thoughts within his breast, and from the brief but emphatic instructions of his eccentric father.

His reflections, therefore, suggested by the question, "What shall I do?" were neither very useful nor very practical. Pretty soon he began to feel the cravings of hunger. He had eaten nothing the day before, and when he began to think of this, and saw no means at hand by which he could satisfy his appetite, his desire for something to eat became extreme. While he was exercised with these feelings, he heard a knock at the door; and saying, "Walk in!" he was not a little astonished to see the very man enter who had stolen the sack on the preceding night. He was a short, thickset man, of sharp, keen features, well-dressed, and having some appearance of a gentleman. Though Jacob had never seen him before, except on the occasion just mentioned, his features were too clearly recognized to admit any doubt of his identity.

The man soon spoke to the boy, telling him that his father had committed him to his care, and he had now come to fulfil the duty thus imposed upon him. After some conversation, Jacob entered the stranger's wagon, and they rode away together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Contradiction.

THE word "fast" is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware is *fast* when the ice is immovable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast*, for it was loose. A clock is called *fast*, when it is quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast*, when they have nothing to eat; and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

Anger. — It used to be said that the leopard could be caught by a trap, with a mirror so contrived, that the animal, on seeing the reflection of himself, would imagine that he had met with an enemy, and so attack it; upon which the trap would spring and secure him.

I have heard of a boy who had never seen a mirror, till one day, being in a great passion, he happened to pass one. He thought the image he saw was another boy, and it looked so wicked, that he was very much alarmed. He lifted his stick to defend himself, when the boy in the glass lifted his stick also. He took this for a challenge, and struck at the imaginary boy, thus dashing the mirror in pieces. The leopard, then, is not alone in disliking his own angry face, so long as he thinks it belongs to somebody else.

Anecdote of the Cat. — A cat, which had been long remarked as one of the wildest of those which frequented a barn on the borders of a wood in Ayrshire, — so wild, indeed, as to be seldom seen, — was several times, during a sharp frost, observed, with no little surprise, to pass and repass into the adjacent farm-house, which it had not, for some years, been known either to enter or approach. It might have been inferred that it was compelled by hunger, had not this been the best season for catching birds; but, in one of its stealthy visits, it was seen snugly coiled up beside a baby in the cradle, to the no small horror of the mother, who imagined, in accordance with the popular prejudice, that it had come to suck the baby's breath. All that could be said to persuade her of the impossibility of the cat doing this was of no avail, and orders were immediately given to every servant on the farm to kill the poor cat wherever she could be found. Her caution and agility, however, were long successful in saving her; and, though the persecution she thus experienced rendered her, if possible, much wilder than before, yet she was not thereby deterred — not even after being wounded by a pitchfork, and her leg lamed by throwing a hatchet at her — from paying a daily visit to the baby in the cradle, because it was the warmest place within her knowledge; and, next to food, she considered warmth as indispensable to life. She persisted thus in venturing to the cradle, till she was at length intercepted and killed.

Irish Gallantry.

At a crowded lecture in Boston, one evening, a young lady, standing at the door of the church, was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion, with, "*Indade* miss, I should be glad to give you a *sate* but the empty ones are all full."

Good Neighborhood. — An honest hermit in Italy, upon being once asked how he could venture to live alone in a cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation, replied that Providence was his next-door neighbor.

Correspondence.

We have now come to the last number of our Museum for 1845, and we must accordingly make our annual adieu to the departed year, prepare a title-page and frontispiece for our volume, and finish up our correspondence with our young friends, whose favors claim acknowledgment.

As to our farewell to the old year, we have thought it best to do that by way of a song, which will be found on our last page: for frontispiece, we have chosen a picture of a girl going to market; she will sell her apples, quinces, &c., and among the pleasant things she intends to buy is a full-bound volume of Merry's Museum. How pleased she will be to find her own portrait at the very beginning of the book! As to the title-pages and indexes for Vols. IX. & X., they will be found in their proper places.

And now for our little friends the letter-writers. Here is a good story from one of them.

Leominster, October 1, 1845.

Mr. Merry:

I thought I would write you a little incident that came under my observation in my younger days, showing how the fiercest anger can be tamed to love in an instant by one act of kindness.

I was passing over the bridge that leads into our beautiful village one summer day, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a small boat, filled with boys, which came floating down the stream. The day was beautiful, and the boys were in great glee, appearing to enjoy themselves highly.

At the same time that I observed the boat, I noticed a boy on the bank, who was following the boat as it floated along, and kept throwing stones at the boys in the boat. They requested him to stop, but he only threw the more. At last, the patience of the boys in the boat became exhausted, and they told him that, if he threw any more, they would come ashore and whip him. But he continuing to throw, and they becoming more enraged, one of the boys declared that he would go ashore and chastise him severely.

Accordingly, he sprang forward after an oar; but his foot slipping, he was thrown into the water, which at that place was very deep, and the current being very swift, he was in danger of being drowned. Now, it happened that none of the boys could swim; they therefore immediately called upon the boy on land, entreating him to save their companion. For a moment he hesitated, but it was only for a moment; the next, he had cast off his coat, plunged into the stream, and swam with all his strength toward the boy in the water, who meanwhile had continued to float.

The young hero approached him, encouraged by the shouts of the by-standers, who had collected together. Just before he reached him, the boy sank. Without a moment's hesitation, the swimmer dived down, and in a moment more appeared with his burden, and struck boldly for the shore, which he at length reached entirely exhausted. The boy was conveyed to his home, where, in a few days, he completely recovered. Since then, firmer friends you never saw; and though years have passed over their heads, their friendship continues unbroken, and probably will, till time is no more.

Yours, respectfully,
CHARLES H. A——.

The following story has the appearance of romance, but we believe it to be a true history of what actually happened.

Randolph, October, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

YOU will oblige a subscriber by inserting in your Museum

THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

OF the history of this singular personage very little is known previous to the time of his arrival in Niagara. He was supposed to have been the son of a nobleman in England. He had received an excellent education, and possessed some talents; but, by some misfortune, he became deranged.

He came to Niagara in the summer of 1835, and, by his singular manners and appearance, attracted the attention of the strangers who visit the great Falls. He kept aloof from all company as much as possible, speaking to no one unless spoken to, and then giving short and evasive answers. Soon after his arrival, he commenced building himself a hut, on the south-western extremity of Goat Island. Here he lived for nearly two years in entire seclusion from the world, with no companions except a cat and dog, to whom he became very much attached, as they were faithful watchers of his humble home. His chief occupation was composing poetry. This he wrote in English, and then turned it into Latin; but he immediately destroyed it. He also wrote music, and played the violin and flute excellently. His chief delight was in viewing the cataract from different places. His favorite resort was near the spot where Prospect Tower now stands. Here he might be seen, at all seasons of the year, and at all times of the night, perched on the end of a huge timber which projected over the precipice, gazing with steadfast eye upon the falls, whilst ever and anon he cast his eye downward into the awful chasm which yawned beneath. No one knew his thoughts, or his motives for his conduct. We can only say that here he lived and here he died, his life a benefit to no one, and the genius and intellect which might have been an ornament to society, and a benefit to the world, passed away in obscurity and neglect. F——.

Norwalk, October, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

MY sister and I have laid our heads together and elicited the answer to the geographical enigma, sent by C. H. E. and W. T. A., in the October number of the Museum, videlicet, *Major-General William Henry Harrison.* We likewise take the liberty to send an enigma, which we should be happy to see in the Museum.

I consist in MUCH.

In camps, about the centre, I always appear:
In smiling meadows I'm seen throughout the whole year;
The mute angler views me in the murmuring streams,
And all must permit me within their morning dreams:
First in every mob conspicuously I stand,
Proud of the lead, and eternally in command.
I'm seen in the Museum by all youthful sages;
I lead the gay music that decks its rear pages.
Were it not for my power, no mercy could be shown,
No mild compassion to the heart ever known;
Each sees me in himself, yet they all do agree
That their hearts, or their persons, have no charms for me;
The chemist knows my virtue, for the richest kinds of ore
Need but my presence but to be always more.
Further could I tell, but I will bid you adieu,
Lest by prating, my name I may reveal to you.

Yours, &c.

E. R. P. & F. E. P.

MR. MERRY:

IF you will insert the following lines in the Museum, you will confer a great favor upon

Your juvenile friend,

E. R. P.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I didn't take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "O, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa!" said the sheep, "O, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

"We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her or her brood;
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chir-a-whir! Chir-a-whir!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, For shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For HE stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame
He did not like to tell his name.

Mrs. Child.

[For the Museum.]

The Disconsolate Squirrel.

In a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length, he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy: —

"What! must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same tree, gathering nuts, and dozing away months together in the same hole? I see a great many of the birds that inhabit this wood ramble about at a distance wherever their fancy leads them; and, at the approach of winter, go to some remote country, and enjoy summer weather the whole year. My neighbor Cuckoo tells me he is just going; and even little Chickadee will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings, like them, but I have nimble legs, and if one does not use them, he might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I dare say I could easily reach that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees, which must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears tinged with red and yellow, and variegated colors. There can be no harm, at least, in trying, for, if I don't like it, I can return soon. I am resolved to go to-morrow morning."

When Squirrel had taken this resolution, the thoughts caused him a sleepless night, and, at peep of day, prudently taking as much food as he could in his cheek-pouches, he began his long journey. He presently left the wood, and entered upon the moors that lay near it. Having eaten his breakfast with good relish, he began to ascend the adjacent hills about sunrise. This was heavy, toilsome work; but Squirrel, being used to climbing, proceeded expeditiously. Often, however, he was obliged to stop and breathe. Once, while resting, he was shot at by a sportsman: this scared him so that he ran nearly a mile without stopping; and about noon reached the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner, and, looking back, was greatly pleased with the fine prospect. His deserted country lay far beneath, and he viewed it scornfully. When he looked forward, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that which he had attained; and he began to feel rather weary. However, after a little rest, he set out briskly. The ground was rugged, and, to his great surprise, as he got nearer the sun it grew colder; and he had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were nearly exhausted, and he seriously thought of returning before night. While thus meditating, the clouds assembled near the mountain, and a storm of mingled snow and rain came down, driven by a violent wind, which disabled poor Squirrel; and besides, losing his road, he did not know what course to take to reach that despised and now desired home. The storm lasted till the approach of night, and it was as much as he could do to shelter himself beneath the hollow of a rock, which was near, and which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent, so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the farthest corner of the cavern, and, wrapping his tail around him, he got a little sleep, though much disturbed by the cold and the howling of the wind.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced toward the brow of the hill, to discover the road to his home. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air, descried him, and, making a stoop, carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become the food of the kite's young ones, when an eagle, who had seen the young kite seize her prey, pursued her, and, overtaking her, gave her such a buffet as caused her to drop the squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and, after lying a

while, came to himself again But what were his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest! "Ah!" said he, "my dear native place and peaceful home! if I ever am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo, a second time, all the miseries and dangers from which I have so miraculously escaped." E. R. P.

☞ We find that some of our young friends have been trying to see how many words they could make of the letters contained in the word *philanthropist*. One says he has made sixty, one seventy, one a hundred; and N. O., Jr. tells the following story: —

Townshend, Vt., October 7, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

BEING somewhat pleased with the mode of amusement adopted by your correspondent T. P., of Lebanon, I have ventured to try it a little myself. From the word *Philanthropist*, he boasts of having made seventy-five words, without the aid of any other letters. I have taken the same word, and from its letters have succeeded in making one hundred and eighty-five words! Will Mr. T. P. give us another specimen of his ingenuity?

Yours, respectfully,

N. O., Jr.

Bravo, Master N. O.! but see here, what J. J., of New Jersey, has done!

Newark, October 12, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

WHEN I saw what your correspondent T. P. said, that he had made seventy-five words out of the letters in *philanthropist*, I thought he must be a smart fellow, or a great brag; but, after trial, I found I could easily beat him. I send you a list of more than two hundred words I have made out of the same letters; and I have not put in what are called proper names — that is, the names of persons or places. If I had been allowed to put in these, I could have added many more. Here is the list.

Arson	halt	nip	paint	rasp	span	spat
apron	hoar	nap	pat	rail	sit	Tarnish
air	hoist	nod	port	rash	spit	trash
ant	Irish	Oil	pain	rot	spot	train
asp	iris	oat	pianist	riot	soar	trait
at	iron	oar	past	roan	stop	tit
as	its	on	plash	roast	spin	tip
ail	is	oath	plaint	raisin	solar	that
art	in	Parish	phial	Short	star	tart
ash	into	pliant	post	shirt	sat	than
apt	iota	patriot	pith	shorn	spar	trail
artist	Last	patrol	path	slap	ship	tar
April	lost	patron	pair	slat	stair	tan
ah	lash	piston	part	slant	salt	thirst
Harp	lath	pistol	par	slop	sir	top
hat	lap	potash	poh	soil	sin	tin
hilt	lip	piano	plan	slip	start	this
hop	list	pastor	plot	slit	sit	thorn
hit	loath	pot	pail	shin	spirt	torn
hot	lot	pin	plait	shot	spirit	tail
hair	lint	pan	plain	strip	sport	ton
hist	lisp	point	print	strap	sharp	toast
hip	loam	prop	pilot	strop	strain	till
host	lop	pit	plant	sail	stain	tint
hash	North	pint	Rain	sort	sprain	taint
his	no	pip	rip	soap	shop	trap
has	nash	pap	rap	sip	splash	total
hail	not	pop	ran	son	snort	thin
hart	nail	pant	rat	sot	spilt	tailor

Now, Mr. Merry, if any of your correspondents can beat this, let them say so. Until I hear from you again, I propose that your correspondents shall see how many words they can make out of *cosmopolite*.

Yours, J—— J——.

We have a pleasant letter from our little friend at Randolph, E—— F——h; also, a very neatly-written epistle, with a correct solution of an enigma in a former number, &c., a good story from H. H., lines from P——s, a pretty note from W. S. M., of Dorchester, and a riddle from S. S., — all of which we are reluctantly obliged to pass over, as our pages are full.

Good-by, good friends and true,
Good-by, Black Eyes and Blue,
But come, come again!
Come, one and all,
Come on, boys and girls,
Come great and come small! —
Old Parley and Merry
Will be glad to see you, — very.

Good-By to 1845.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

WITH ANIMATION.

Good - by, Old Year! thy flowers are fled, Thy green leaves all are sere and dead; A wind - ing sheet of snow doth lie Up - on thy bo - som — so, good - by!

Good-by, old Eighteen Forty-Five!
The bees are housed within the hive;
The birds have sought a milder sky;
And so, Old Year, good-by, good-by!

Good-by to all thy leafy bowers,
Thy sunny days, and moonlit hours,
Thy balmy morn, thy sunset sky,
Thy shine and shade, — to all, good-by!

Good-by to all thy melodies,
The minstrelsy of birds and bees,
Thy joyous echoes, and the sigh
Of rippling waters, — all, good-by!

Good-by to each fond hope and scheme
That danced with thee along life's stream —
Bubbles that lightly come, and fly —
To all these fairy thoughts, — good-by!

Good-by, old Eighteen Forty-Five,
Thy memory only now can live;
On time's swift car we forward fly;
And so, Old Year, good-by, good-by

DEC 1995
WESBY